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PICTURESQUE EUROPE

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Turnbury Castle, Ayrshire, Scotland.

(BIRTH PLACE OF ROBERT BRUCE.)



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PICTURESQUE EUROPE:

A

DELINEATION BY PEN AND PENCIL

OF

THE NATURAL FEATURES AND THE PICTURESQUE AND
HISTORICAL PLACES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT.

Illustrated on Steel and Wood by European and American Artists.

EDITED BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

VOL. II.

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PICTURESQUE EUROPE.



Bridge at Queen's College, Cambridge.

C A M B R I D G E .

QUAINT old Fuller, in commencing his history of the University of Cambridge exclaims, "Far be it from me to make odious comparisons between Jachin and Boaz, the two pillars of Solomon's Temple, by preferring either of them for beauty and strength, when both of them are equally admirable." In this brief sketch we will try, while indicating their differences, to observe the same law. The first view of Cambridge is disappointing to a visitor. Nature has done little for the place. The town stands in a rather wide, flat, valley, which before long broadens out into the great



TRINITY COLLEGE AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE.

East Anglian fen-land, bounded on one side by a low range of chalk-hills, on the other by some yet more insignificant rising ground. Here and there clusters of trees mark the sites of villages, but the country generally is rather bare; its aspect thus is bleak in winter, and parched in summer. From the railway-station, indeed from most directions of approach, little is seen of the college or university buildings—no such domes, or towers, or spires, as rise above Oxford; the spire of All Saints' Church, the solid tower of St. John's College Chapel, and the pinnacles of King's Chapel—irreverently likened to a dining-table upside down—are the only objects in the least degree prominent.

From most directions of approach, little is seen of the college or university buildings. The plain, classic façade of Emmanuel, the nearest college, is an uninteresting walk of almost a mile from the station, still on the right-hand side. Beyond it is Christ's College, one of the twin foundations of good Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII. Tasteless alterations have spoiled the first court. In the next are the Fellows' Buildings—a fine design of Inigo Jones. There are few nooks in Cambridge more beautiful than the gardens, where the soft, green turf is shadowed by luxuriant trees, and the walks wander beneath the overarching branches. But, in addition to their sylvan beauty, they have a special attraction to every English-speaking man. John Milton spent three years of his youth in Christ's College; and in a corner of the gardens is a mulberry-tree, banked up, propped up, fortified in every way against the attacks of time, which was planted by the author of "Paradise Lost" when little more than a handsome boy.

Still following the main street, we pass the modern façade of Sidney Sussex College, and reach St. Sepulchre's Church, the most remarkable ecclesiastical relic in Cambridge—one of those built to recall the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; only three others remain in England. As its massive Norman arches testify, it is much smaller, and of somewhat earlier date, than the Temple Church at London. To the rotunda, which is well seen from the street, is attached a small choir of fourteenth-century work.

Leaving on our right Bridge Street, which leads down to the Cam, we turn into the other main street of Cambridge, and come in view of the façade of St. John's College. The new chapel is best seen from this position. It is a rich example of thirteenth-century Gothic, the plan being a tau-cross with short arms. An organ-chamber of two bays is attached to the north side of the chapel proper, and a massive square tower rises from the centre of the arms. This—an after-thought to replace a *flèche*—is out of all proportion with the rest of the building, which, notwithstanding its many beauties of detail, must be condemned as lamentably deficient in all power of composition. The gable, with a projecting oriel, which in our sketch partly marks the apse of the chapel, is modern. The rest of the façade—one of the best specimens of

brick and stone work in Cambridge—dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century. The pointed windows on the left belong to what was once the old college library.



St. John's, from the River.

Over the gateway are both the coat of arms and the statue of the foundress—the above-named Lady

Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby. Passing within the court, we see that here, as at her other foundation, the hand of the destroyer has been at work; for on

the southern side of the court a hideously plain stone façade has replaced the old sixteenth-century work. To the west, however, the old buildings remain. On the right is the college dining-hall, which was considerably enlarged when the new

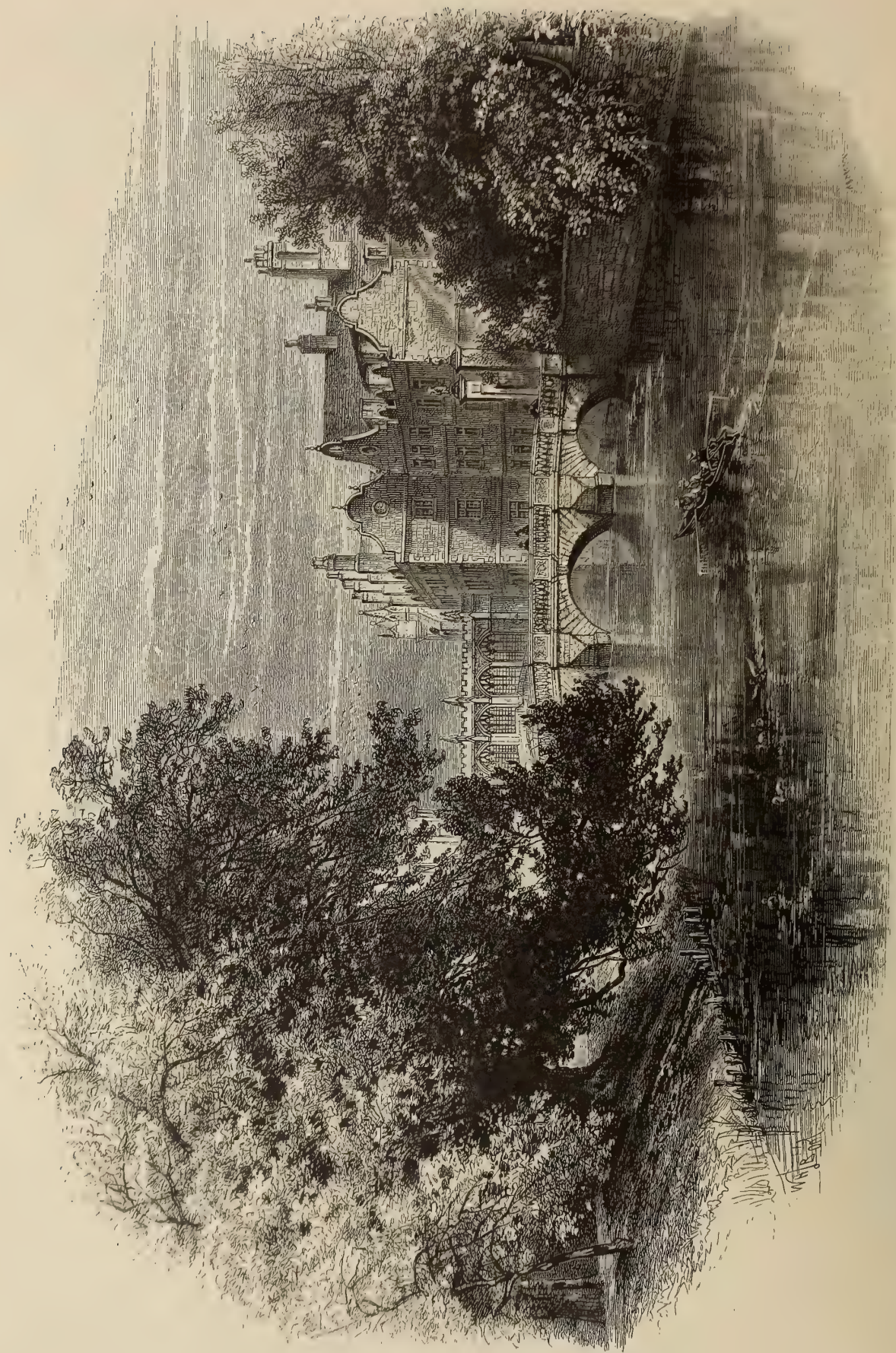
chapel was built. This forms the remaining side of the court. In the foreground a line of masonry on the greensward marks the boundary of the old chapel, which belonged to the hospital of St. John, suppressed to found the college. The interior of the new chapel is extremely rich, though not free from the defects conspicuous in the exterior. The modern stained glass is very good, and the second court is the finest example of brick and stone work in Cambridge, if not in England. As an inscription on one of the panels shows, it was completed in the year 1599. The first floor on the north side is almost wholly occupied by a long room or gallery, with paneled walls and an ornamental ceiling—the Combination-Room or “parlor” of the fellows. The ceiling and most of the wood-work is old, the room being a recent restoration to something like the original arrangement.

Passing on, we enter another court, of much smaller dimensions. On the north is the library, principally built in the year 1624, at the cost of Williams, Archbishop of York. The Gothic tracery of the windows will attract notice, and the bookcases within are interesting as good specimens of Jacobean work. Hence the direct way leads by a covered bridge across the lawn into the cloister of the New Court, erected about fifty years ago. We, however, will now pass under a small archway to the south, and seek the college-grounds by the “old bridge.” The best point of view of the extensive buildings of the New Court is obtained by following the broad walk to the vicinity of the fellows’ gardens. Though, as might be expected from its date, it is in many respects open to criticism, the general effect is certainly fine.

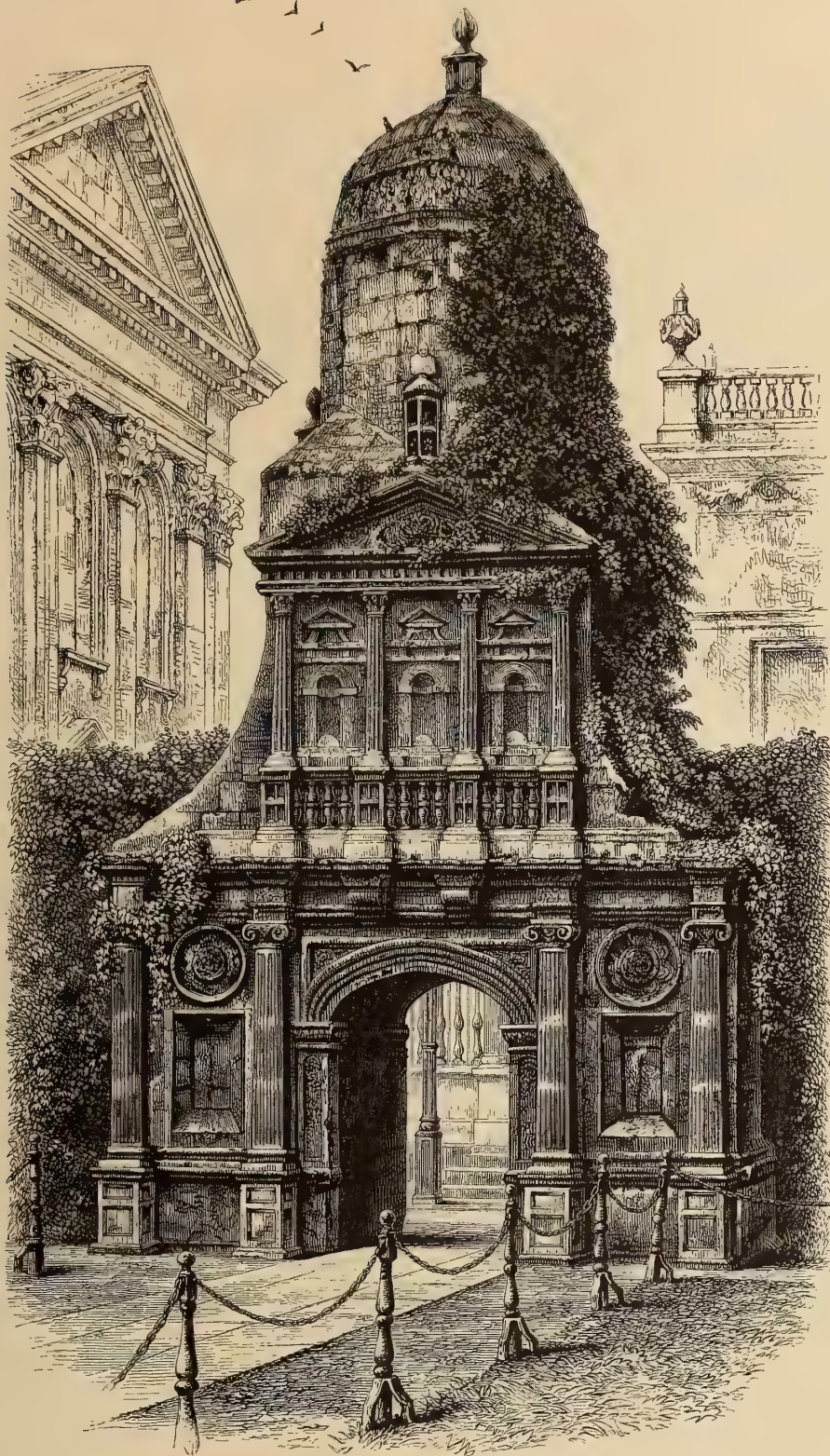
The “Backs,” or gardens at the back of several of the colleges, on which we have now entered, are the special boast of Cambridge. To see them in perfection, one must ramble tortuously from college to college, and then hire a boat and row gently along the river. It is, indeed, a sight which no town in England—none, so far as I know, in Europe—can match. For a space of about three-quarters of a mile in length along either bank of the winding Cam, and a quarter of a mile or so in breadth, from the end of the river-front of St. John’s—indeed, almost from Magdalen College to the bridge beyond Queen’s—there is a continuous succession of buildings, always impressive, if not always beautiful; of shelving banks and richest lawns of greensward; of avenues and groups of stately trees; of shrubs and garden flowers; of weeping-willows and arching bridges mirrored in the quiet water.

See it, if possible, when the leaves are bursting into new life in all their tender greenery, or when, on the approach of summer, the air is heavy with the scent of lilac and syringa, and the flowers of thorn and chestnut-pink and white, of laburnum and guelder rose, brighten the masses of luxuriant foliage; or, next best, on some clear autumnal day, when the dying leaves are brightening to a strange glory of many-tinted gold, and the sunset hues of the year’s evening seem mirrored on the face of Nature.

A few steps beyond the Johnian gates, across an expanse of turf bounded by fine



ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.



Gate of Honor, Caius College.

elms—another of the “pieces” or common-grounds in which Cambridge is so rich—bring us to the entrance-gate of Trinity, at the extremity of the avenue. See this, if you can, on an evening in June, when the sun is beginning to dart long shafts of gold

through the latticed leaves, while the bees are yet humming overhead among the scented blossoms of the limes. The cream-colored stone of the gateway-tower at the end, whose windows are generally bright with flowers, contrasts admirably with the delicate green of the leaves; and as we advance up the long cloister of overarching boughs, we glance right and left at green paddocks and chestnut-shaded walks, with stately buildings half revealed by their leafy screens.

After again crossing the Cam, we pass under the tower at the end of the avenue into the New Court, built about fifty years ago. The feeble Gothic of this will not delay us; so, turning to the left, we find ourselves in the cloister of Neville's Court. Notwithstanding a certain want of harmony—produced by the strictly classic style of Wren's Library, which forms the river-front to this court—there are few finer examples of Jacobean architecture in this country. The hall, with its noble bay-window, the grand cloisters on the other three sides, produce a most impressive effect, while the bright greensward in the middle contrasts beautifully with the warm gray of the stonework.

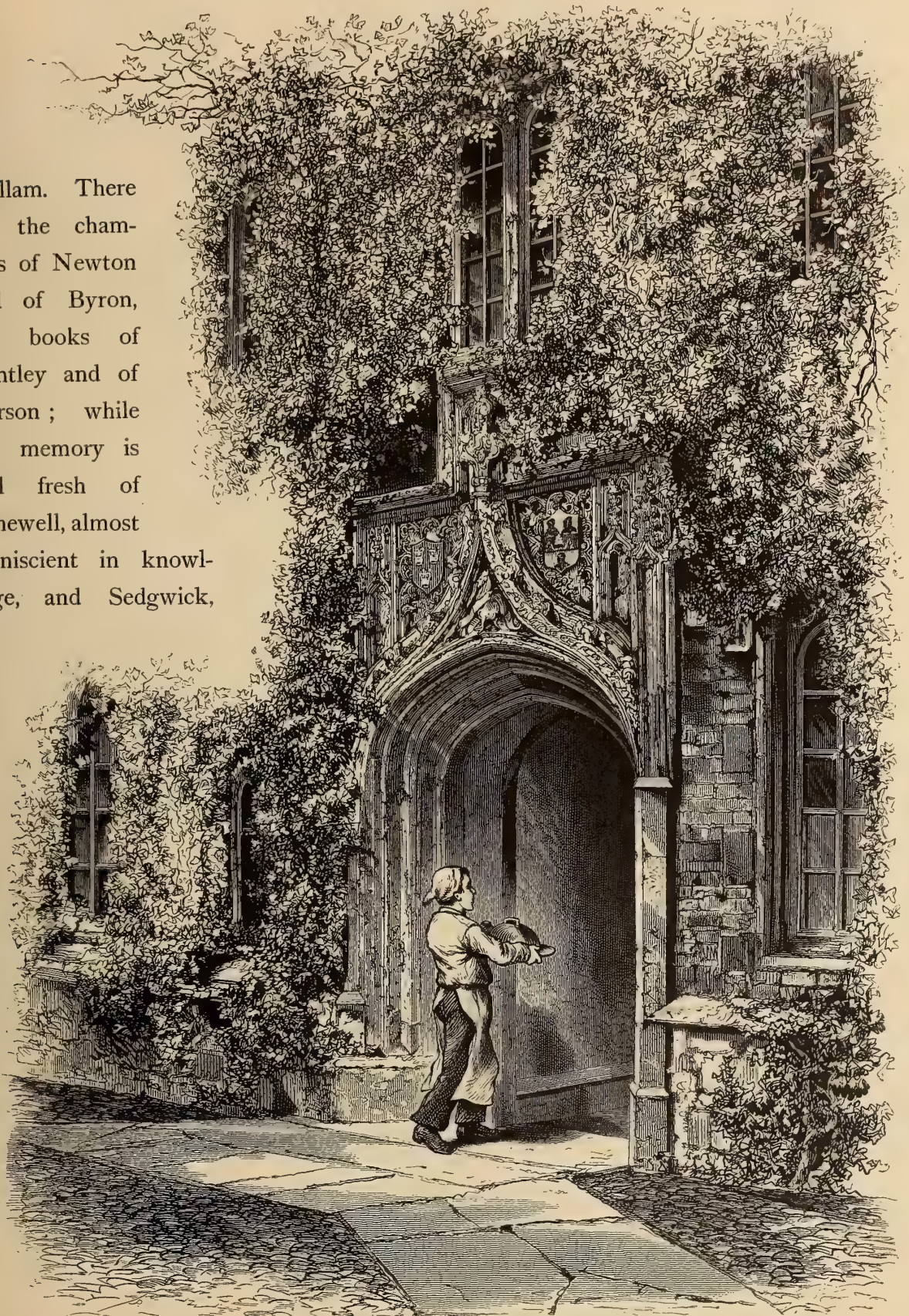
Wren's Library, though, of course, most correct in style, is too severely classic in its exterior to be attractive to the taste of the present day, but the interior is a right noble chamber. The bookcases are adorned with exquisite carvings in lime-wood by Gibbons, with marble busts of poets and sages, and of illustrious members of the society, some from the chisel of Roubiliac. At the farther end of the room is Thorwaldsen's beautiful statue of Lord Byron. There are many relics, which we cannot describe in detail.

Notwithstanding the plainness of certain parts, or an occasional want of height, it would be difficult to find a more striking quadrangle than the Great Court of Trinity. Portions of older buildings are incorporated into it, belonging to the colleges and halls which were fused together by Henry VIII., to constitute his new college of the "Holy and Undivided Trinity," and there have been some of the usual tasteless eighteenth-century alterations; but in its present form this court dates, like the wings of the other, from the mastership of Thomas Neville, ended A. D. 1615. A very beautiful fountain stands in the middle. Gateway-towers break the line of three of the sides; that on the north was removed to its present position from the older college of King's Hall. Close by this is the chapel, externally a plain building of the latter part of the sixteenth century. The interior, however, has recently been superbly decorated with paintings on wall and roof, gilding, and stained glass. There are few spectacles more impressive than the choral service on a Sunday evening in full term, when the chapel is crowded with a surpliced throng. In the ante-chapel are the statues of Barrow and Bacon, of Macaulay and Whewell, and, chief of all, Roubiliac's noble figure of Newton.

Most colleges can point to a goodly line of illustrious sons, but none to more than Trinity, the largest and wealthiest college in the university—princes, peers, and states-

men, theologians, scholars, poets, students renowned in every branch of literature and science. In these courts have sauntered Dryden and Macaulay, Tennyson and Arthur

Hallam. There are the chambers of Newton and of Byron, the books of Bentley and of Porson ; while the memory is still fresh of Whewell, almost omniscient in knowledge, and Sedgwick,



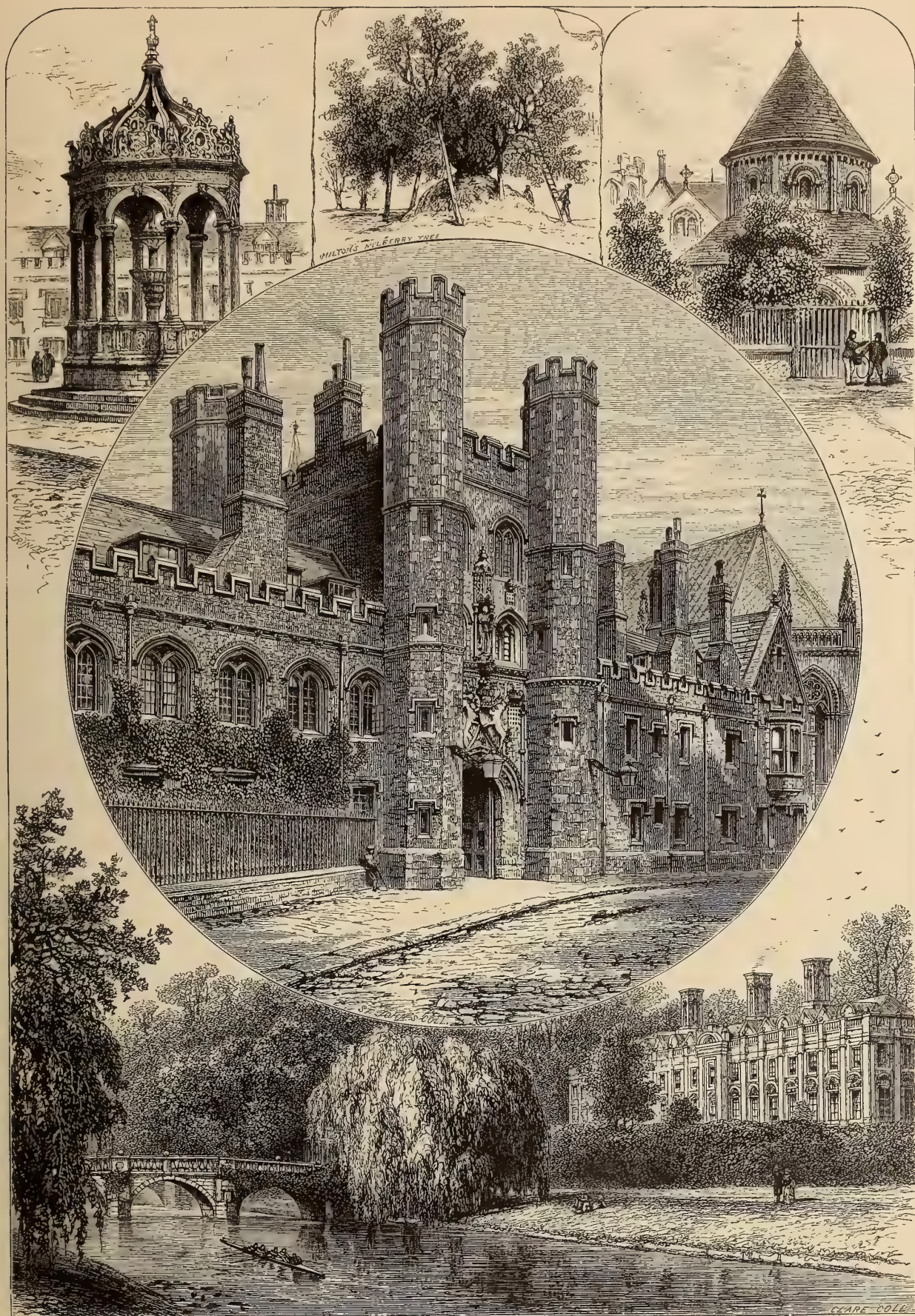
In Jesus College Quadrangle.

first of English geologists. But we are lingering too long, so let us pass through the principal gateway, beneath the statue of the founder, Henry VIII., once more into Trinity Street and the neighborhood of St. John's College. Turning away from some new buildings, an outpost of Trinity College, we follow the narrow street, which is fast losing its picturesque houses, to the new façade of Gonville and Caius College, the most successful piece of modern work in Cambridge. The principal entrance looks southward on to King's Parade, a more open part of the street, but a small gateway in the wall marks the site of the ancient entrance. This, a lowly portal, still to be seen in a wall in Senate-House Passage, bore the title "*Humilitatis*." Another gate of fairer proportions leads from the outer to the inner court, bearing the inscription "*Sapientiæ et Virtutis*;" while one, far more sumptuous, opens from the latter toward the schools, and is inscribed "*Honoris*," thus completing the allegory that the path to honor must begin with humility and pass by way of virtue and wisdom.

In our sketch of the Gate of Honor—built by Dr. Caius, part founder of the college, about the year 1558—part of the Senate-House appears on the left, and of the Public Library on the right. The former is the scene of many examinations, and of the public ceremonies of the university. On such an occasion as the principal conferring of degrees, the galleries are filled with a noisy throng of undergraduates. Fierce are the cries of "Hat! hat!" at the stranger who forgets to doff his head-gear, and the yells which greet unpopular officials; furious the contests of huzzas, groans, and hisses, evoked by the names of eminent politicians; and ringing the cheers which welcome the senior wrangler—the chief mathematician of his year—as he is led up to the vice-chancellor in solitary state to receive his degree.

The Public Library, which is partly lodged in the buildings once occupied by the scholars of King's College, partly in some modern additions, contains a large collection of books and manuscripts. Behind is the Geological Museum, reached through the old gateway to King's College, commenced and left incomplete by Henry VI., an exquisite fragment of Late Perpendicular work. Opposite is Clare College, beyond whose single court, a striking piece of seventeenth-century architecture, lie beautiful gardens on either side of the Cam. To the right is Trinity Hall, the haunt of lawyers, with its garden, shaded by noble chestnut-trees; to the left, the lawns of King's College; and, close at hand, its noble chapel. It is easy to censure this for monotony of design and tricks of construction, and, no doubt, these faults are present, especially in the exterior, as in all late fifteenth-century work; but the critic must be stern indeed who is not moved by the grandeur of that overarching fan-vault of stone, and the splendor of those great windows of stained glass.

The remainder of the buildings of King's are modern, and of no great merit; one block, indeed—the Fellows' Building—is positively ugly; but the lawns are wonderful for their beauty; and it is hard to say whether the view from its bridge or that of



VIEWS IN AND ABOUT CAMBRIDGE.

Clare College is the more lovely. Once a year a great ceremonial takes place on the sheet of water between these bridges. In the month of May, when the college races are over, the boats, decked with flowers, and gay with the uniforms of their crews, are rowed in procession along this part of the Cam, and finally drawn up side by side here; then, at a given signal, all raise their oars aloft, to salute the leading boat, while ringing cheers resound from the crews, and are echoed back by the dense crowds that line the banks and throng the bridges.

Our space precludes us from noticing the other colleges or public buildings; but two of the former yet remain, which must not be passed over wholly in silence. One, lying on the river just at the back of St. Catherine's, is Queen's College—a foundation whose commencement dates from the days of Margaret of Anjou. The entrance-gateway and first court remind us strongly of those of St. John's College, and are in a much more perfect condition. The second court has quaint narrow cloisters of brick, and in a narrow recess, hardly to be called a court, is the staircase which leads to the rooms once occupied by Desiderius Erasmus, the champion of the "new learning" which brought about the Reformation, though he shrank—as is not rare with scholars—from heading the movement to which he had given the main impulse. Very picturesque are the quaint nooks in this part of the college; very picturesque is the irregular river-front, with its wooden foot-bridge, if only you take care to turn your back on some hideous buildings erected at the beginning of the present century. The remaining college is Jesus. This stands some distance from all the others, up a street opening out between Sidney Sussex College and the Round Church. Founded on the site of a nunnery dedicated to St. Rhadegund—which was suppressed because the inmates had lost not only their money, but also their virtue—it preserves in its chapel a considerable part of the ancient convent church, a fine work erected mainly about the year 1200. This has been beautifully restored, and the choir, with its graceful lancet windows, filled with rich diaper glass, and handsome fittings of modern carved oak, is one of the gems of Cambridge. Several other parts of the college are of interest, not the least being the doorway leading from the first to the chapel court, which bears the arms and cognizance of the founder, Bishop Alcock, and is of the same date—the reign of Henry VII.

On the Dart, near Totnes.



THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVONSHIRE.



On the Dart, at Dittisham.

THERE is hardly a corner of Devonshire without interest or beauty; but the three districts which call for especial attention are the South Coast, the North Coast, and the Forest of Dartmoor, with its borders.

The character of the south coast differs in accordance with its geological formation. At the extreme eastern end of the county, between Seaton and Sidmouth, there is an outlying patch of chalk, the white headlands of which, pierced with very picturesque sea-caves, display, as they are swept by sunshine and shadow, effects even more striking than those afforded by the cliffs of new red sandstone which succeed to them. This new red extends from Sidmouth, beyond the mouth of the Exe, to the centre of Torbay. Then follow limestones, slates, and sandstones, of different age and formation, until, beyond Dartmouth, at Start Point and Bolt Head, we come upon the grand masses of primitive rock, which afford probably the finest, certainly the wildest, scenery

on all this coast. From the Bolt Head to Plymouth we return to the rocks interrupted by the projection of the Start.

In the first of these divisions there is no better resting-place than the still old-fashioned watering-place of Sidmouth. Here the coast, with its strongly-stained red



Countess Weir, near Exeter.

rocks, and the contrast of a varied undergrowth—ferns, hollies, broom, and traveler's-joy, which cluster along the ledges, and deepen almost into coppice in every sheltered nook and landslip—is more strictly beautiful than in any other part of Devonshire. The northern coast and that of the Start are grander; but the High Peak, which

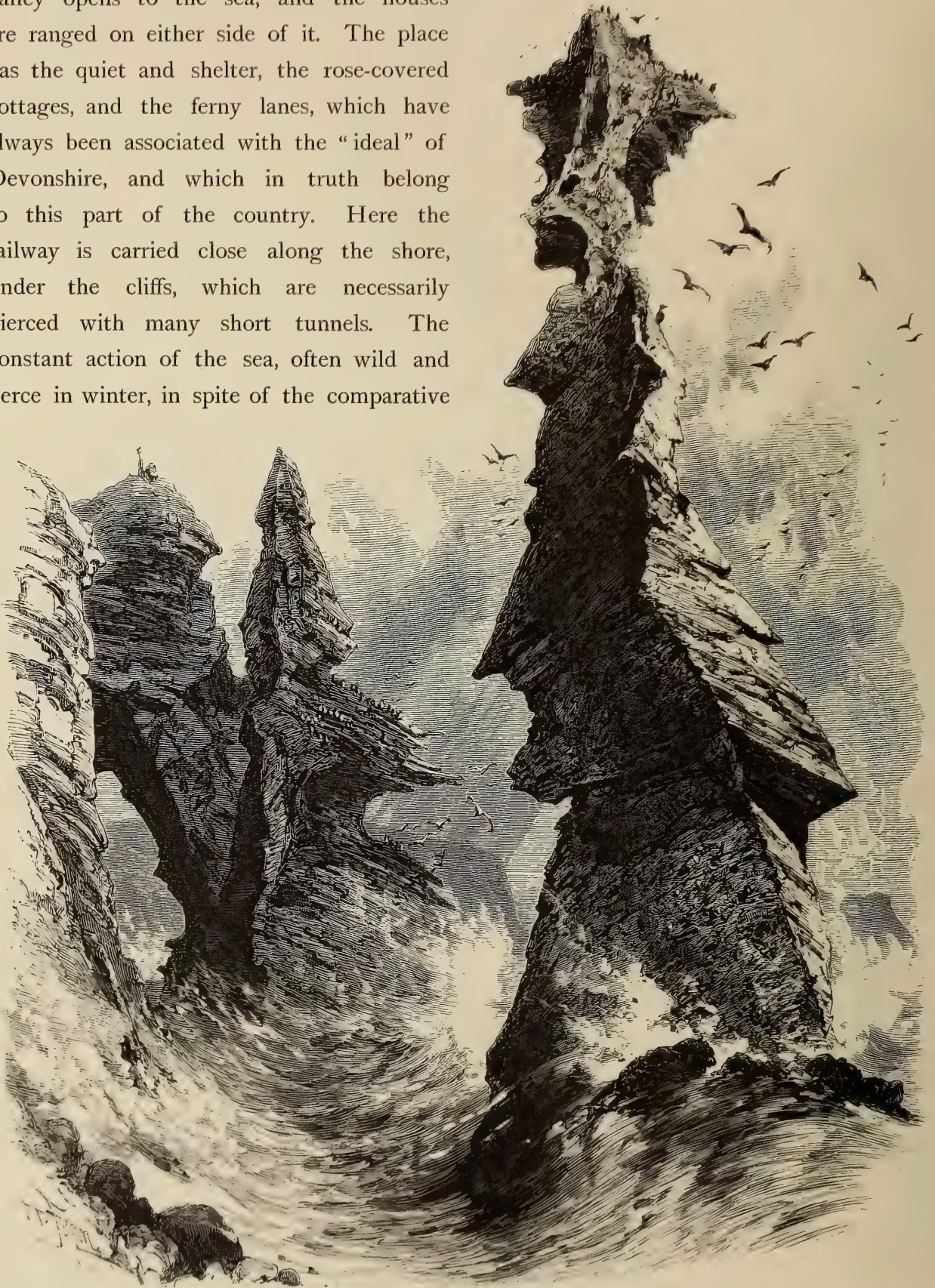
projects well into the bay on the western side of Sidmouth, is so graceful in its forms and so lovely in its coloring that it would be difficult to find a headland which exceeds it in absolute beauty. And this is the general character of the whole range of cliffs as far as the Exe. The sea has worn the sandstone into grotesque piers, pinnacles, and caverns. From the verge, you look over the whole of the Great Western Bay, as it is called, lying between the Bill of Portland and Start Point, both of which are sometimes visible; and turning inland from the sweep of rock and inlet, and grassy headland, there stretches away a vast extent of varied country, bright with furzy commons and sunny woods, dotted with church-towers, farms, and hamlets—till the gray peaks of Dartmoor, with Heytor conspicuous among them, close in the far distance of the landscape.

All this the pedestrian may enjoy who sets out from Seaton or from Sidmouth to make his way along the coast as far as the mouth of the Exe.

The Exe, except in the upper part of its course, is hardly one of the most picturesque rivers of Devonshire. At some distance above Exeter, it becomes a still, full-flowing stream, very unlike the dashing, rocky rivers—the Teign, the Dart, and the Plym—which have their birthplace in Dartmoor. Yet the Exe has its own beauty; and the general views of its broad valley, with the towers of the venerable capital of the county—the British, the Roman, and the English city of Exeter—rising on the steep hill round which the river winds, and surrounded by all the rich verdure of the “showery west,” have been the delight of many a native artist. Below Exeter the river becomes an open estuary; often alive with white sails and an especial haunt of sea-birds. And the canal, which extends from Exeter to a place called Turf, below Topsham, is the most ancient in the kingdom with one exception—that constructed by Bishop Morton in the reign of Henry VII., from near Peterborough to the sea. This Exeter canal dates from the time of Henry VIII. There had been, before its construction, frequent disputes between the citizens of Exeter and the great lords of the district, the Earls of Devon. Countess Weir is so named from Isabella de Redvers, the powerful Countess of Devon, who erected it about 1284, in order to prevent the ascent of vessels higher up the river. The canal changed all that; and the site of Countess Weir, with its mill and its oak-trees, is now a favorite resort of the angler, no less than (as our illustration shows) of the artist.

Exmouth has its memories of the elder Danby, who lived and painted there; and the splendor of the sunsets that die along the ridge of Haldon recall some of his best pictures. We may here cross the mouth of the river, landing at Star Cross, and again climb the cliffs on our way to Teignmouth. Landward we look over on the heights of Powderham, the home of the Courtenays from an early period; and below us are the glades of Mamhead, with their great ilex-trees, and the wide-spreading yew of the churchyard, under whose shadow Boswell, when visiting Lord Lisburne, made a vow “never to get drunk again,” which vow he speedily broke.

In the distance, westward, are the hills above Torquay, with the tower of St. Mary's Church conspicuous as a landmark. We descend to Dawlish, where a long, narrow valley opens to the sea, and the houses are ranged on either side of it. The place has the quiet and shelter, the rose-covered cottages, and the ferny lanes, which have always been associated with the "ideal" of Devonshire, and which in truth belong to this part of the country. Here the railway is carried close along the shore, under the cliffs, which are necessarily pierced with many short tunnels. The constant action of the sea, often wild and fierce in winter, in spite of the comparative



The "Parson" and the "Clerk."

shelter, has here worn the sandstone into the most grotesque forms. The well-known masses of the Parson and the Clerk rise at the end of a headland between Dawlish and Teignmouth, and are fragments left by the waves, which have swept away the softer portions of rock between them. The Parson sits nearest to the land. The Clerk rises in advance, his head silvered with guano, and his raiment grotesque and many-colored. The whole scene is striking, and not the least so when looked down upon from the main headland. Toward sunset, when the whole bay is glistening with light, and all its lovely shores are brought out into strong relief, point appearing beyond point, there is hardly a better station for the full enjoyment of its beauties.

Teignmouth is larger and more bustling than Dawlish. The Teign, one of the most picturesque of Dartmoor rivers, here opens broadly to the sea, and there is a fine view from the ferry, backed by the twin peaks of Heytor. Pleasant, steep-banked lanes, always green with ferns, and bright with wild flowers in the spring, stretch away in a tangled network between the Teign and Torquay. Then there is no more delightful region for the wanderer, orchard-boughs spreading over his head, primroses and bluebells lighting up the turf, and the air ringing with the song of lark and of blackbird. Whether by this inland road or along the cliffs, we at last reach the high ground of St. Mary's Church, and the expanse of Torbay lies at our feet. Here we may borrow the words of Charles Kingsley: "Torbay," he writes in "Glaucus," "is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water, and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south, without a glow passing through our hearts as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by in the July days of 1588, when the Armada ventured slowly past Berryhead, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains following fast in its wake. . . . The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange . . . and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother. And as for scenery, . . . the rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass, and rich red fallow-field, and parks full of stately timber-trees. . . . The shore is silent now, the tide far out; but six hours hence it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new."

Tor Abbey, lying nearly in the centre of the shore of Torbay, was, with its dependent village of Tor, the kernel from which has sprung the modern town of Torquay. The monks had established a "quay," and round it, when Leland wrote, there was a little "town of fischars." Torquay, as it now appears, is not older than the present century. There are still stately avenues and some ancient buildings about



Mill near Tor Abbey.

Tor Abbey; and, as the picturesque mill of our illustration indicates, the old beauty of the place yet lingers in quiet corners. And the bay, with its rocks and its smooth sands, is beyond the spoiling of the most energetic builders or “decorators.”

Torquay itself occupies part of a small rocky peninsula, which makes Torbay an inlet or concavity within the far greater Western Bay. The headlands here are of limestone, much contorted; and the arched rock, known as “London Bridge,” is about half a mile east of Torquay harbor. The archway has been formed by the destruction and removal, by natural agency, of the lower portions of the almost vertical beds of the limestone. In color and in form these wave-worn rocks differ greatly from those of the red sandstone. The masses are grander and firmer; and, jagged as they are, they are not splintered so grotesquely. There is a path across the hill near Hope’s Nose (or Ness—it is the eastern “horn” of Torbay), winding midway along the

ivy-hung cliff, and presenting a series of delightful prospects, which descends to Anstis Cove—one of the most beautiful spots on this coast. The cove is sheltered by lofty and brilliantly-colored cliffs of limestone, rising from a beach of white shingle derived from the neighboring slates. In the centre the limestone projects in buttresses, ivied like a ruin, and screening a little undercliff and tangled wood. The lines are varied and graceful;

and both sketcher and colorist may find plenty of work here. Nor will they fare less happily if they proceed about half a mile to Babbicombe, where a group of

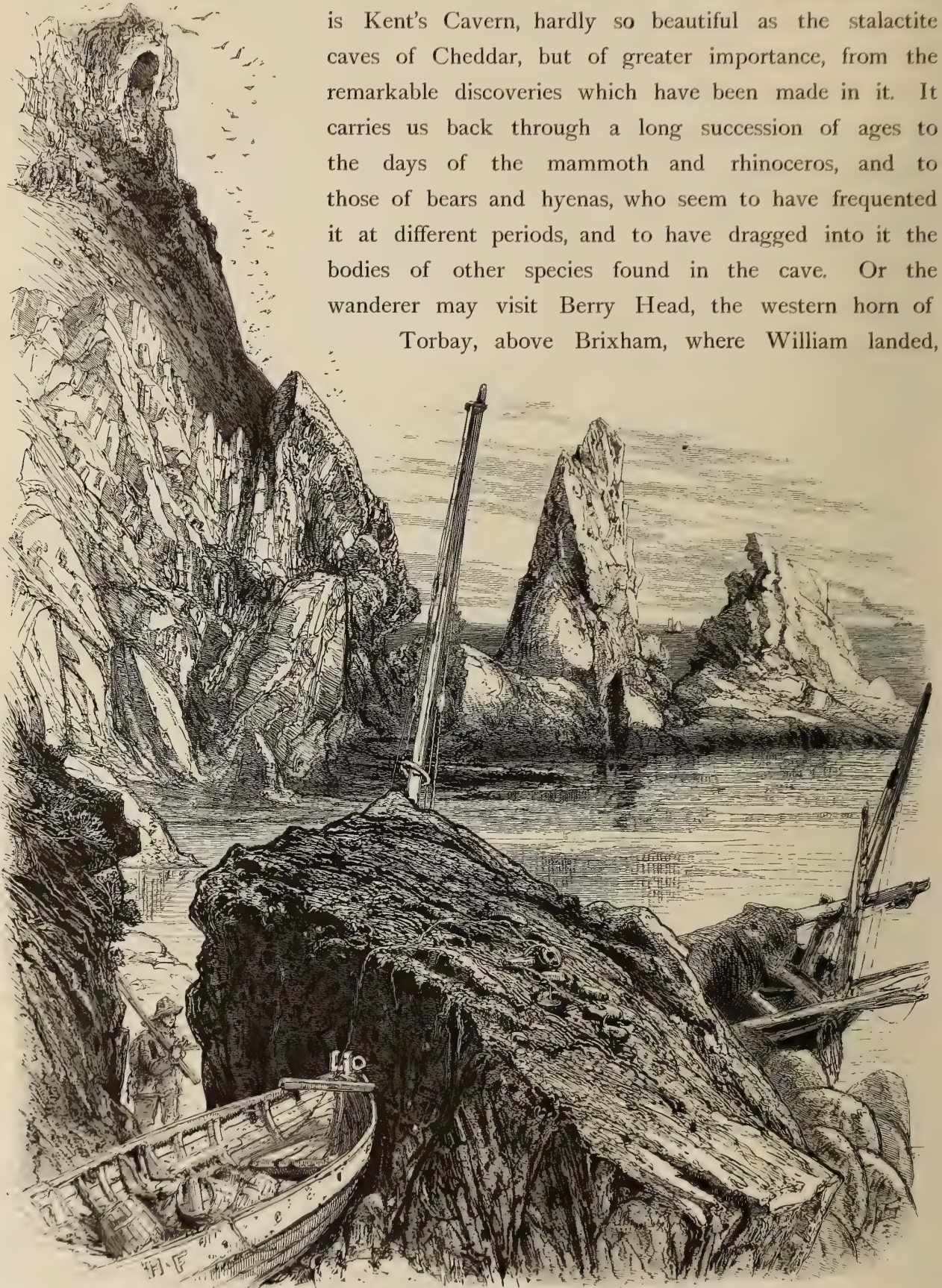
cottages lies nestled in a wood, and the little bay, with a steep road ascending from it, sparkles brightly in front. Here the dark-red sand and the limestones meet, and there is a wide view eastward, extending quite to the Bill of Portland.



"London Bridge."

There is plenty of interest for the stranger in and around Torquay. The modern churches are all worth seeing, and the old ones in the neighborhood afford some good examples of the Devonshire type, with its peculiarly-wreathed pillar-capitals. Then there is Compton Castle, the home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, mentioned by Kingsley,

curiously defended, as was needful so close to a shore on which landings of foreign enemies sometimes occurred; and for the geologist, there is Kent's Cavern, hardly so beautiful as the stalactite caves of Cheddar, but of greater importance, from the remarkable discoveries which have been made in it. It carries us back through a long succession of ages to the days of the mammoth and rhinoceros, and to those of bears and hyenas, who seem to have frequented it at different periods, and to have dragged into it the bodies of other species found in the cave. Or the wanderer may visit Berry Head, the western horn of Torbay, above Brixham, where William landed,

*Anstis Cove.*

and where, according to the local tradition, Vespasian and Titus landed centuries before him. The coast between Berry Head and Dartmouth is rich in color, owing to the varied character of its rocks, slate, limestone, and patches of red sandstone. From the last rising ground we look down on the beautiful stream of the Dart, and on the still (spite of many changes) quaint old town of Dartmouth.

The view looked down upon is not the entrance to the harbor, but what in our illustration is rightly named the "Mouth of the Dart"—the land-locked, lake-like expanse into which



Babbicombe Bay.

the river opens, beyond the guarding castles of Kingswear and Dartmouth. The castles, the old churches, and the steep hills, give a certain un-English effect; but there are few roadsteads in England more closely connected with the older story

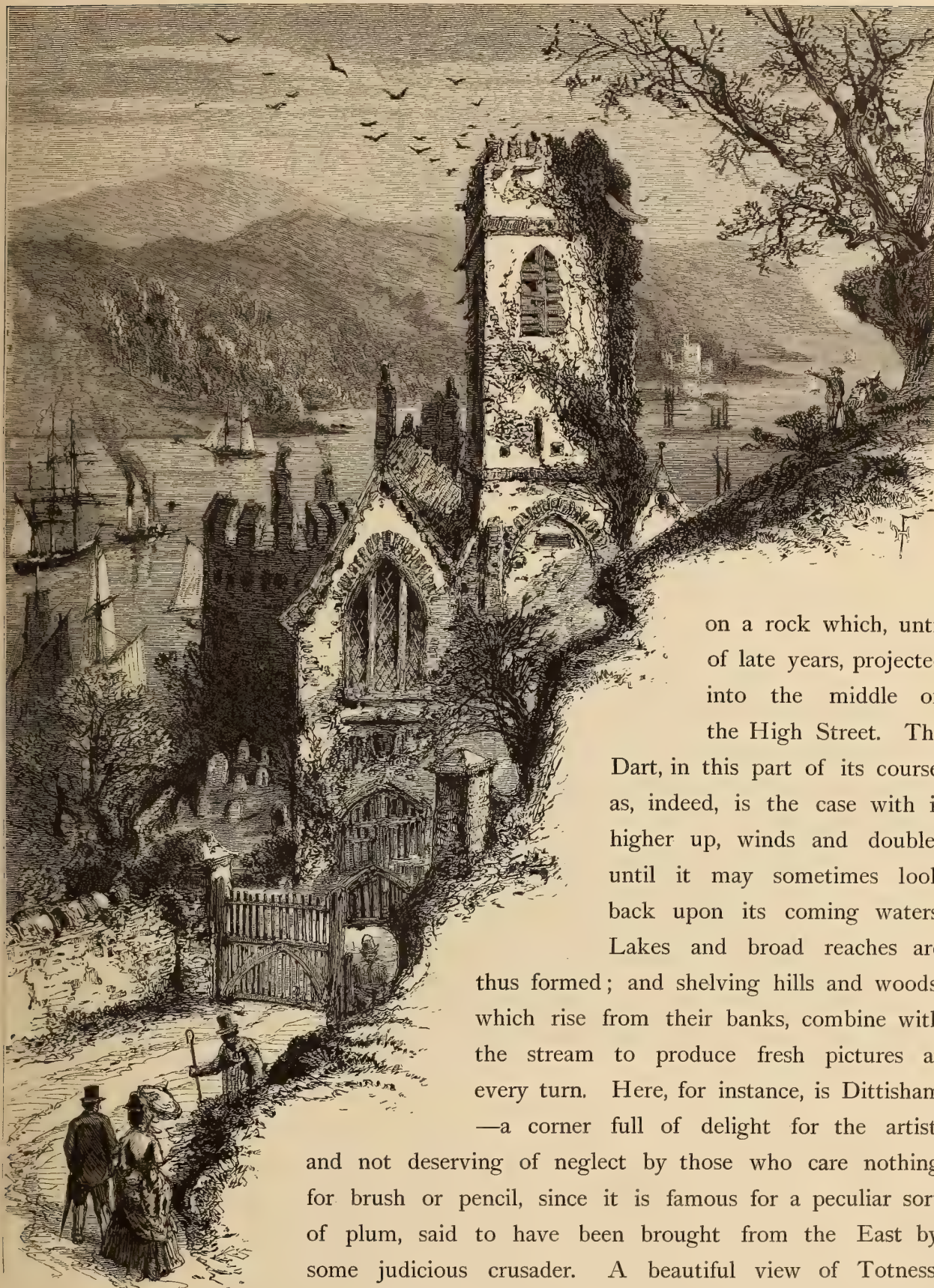
of the country than this of Dartmouth. It was long the great harbor of the west. Chamly's shipman was from hence—

“For aught I know he was of Dertemuthe—

By many a storm his berde had been y-blowe.”

The crusading fleet of Cœur de Lion sailed from Dartmouth, and the place is full of memories of naval adventurers from those early days to those of Davis, the discoverer (1585) of Davis's Straits, who was born on the river-bank; of Raleigh, who was governor of the castle; and of many a later hero. The actual entrance of the harbor, the “Jaw-bones,” as it is called, is very picturesque. Between the castles which protected it a strong chain was formerly drawn, closing the approach to all vessels but those whose right to enter was undoubted. Now it is open to all, and the red sails of some Brixham trawler, the trim yacht of some amateur sailor, or the smoke-wreath of a parting steamship, is constantly glancing in the sun in the passage and beyond it. The peculiar character of the town itself is due to its having been built on terraces rising one above the other, on the right bank of the Dart. In the narrow streets are some curious old houses—relics of wealthy merchants who once dwelt here and traded largely with Spain and the Levant. Dartmouth was long the chief place of unloading for the wines of Oporto and Xeres, and long before it had a great trade with Bordeaux. Its men of mark were well able to raise such houses as that shown in our woodcut—rich with quaintly-carved monsters for brackets, carrying long windows of many “quarrels.” These houses are passing away before the age for modern “improvement.” Those which remain are for the most part Elizabethan, and mark the time of the town's greatest prosperity. In the church of St. Saviour is a very remarkable stone pulpit, carved, gilt, and painted, besides a striking example of one of the great specialties of Devonshire—a carved oak rood-screen. This species of carving is richer and more abundant in this county than in any other part of England. The art descended in the same families for many generations, and there is hardly a remote village church which does not contain some specimen of it. We must not leave this church of St. Saviour without noticing the brass of John Hawley, founder of the chancel (1408). He appears in armor, with his wives, Joan and Alice, one on either hand. Hawley was a great and prosperous merchant, and, says Stow, in 1390, “waged the navie of shippes of the ports of his own charges, and tooke thirty-four shippes laden with wyne to the summe of fifteen hundred tunnes.”

A greater number of old-world legends and fancies have attached themselves to the stream of the Dart than to any other western river. Here, according to the old belief, Brutus of Troy made his appearance, and found the land peopled with giants. Hence he sailed up the river to Totness, where he first set foot on British ground,

*Mouth of the Dart.*

on a rock which, until of late years, projected into the middle of the High Street. The

Dart, in this part of its course, as, indeed, is the case with it higher up, winds and doubles until it may sometimes look back upon its coming waters.

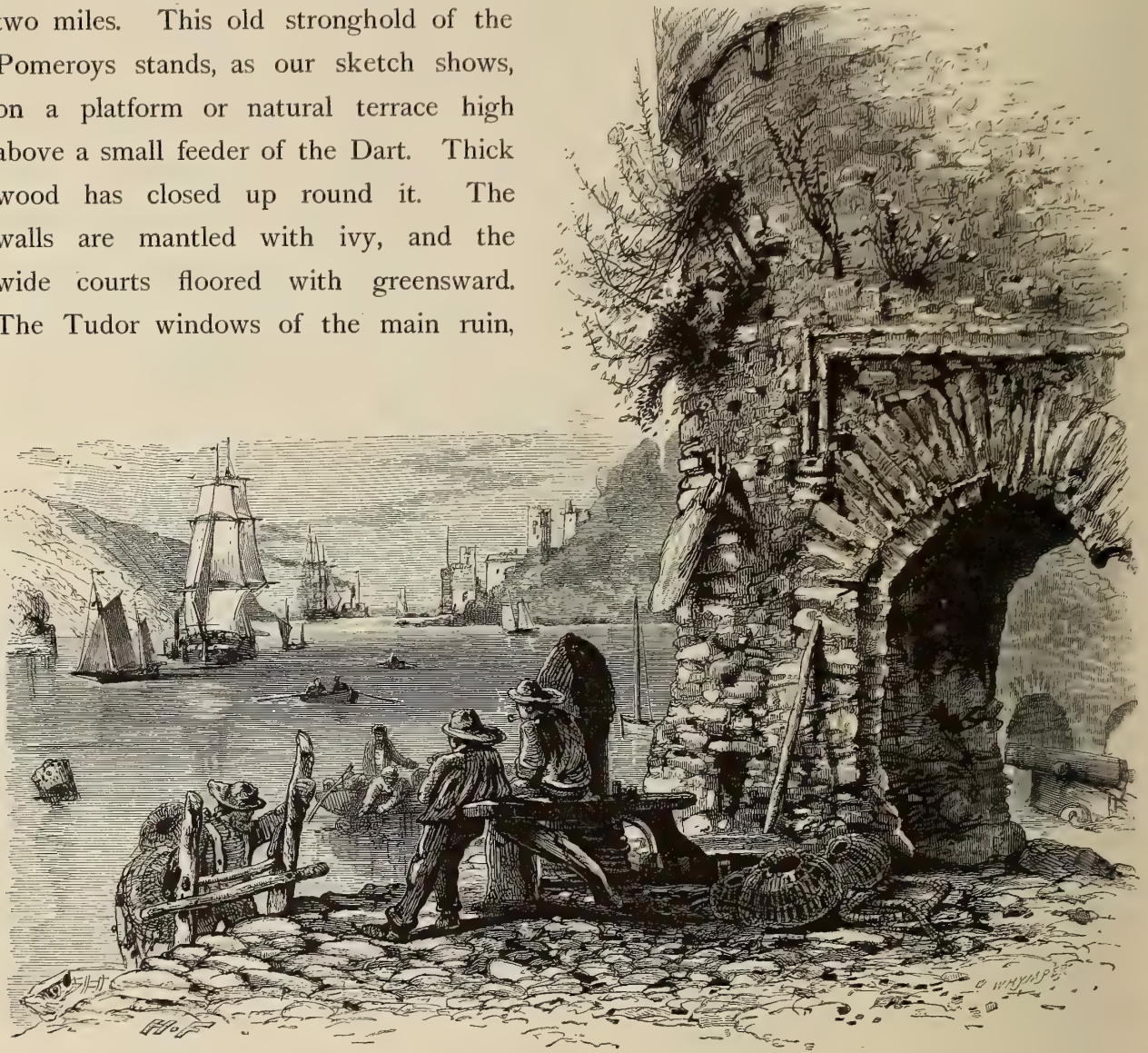
Lakes and broad reaches are thus formed; and shelving hills and woods, which rise from their banks, combine with the stream to produce fresh pictures at every turn. Here, for instance, is Dittisham—a corner full of delight for the artist,

and not deserving of neglect by those who care nothing for brush or pencil, since it is famous for a peculiar sort of plum, said to have been brought from the East by some judicious crusader. A beautiful view of Totness, with the church-tower as a centre, opens as the boat passes out of the last reach of the river, closed by the

Sharpham Woods. The town of Totness, stretching up a steep hill-side, is dominated

by the mound and shell-wall of a castle, from which there are striking prospects up and down the Dart. The church has a stately tower, and a canopied rood-screen of stone-work.

But the wanderer in search of the picturesque, although he may linger for some time in and about Totness, will perhaps find more to satisfy him among the ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, distant about two miles. This old stronghold of the Pomeroyes stands, as our sketch shows, on a platform or natural terrace high above a small feeder of the Dart. Thick wood has closed up round it. The walls are mantled with ivy, and the wide courts floored with greensward. The Tudor windows of the main ruin,



Entrance to Dartmouth.

the varied outlines, and the touches with which time has "moulded into beauty" the whole great mass of building, are all so striking that it is scarcely possible to visit Berry Pomeroy without a wish to know something of its history. The ruin is of two periods. The entrance-gateway and the wall on either side of it are of the thirteenth century, and were portions of the inclosing wall of one of the courts of the castle of the Pomeroyes, whose ancestor, Ralph de Pomeroy, is recorded in Domesday as the lord of this place, and of many a wide manor in the west. The Pomeroyes held Berry until

the reign of Edward VI., when it passed into the hands of Lord Seymour, of Sudely, brother of the Protector, Duke of Somerset. It still belongs to the Seymours, and is thus one of the very few estates in this country which have been the property of no more than two great families since the Conquest. The mass of ruin is that of a stately house, built by the first Seymour owner. "The apartments," says John Prince, author of the "*Worthies of Devon*," who was vicar of Berry Pomeroy, and saw the place in its glory, "were very splendid, especially the dining-room, which was adorned with statues and figures cut in alabaster. . . . The number of apartments of the whole may be collected hence, if report be true, that it was a good day's work for a servant but to open and shut the casements belonging to them. Notwithstanding which, 'tis now demolished, and all this glory lieth in the dust." The house, it is said, was struck by lightning, and so greatly injured that the Seymours removed from it rather than be at the cost of restoration. This was after the time of Sir Edward Seymour, the leader of the "country party," whose imposing presence is drawn for us by Lord Macaulay, and who lived at Berry Pomeroy in great magnificence. The fern-hunter will find his account in wandering through the woods that surround the castle.

No river in Devonshire deserves more thoroughly to be traced to its sources than the Dart. Between Totness and Ashburton it is in its middle course. It is no longer an estuary, or navigable. The broad reaches have disappeared. In their stead comes a rocky, broken river-bed, first bordered by quiet, green meadows, then by steeper banks and coppices of oak and hazel. The woods of Darlington, where the roofless hall takes us back to the days of Richard II., whose chained heart appears among the carvings; the Abbot's Pool, a black hollow in the river, famous for trout, once loved, as the name would suggest, by the Cistercian abbots of Buckfast; the fir-crested hill of Bigadon; and the church-tower of Buckfastleigh, on the height where, says the story, the foundations were laid by "spirits," are the chief points in the river-scenery to be noticed as we journey upward toward the moors. And between Buckfast and the heath-clad hills of Dartmoor lie those grand wilds of Buckland and of Holne Chace, where rock, ravine, wood, and rushing stream, combine to produce the most striking scenes, not only on the Dart, but in Devonshire.

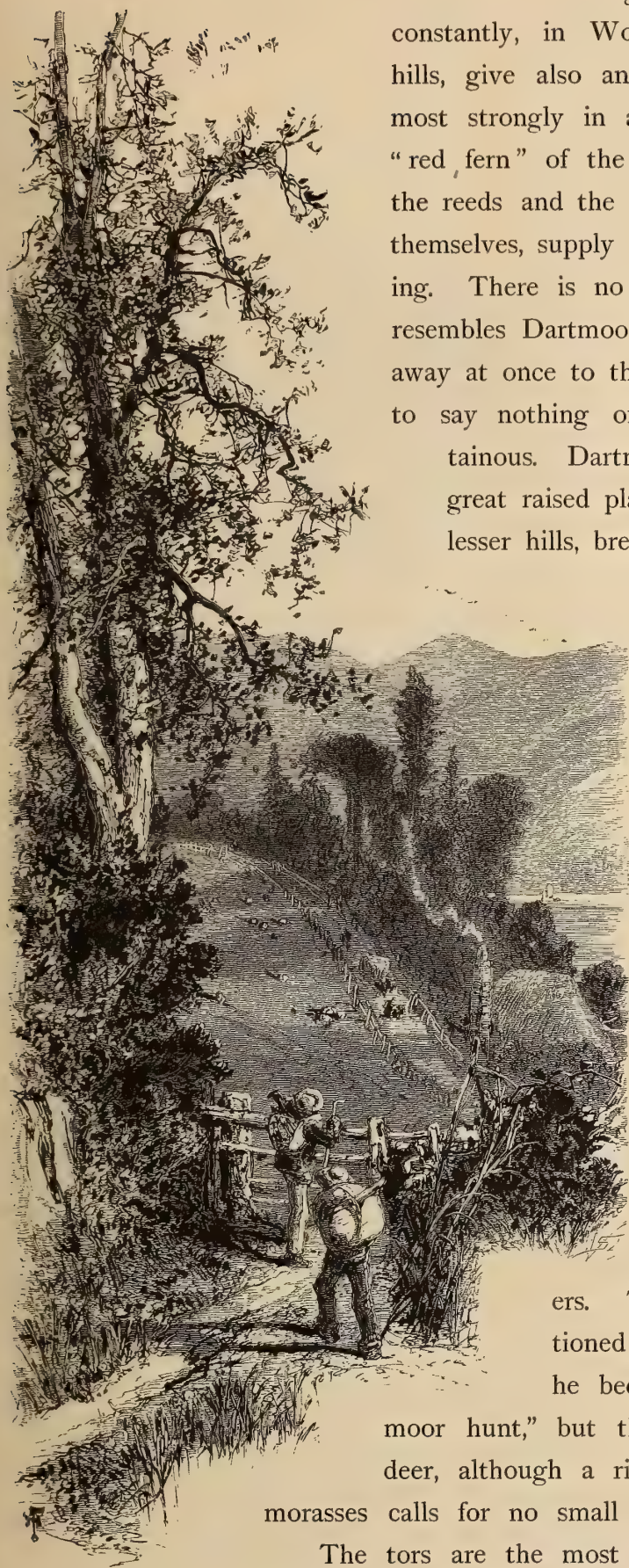
Ashburton lies a couple of miles off the river. The Dart runs close under the walls of Buckfast Abbey; and the green, ferny pastures that extend along the banks are still known as the Monk's Walk. It will be a lengthened pilgrimage to trace the river upward, by Buckland, and Spitchwick, and the rocky ridge of Longator, to the pass where bare hills rise steeply above it on one side, with Sharpitor (shown in our sketch) conspicuous, while the right bank is still covered with coppice. The stream itself is here broken with granite boulders, and close on the banks the *Osmunda* fern grows to enormous size.

A struggle among thick-set "stools" of oak and birch; an upward toil over ledges

*Old Houses in Dartmouth.*

of rock, cushioned with mosses, tufts of whortleberry, and heather; a climb among huge masses of granite, weather-stained and lichen-ed, and we are at last on the highest point of Benjay Tor, far above the winding river, whose "cry" (to use the true Devonshire word) rises sharply through the clear air. Above the ravine rises the cone of Sharpitor. Behind is the rounder mass of Corndon, to the summit of which the villagers and farm-lads who can reach so far mount to see the sun dance on the morning of Easter-day. A vast extent of cultivated country opens to the south and east, with here and there a fringe of sea between Portland and the Bolt Head; and in the opposite direction rise dusky heaths, fold beyond fold, toward a distant horizon of rock-crested tors; while, it may be, a wreath or two of far-away smoke mark where the great convict-prisons lie stretched out in the heart of the old royal forest.

This, then, is Dartmoor; and the fresh mountain-air, not without a dash of peat-fragrance borne from some distant hamlet, tells of the height we have gained, and of its very distinct climate. The moors immediately around us are, in their due season, aglow with furze and heather; and the broad, deep beds of bracken, while they

*Valley of the Dart.*

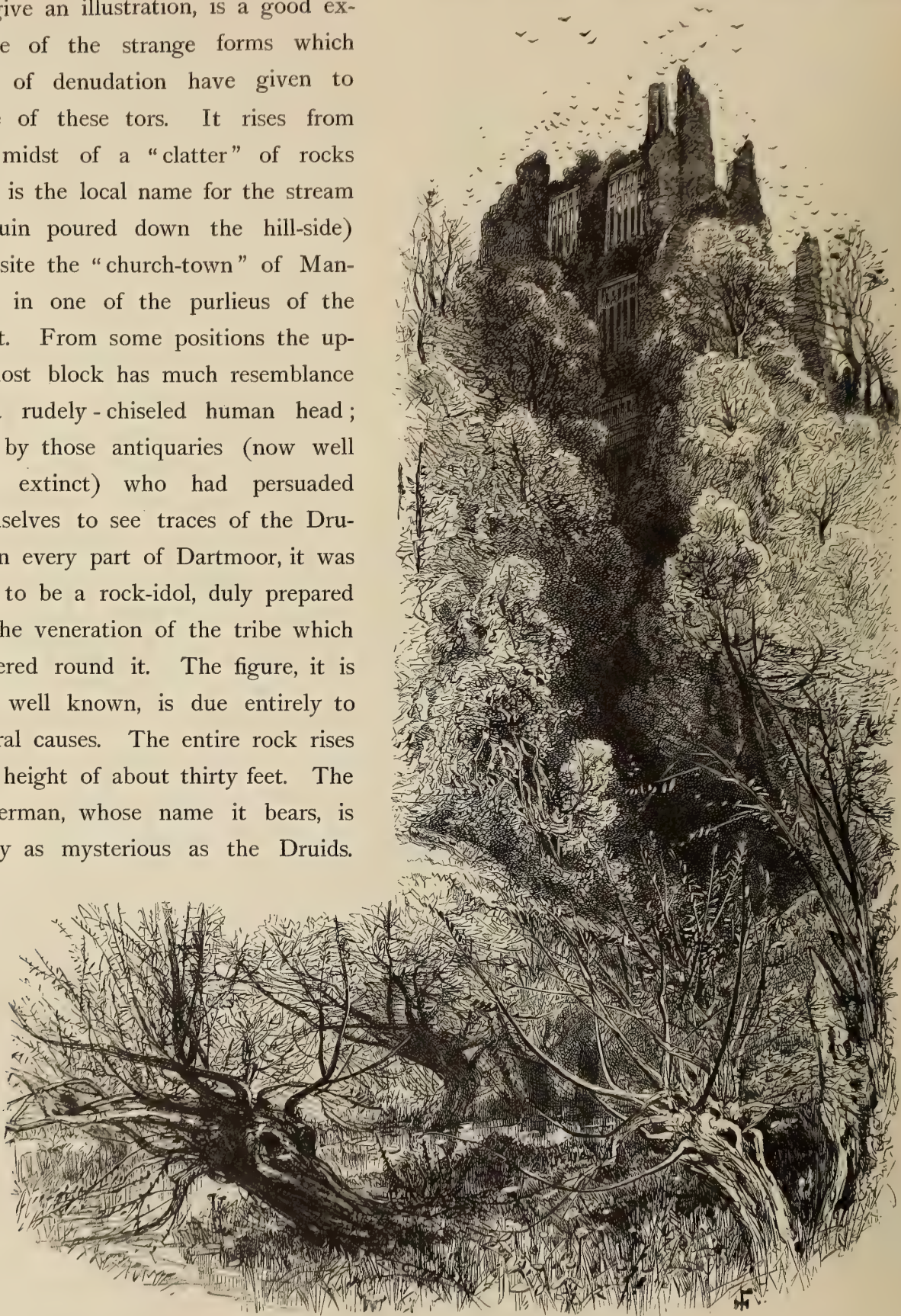
mark the "nursing" gained from mists and rains that constantly, in Wordsworth's phrase, "spiritualize" the hills, give also an especial coloring to the scene; and most strongly in autumn, when they become the true "red fern" of the old ballad-makers. The bent grass, the reeds and the rushes, and the gray rock of the tors themselves, supply the more neutral tones of the coloring. There is no district in Great Britain which quite resembles Dartmoor. Its Highland character carries us away at once to the far north; but the Scottish scenery, to say nothing of its scale, is more ruggedly mountainous. Dartmoor is rather one huge mountain—a great raised plateau, from which the granite tors, the lesser hills, break up at intervals. It covers an area

of rather more than one hundred and thirty thousand acres. The mean elevation is about seventeen hundred feet. Yes, Tor, the highest point, rises to two thousand and fifty feet above the sea. The central part of this wild region, within certain fixed "regards," or limits, has existed as a royal forest from a period which is quite uncertain. Probably it was held to be "King's land" long before the Conquest; and its "great store of harts," which abounded until at least the middle of the last century, were under the care of a company of verdurers and foresters.

The wolf and the wild-cat are mentioned in a charter of John, granted before he became king. There is still a "Dartmoor hunt," but the quarry is no longer wolf or red deer, although a ride to hounds among the rocks and morasses calls for no small skill of hand and quickness of eye.

The tors are the most striking features of Dartmoor. The word is strictly applied only to the mass of granite blocks which

crowns the summit of the hill, often strangely weather-worn, shattered, and ruined, and rising against the sky in every variety of fantastic shape. Bowerman's Nose, of which we give an illustration, is a good example of the strange forms which ages of denudation have given to some of these tors. It rises from the midst of a "clatter" of rocks (this is the local name for the stream of ruin poured down the hill-side) opposite the "church-town" of Manaton, in one of the purlieus of the forest. From some positions the uppermost block has much resemblance to a rudely-chiseled human head; and by those antiquaries (now well nigh extinct) who had persuaded themselves to see traces of the Druids in every part of Dartmoor, it was held to be a rock-idol, duly prepared for the veneration of the tribe which gathered round it. The figure, it is now well known, is due entirely to natural causes. The entire rock rises to a height of about thirty feet. The Bowerman, whose name it bears, is nearly as mysterious as the Druids.



Berry Pomeroy Castle.

There is no tradition about him, and it is possible that the word may be a corruption of some old English or Celtic term now, it may be feared, beyond recovery.

The climate of Dartmoor is, no doubt, unusually wet, and mists are so frequent that, even on the exposed summits of some of the remoter tors, filmy ferns grow well; and, even in summer, the streams are liable to sudden risings, which convert them into formidable sources of peril. In winter they "come down," as it is called, so rapidly, and with such a wall of water, that a horseman crossing at a ford has sometimes been swept away before he has been able to get to the bank. No one, in truth, knows what Dartmoor truly is until he has seen it under a gloomy winter sky, and has looked down from some height on a sweep of swollen river, "all drumlie and dark as it rolls on its way." And it may be added that no one has seen Dartmoor at its grandest until he has seen it lying under the shroud of a deep snow. The intense stillness which reigns at such a time, the wide, white, sparkling "fjeld" (we may use a northern word for a scene which is so truly northern), and the great apparent increase of scale given by the snow, are wonderfully impressive; and it need hardly be said that the moor, under these conditions, is not a power to be lightly esteemed. A winter rarely passes without some loss of life in the snow; and such names as "Honeywell's Bed," "Clark's Grave," and the like, mark places where wanderers have perished in the drift. The remains of a granite cross, in a tract known as "Fox Tor Mires," toward the centre of the forest—broken, treacherous ground, covered with bog-myrtle and cotton-grass—are known as "Childe's Tomb," and a very ancient tradition is attached to the place. It is said that a hunter named Childe sank here bewildered under a sudden and overwhelming snow-storm. But, making a great struggle for life, he killed his horse, and got inside its bowels for the temporary warmth, first writing on a block of granite with his horse's blood,

"The first that finds and brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstock he shall have."

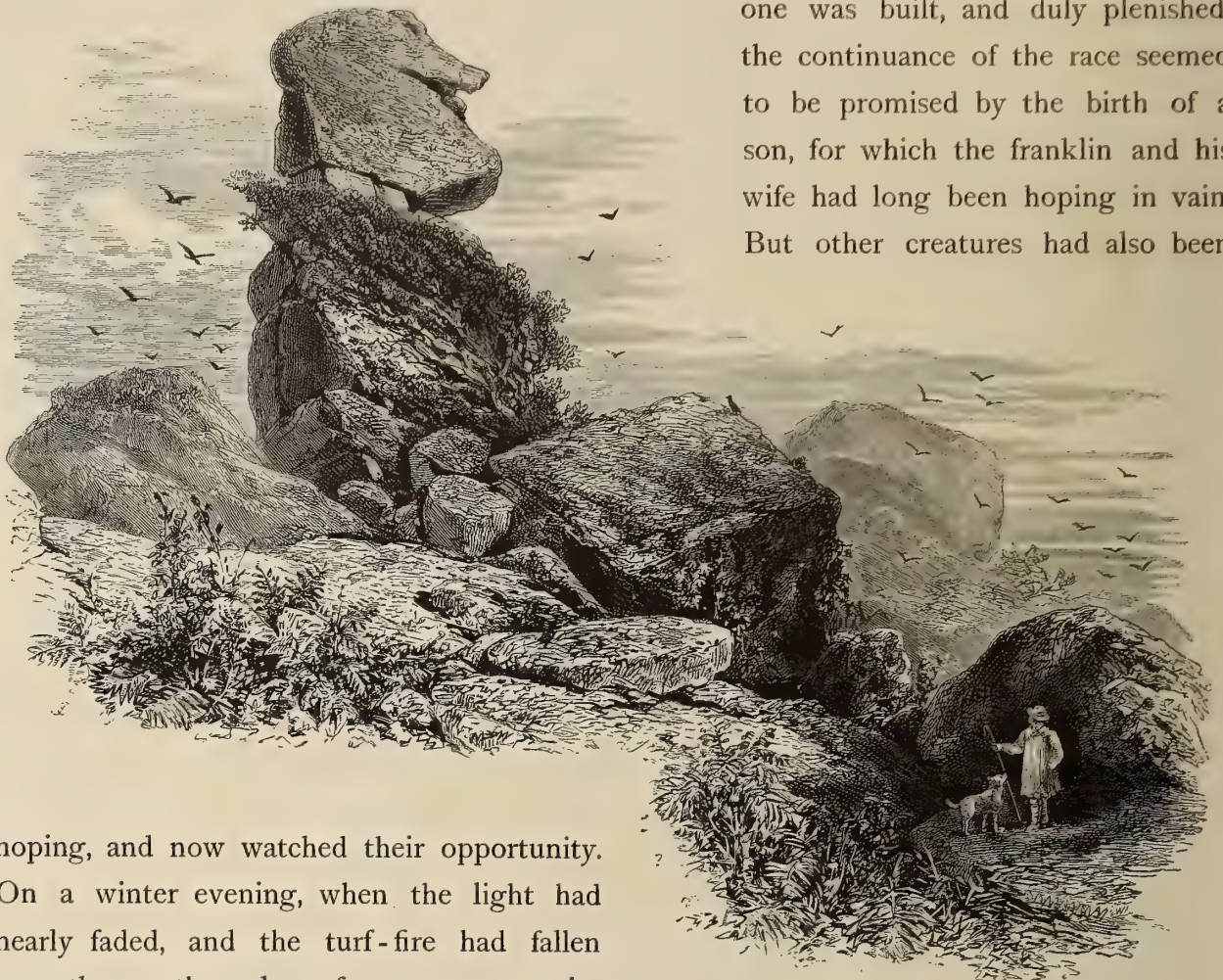
How the monks of Tavistock gained the lands need hardly be told here. The story, true or false, bears sufficient witness to the terrors of a Dartmoor storm.

Such a track of country, open and solitary, is, of course, the natural protector of old-world customs and superstitions. It is the home of the "wish-hounds"—a pack of spectral dogs but rarely seen, although their cry may often be heard among the hollows of the hills; of the "derricks"—a race of mountain-dwarfs; and, above all, of the pixies. These are the elves of Devonshire and Cornwall—

"Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And gray cock's feather."

Green is their favorite color, as it is that of their cousins elsewhere; but they are sometimes seen shrouded in gray, and sometimes are swept before the wind, shaped as rolling balls of fern or of heather. They mislead wanderers, and carry off children like other elves. An old farm on the northern edge of the moor was once the house of a substantial franklin, and has the initials of its builder, with the date, 1590, on a granite tablet over the entrance. A yet older house had been inhabited by the same family

for many centuries. After the new one was built, and duly plenished, the continuance of the race seemed to be promised by the birth of a son, for which the franklin and his wife had long been hoping in vain. But other creatures had also been



Bowerman's Nose.

hoping, and now watched their opportunity.

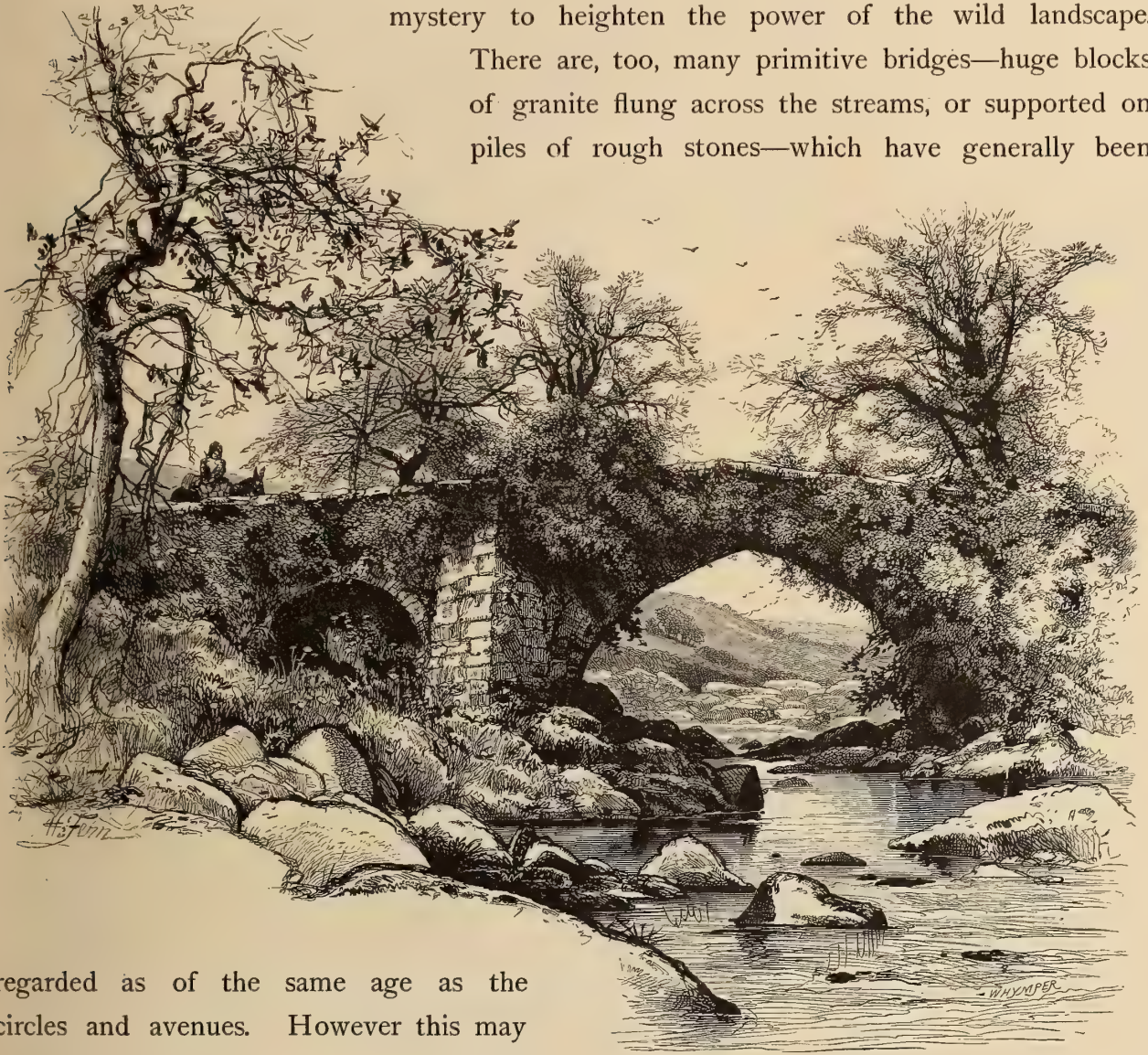
On a winter evening, when the light had nearly faded, and the turf-fire had fallen low, the mother slept for a moment, instead of keeping watch over her child in the cradle. As she woke she heard a

strange, low laugh, and thought she saw the flutter of a gray cloak. But the child was gone. The pixies had bided their time; and the letters "T. W." above the new doorway remain as the initials of the last of his race. The house, it was thought, had been built of granite from some rock under the special protection of the hill-folk, and the first human being born in it had thus fallen into their power.

In almost every part of Dartmoor occur those rude stone monuments which so powerfully affect the imagination, but whose voice is so indistinct and uncertain. Hut-circles, "sacred" circles, as they are called, long parallel rows of stone, single shafts of

granite, cromlechs, kistvaens, or stone "coffins," cairns, and earthen tumuli, indicate that the whole district was once thickly peopled—but indicate little more. We cannot, with any safety, assert that these remains are of any definite period. They may be later than the Christian era; they may be far earlier; but such a circle of upright stones as that on Scorhill Down, above Chagford, or as the "Gray Wethers," yet more remotely placed, brings, beyond all doubt, an element of mystery to heighten the power of the wild landscape.

There are, too, many primitive bridges—huge blocks of granite flung across the streams, or supported on piles of rough stones—which have generally been



Harford Bridge.

regarded as of the same age as the circles and avenues. However this may be, they at least belong to a time when the exploration of Dartmoor was hardly

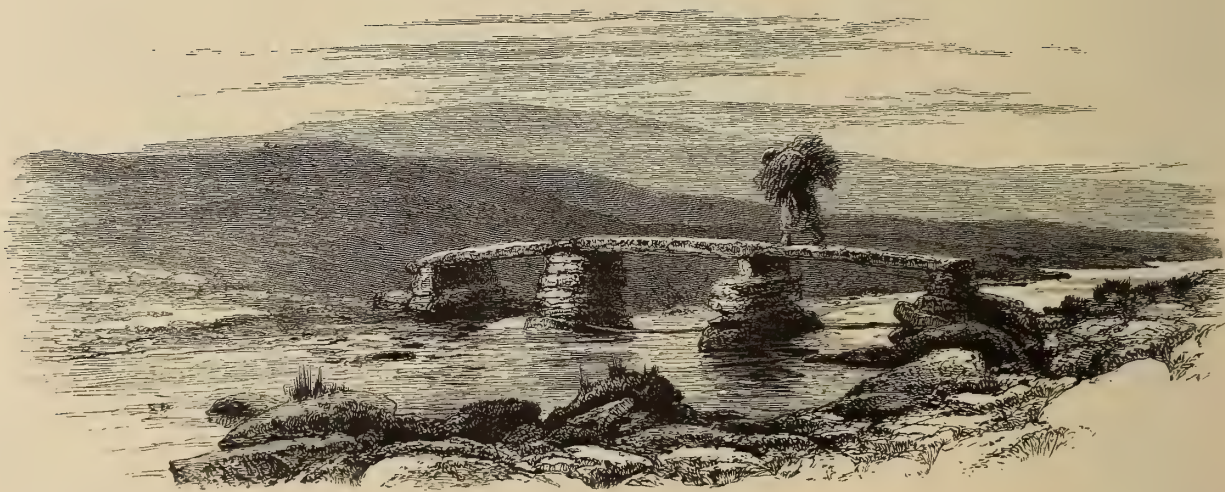
so easy as at present. Post Bridge, which crosses the Dart high up toward its source, is one of the most massive and most picturesque of the structures.

The Dartmoor rivers assume their chief beauty when, after "fleeing through the moore with long, solitarie course," in the words of an old Devonshire writer, they pass into the wooded, but still wild and broken, outskirts. There are very striking scenes on some of the lesser streams at this portion of their course. The deep gorge of the Lyd is famous. In the "cleaves," or cleft rocky valleys of Lustleigh and of the Tavy,

many a long summer day may be spent with delight; and the Erme, which descends by Ivy Bridge, is not less worthy of a pilgrimage. As the rivers leave the moorland they are crossed by venerable and picturesque bridges, which, like that of Harford in our illustration, sometimes afford an admirable framework for the distant landscape. Harford Bridge crosses the Erme, and is of considerable antiquity, dating, perhaps, from the fifteenth century. The church and scattered hamlet rise on the hill-side above the bridge. The place is wild and remote, yet the church contains the high-tomb of Sir Thomas Williams, who died Speaker of Queen Elizabeth's Parliament in 1563. The brass on his tomb shows him in full armor; and the epitaph tells us that he—

“Now above with mighty Jove doth reign.”

There are some remains of his manor-house in the same parish, but far down the river.





Valley of the Mopt

1840

SOUTH WALES.



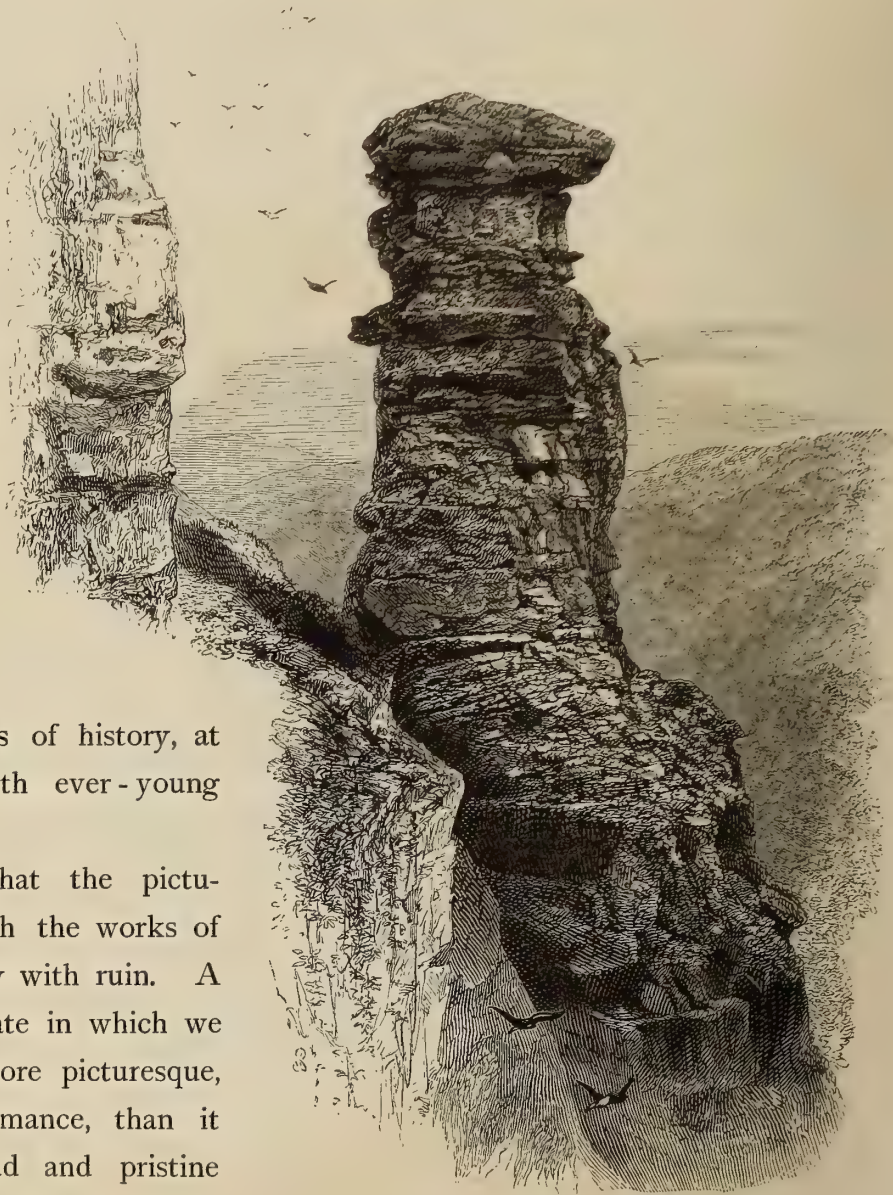
Pembroke Castle.

ONCE more in Wales!
 Art, indeed, returns
 gladly to the dear romantic
 principality. This time we
 shall have but small concern

with the Marches or the Luds Marchers, with Border strife, or with those Edwardian days in which there were such "hotte wars upon the Marches of Wales." If we think at all, it must be only *en passant*, of the passages between Gwenwyn, of Powys-Land, the "Torch of Pengwern," and Sir Raymond Berenger, of Castle *Garde Doloureuse*; although we should ever bear in mind, when we are in Wales, the praise of Henry II., expressed in his letter to the Greek emperor, Manuel Comnenus, of the courage and the fierceness of the Welsh. In our present visit we shall, for the most part, skirt the lovely coastline between Severn-mouth and the bay of good St. Bride. With one foot on sea, and one on shore; sometimes a little way inland,

sometimes on the very water-edge—once even out upon the waves themselves—we are now about to view in the interior of the country, or on the margin of the main, the works of man in castle, abbey, or in cross; the works of God in cavern or in cliff; and then, borrowing the wild sea-bird's wing, we shall fly out some little space over the raging billows to those clanging iron rocks which are the sea-fowls' fitting home. We shall visit scenes of natural beauty and of human interest; we shall wander by that rugged margin of coast which forms the battle-ground for the perpetual strife between the forces of water and of land; and we shall pause, thoughtfully, at the sites of the great dramas of history, at the scenes associated with ever-young romance.

It is noteworthy that the picturesque, in connection with the works of man, is linked so strongly with ruin. A Norman castle, in the state in which we now see it, is perhaps more picturesque, is certainly dearer to romance, than it was in its day of proud and pristine splendor. Time tries all things; and it clothes, lovingly, with saddest beauty, those memorials of the past which have outlived their vital purpose, and survive now, in ruin, to show us how men lived and acted in the old time before our days. The needs of men which created the Norman castle seemed stronger than the castle itself could be; and yet the relics of the building outlive the necessities that called it into being. There is always something pathetic in contemplating the evanescent nature of those fleeting forms of life which, beautiful in their day, pass away with that day itself. As the mind lingers, dreamily, amid the delights of



Devil's Chimney.

ancient story and old-world legend, we feel, stealing gently over thought and feeling, that mood which Heine has sung in magic verse :

“Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin :
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.”

Let us assume that we start on our present tour from Gloucester. The three towns of Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Cheltenham, form a triangle of places within



Valley of the Wye.

the area of the vale of Gloucester. Passing chalybeate Cheltenham, and leaving the tall and graceful tower, surmounted by four delicate spires, of Gloucester Cathedral—

glancing, in thought, for a moment, at Olney Island, the scene of the duel for a kingdom between Edmund Ironside and Canute—we pause first at Leckhampton of the Cotswold Hills, two miles from Cheltenham, and stop to look at the Devil's Chimney—a subject rather for the pencil than the pen. The “Chimney” is a most fantastic, grotesque formation of rock, and is one of those “bits” upon which an artist gladly seizes. The reputation of the Prince of Darkness as a weird natural architect is well established, and he is credited with the production of this quaint monstrosity.

We stand next, in the sad stillness of the gloaming, before Pembroke Castle. The air is stagnant, the clouds are steadfast, the castle-shadowed water is very calm. The splendid double tower or keep rises proudly above the picturesque ruin. Richard Fenton, F. A. S., says in his “Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire,” published in 1811, of Pembroke Castle, that “for space of ground it covers, variety of architecture, boldness of situation, for look or defense, it may vie with, if not excel, any ancient structure of the kind in Wales.” The original main design and outline of the castle date, as archæologists tell us, from the time of Henry I. It was constructed for Arnulph de Montgomery, and is connected with the title of the long line of Earls of Pembroke. In the second civil war Pembroke Castle was taken, after a siege by Cromwell. His letter, announcing victory, runs thus:

“To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

“PEMBROKE, 11th July, 1648.

“SIR,—The Town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the Eleventh of July; upon the Propositions which I send you here enclosed. What Arms, Ammunition, Victual, Ordnance, or other Necessaries of War are in the Town, I have not to certify you—the Commissioners I sent in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I was unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

“The Persons Excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very Good Cause; but, being now apostatised, I did rather make election of them, than of those who had always been for the King;—judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a Just Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share.

“I rest, your humble servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

The “persons excepted” were Colonel Poyer and Major-General Langharne. They had been officers of the Parliament, but, thinking themselves ill-treated by that body, Poyer and Langharne “apostatised,” turned traitors to their colors, and after being signally defeated at the fight at St. Fagan's, defended Pembroke against the Parliamentary forces. They had thus rendered themselves subject to martial law, and could not be included in the honorable terms readily granted by Oliver to those who had fought out of hearty conviction for the king. The twain were sent to London, and



MUMBLE ROCKS AND LIGHTHOUSE, NEAR SWANSEA.

were condemned to death; but the Parliament determined to spare one of the offenders, and they were suffered to draw lots for death or life. The fatal piece of paper was a blank; the other bore upon it, "Life given by God." The lots were drawn by a child, and the blank fell to Poyer. He was shot, April 25, 1649, in Covent Garden, and died "very penitently."

During the siege, which was protracted, owing to a delay in forwarding the artillery of the besiegers, Cromwell resided at Welstown, a house belonging to Walter Cuney. A quilted counterpane, white, lined with crimson, which had covered Cromwell's bed, and bore stains of ink splashed upon it by him when writing his dispatches, was long preserved, and was, according to Fenton, in existence in 1811. The relic, however, has probably disappeared.

The castle still shows very visible signs of Cromwell's besiegement. The curious Wogan Cave, which, it is supposed, was intended to serve as a sally-port, can now be visited from the outside. Henry VII., son of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, who was the eldest son of Owen Tudor and Catharine of France, widow of Henry V., was born January 21, 1456, in Pembroke Castle, which then belonged to his uncle Jasper, Earl of Pembroke. On the attainder of Earl Jasper, in 1461, castle and earldom passed to the Herberts. The mother of Henry was Margaret, only child of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, whose father was the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III.; and it was from this mother that Henry's strongest claim to the crown descended; although, had Richard III. been a popular monarch, the royal descent of Henry would have profited him little. The character of Richard served Henry better than any ancestral claims.

Again Nature presents us with a highly-artistic picture. A reach of the fair, winding Wye is framed by an arch in Chepstow Castle; and we find, singularly enough, an artist looking lovingly at the sweet and gentle scene which the deft hand is recording. The tour of the Wye is one of the loveliest of river-trips in England.

Near Swansea is the watering-place of Mumbles. Owing to coal and copper works, Swansea has driven away its pleasure-visitors and bathers, and these now resort to Mumbles. The bay of Mumbles is "thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to that of Naples." I am not one of the many; but the bay is certainly fine in outline and noble in sweep. High on a rocky headland towers the beneficent lighthouse, and out of the wild waves rise the Mumble Rocks. Hundreds of ships are sometimes weather-bound in the excellent roadstead, and ride there in safety, delighting the eye of the lover of shipping. Billows burst in foamy wrath against the lighthouse bastion; gulls whirl round the sea-surrounded rocks; torn flag and straining cordage wave from the shattered wreck-remnants which tell us mournfully that not even a lighthouse can always prevent disaster in the long warfare between ship and sea.

On a strip of level ground, which is washed by the waters of the Wye, and sur-

rounded by hills and woods, stand the ruins of Tintern Abbey, and four miles distant is the famous Chepstow Castle. These two ruins are among the most noted objects

of interest on the Wye, but the description of them has been anticipated—that of the abbey the reader will find in the paper on “Abbeys and Churches,” pages 264 and 265, Volume I., and that of the castle in “English Homes,” page 310, of the same volume.

Raglan Castle, with its gray, ivy-clustered towers, next attracts our interest. The earliest and

main portions of this romantic fortress date from the time of Henry V., while some additions were made as late as the reign of Charles I., who more than once was



Raglan Castle.

nobly received in Raglan, which is one of the latest specimens extant of the feudal castle. It is also, in spite of ruin, one of the most sumptuous. Henry VII., during his jealously-watched youth, passed some time at Raglan, under the guardianship of Sir William Herbert, afterward created Earl of Pembroke. Part of the architecture



Carreg Cennen Castle.

of the castle is of Edward IV.'s time, and great additions were made in Tudor days. The great hall is Tudor. The hexagonal keep, called "The Yellow Tower of Gwent," belongs to the earlier portion of the structure. In Raglan was born that Edward Somerset, afterward Marquis of Worcester, author of the "Century of Inventions," and

sometimes credited with the earliest idea of the steam-engine. During the Civil War Raglan was besieged and taken by Fairfax, on August 17, 1646. The castle was bravely defended during two months by that gallant old royalist the fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester, who, though in his eighty-fifth year, justified his proud motto—*"Mutare vel timere sperno."* His garrison consisted of eight hundred men, and the old warrior held his castle long, with high-hearted courage and loyal devotion. The old marquis might also have said :

"To my true king I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith : vain faith and courage vain."

His sacrifices for the royal cause were enormous ; but his son received no recompense from the house which both had served not wisely, but too well. After the siege Raglan was demolished, as far as it was possible with so sturdy a pile, and it has never since been inhabited. It belongs to the Duke of Beaufort. The situation of the castle is fine, and the old trees which surround it are very noble. The moat still exists, and the deadly breaches made by Fairfax's cannon are yet distinctly visible. Raglan is even now splendid, picturesque, romantic.

We now dart inland to Llandeilo, near Carmarthen, and start to walk over a very hilly road, and under a burning sun, to see another castle—that of Carreg Cennen. Cennen, by-the-way, is locally pronounced Kennen. The road is rather difficult to find—or, at least, I found it to be so ; and I spent a hot hour before I came in sight of my ruin. When once you do succeed in sighting the castle, it is easy to steer for it, since few landmarks can be more striking than this nobly-placed old fortress, which reminded me, as I drew near it, of some of the strongholds which are perched on rocky hills between Rome and Naples. The present remains are, from a distance, scarcely distinguishable from the rock on and out of which the castle has been built. The castle is fossilized on the crag. On the north side the hill rises slopingly for some two hundred feet ; but on the south side the outer walls stand upon a mass of rock which has a sheer descent of perhaps nearly five hundred feet. As in the case of our old friend Dinas Bran, Carreg stands upon a distinct and lonely height, while all around it rises a circle of green hills, some cultivated to the top, like the "green Alps" of Switzerland, others bare and sterile, with stony, yellowish-gray layers of limestone cropping out through sun-dried greenery. A few ash-trees grow around the northern side, and timid sheep rush out of shady nooks as you enter the outer wall. The whole building seems a growth out of wild, irregular, but most solid rock.

The castle has been large and important, and must once have covered nearly an acre of ground. There is but one round tower ; all the rest are angular. The remains are ruinous, but an archæologist can still discern the plan and determine the details of the whole building. Here, again, the ashlar has disappeared, and no mouldings are left.

The place, barring treachery from within, has been, I should think, impregnable in its day of pride and power. Much of the masonry has fallen down, and the inner court-



Sir Richard Steele's House, near Carmarthen (the White House).

yard is strewed with masses of tumbled rubble, round which the wild grasses wave and the thick nettles stand. The castle can scarcely have been older than the time of Henry III. There is a singular passage, called, popularly, "The Well," which seems to

me to have been also a winding staircase hidden in the solid rock, which led down to the ground on the steep south side. On that south side the ivy clusters thickly, and, seen from the country below, it is by far the most picturesque portion of the great rock fort. The view includes the vale of Towy and the whole of Dynevor Park. This castle has no history, and the mythic legends are weak and worthless. The situation is superb, the scenery around is delightful, and a visit to Carreg Cennen is most enjoyable; but the romance of the place is mainly the romance of Nature, and the most distinctive feature is the naturally picturesque. That shaping spirit of imagination which, beside the merest hint of ruin, can bid the dead past live, and move, and have again its being, can work here; but the nobler chords of fancy are more finely touched by places which have been the scenes of great deeds and the habitations of great men.

Remote Carmarthen is, strangely enough, connected with one of the sweetest and most lovable names in letters. Sir Richard Steele, broken in health and fortune, retired to the little white house at Llangunnor, which our artist has depicted for us, and died there in 1729. This small property came to Steele through his second wife, the once beautiful Mistress Scurlock, of Carmarthenshire. Of Dick Steele, the gown-boy of the Charterhouse; of Captain Steele, of Lucas's Fusileers; of Sir Richard Steele, of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the friend and collaborator of Addison, Thackeray says: "Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness." As I sat alone in the old "Ivy Bush" Hotel, it was pleasant to remember that dear old Sir Richard had resided in Carmarthen. His house at Llangunnor is called Ty-gwyn, and he lies buried in a vault in St. Peter's Church, at Carmarthen. The worn man retired, at last, in 1725, to a pretty retreat, and may have known a time of calm, restful happiness before the end came. The "Christian hero" ended his troubled days in country charm and peace.

The coracle is perhaps the most ancient and the most primitive of all floating craft, and it is still in large and constant use in Wales. Carmarthen is a great place for coracles. They are made of tarred leather stretched over a sort of wicker-work, and are very light to carry. About the size of a washing-tub, they hold only one occupant, who works the frail craft with a single paddle, which is used by twirling it round while it is plunged straight down into the water. They are carried on land by means of a strap, which passes across the bearer's chest. When a dozen or more of these coracles are being carried about on the backs of men, the whole machine seems to you, as you walk behind the itinerant boats, to resemble the huge beetles or spiders which belong to the entomology of a Christmas pantomime. The fishermen manage these singular craft with the great dexterity of life-long practice; but I am advised that they are insecure vessels, and that an ambitious essayist who should try to navigate one would quickly upset the boat. At Carmarthen regatta there was a coracle-race. Ten started, and one won. Almost as broad as they are long, great speed is not

attainable, but the winner, I fancy, paddled at a rate of between three and four miles an hour. It is curious to see a form of boat in use long before the Romans came to these islands fishing and racing to-day on the stream of the Towy, and close to Sir Richard Steele's Carmarthen.

We have interesting antiquarian accounts of Wales by two quaint old chroniclers; one belonging to the time of Henry II., the other to that of Henry VIII. The former is Girald de Barri, or Giraldus Cambrensis, born at Manorbur, in 1146, who wrote the "*Itinerarium Cambriæ*;" the latter is John Leland, the well-known antiquary,



Tenby.

born at the beginning of the sixteenth century, to whom we owe the graphic and painstaking "*Itinerary*."

Three other useful books about our portions of South Wales—books which tend to supply the vacant place of thorough county histories—are the "*Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*," by Richard Fenton, F. A. S., 1811; the "*History of Monmouthshire*," by David Williams, bearing date 1796; and an "*Historical Tour of Monmouthshire*," by William Coxe, A. M., rector of Bemerton, of 1801.

I had, upon my summer tour through Wales, the pleasure and advantage of the

society of my friend Mr. W. Burges, the well-known architect. During the whole of that fortnight of the splendid Anglo-Bengalee July of 1876 which we spent together in Wales, the sun never ceased to shine. The climate was that of the garden of Eden before "the needful trouble of the rain" fell upon a fallen world. It was ideal summer weather, unchangingly bright and goldenly warm. Even amid the mountainous parts of the country it seemed as if it would never rain again. The weather that we met with was the very splendor of happiness, of beauty, and of joy. Many persons who care for architecture and archæology will be interested in hearing that Mr. Burges is now engaged in restoring Castell Coch, or the Red Castle. This fine and beautifully situated ruin of a castle of the second rank, built, probably, in the time of Henry III., is about seven miles distant from Cardiff; and Mr. Burges is fitting up a part of the ruin for residence, while restoring the remains carefully to their pristine condition and appearance. Castell Coch was once the key of the country round it. When

"Like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,"

the beacon-fire of Penarth would be repeated by Castell Coch, and would warn the whole region of danger. Owen Glendower descended the Coch pass when he came to burn Llandaff and to ravage Cardiff. Ivor Bach issued from Coch upon that raid which nearly wrested the Cardiff district from the Norman. Gwenwyn, the "Wolf of Plinlimmon," was lord of the original Castell Coch, a long, low-roofed edifice of red stone, which gave place to the castle with which Mr. Burges is now dealing.

Mr. Burges is employing all his learning in this most interesting restoration, and next year the curious and the cultured will have an opportunity of seeing how a castle of the far-off day of Henry III. looked when it was first finished and occupied. Many of our readers, in America as well as in England, will be glad to know that they will shortly have a chance of seeing such a work. The owner has, unfortunately, decided not to restore the whole castle at once. Two of the old towers will remain as ruins outside the restored portion of the olden fortress. Castell Coch stands on the side of a richly-wooded hill, and the scenery is as pleasant as the archæological interest of the place is great. Mr. Burges's restoration, though partial in extent—that is, it does not embrace the whole of Castell Coch—is yet complete so far as it goes; and art-pilgrims should visit the restored old edifice.

Tenby itself is perhaps the most charming watering-place in Wales. It is, in my opinion, superior to Aber-ystrwith. The town is beautifully situated in the sickle-sweep of a curved bay. A rocky promontory, on which stand the ruins of the castle, stretches out gracefully into Carmarthen Bay. The sands are smooth and good; the climate is mild; but the country behind Tenby is somewhat bleak and bare. In the time of Henry VII., Tenby was a place of commercial importance, "very wealthy by mer-



Perforated Rock, Tenby.

chandise;" although now its trade has ceased to flourish greatly. It was a settlement of the Flemish weavers imported by Henry I. Henry of Richmond, afterward Henry VII., escaped from Tenby to Brittany. The church was built in 1250, and contains much early English work. Its spire serves as a landmark for ships. This church contains the monuments of the Whites, a great merchant-family of Tenby in the olden time—a family which bears some resemblance to the Fuggers of Augsburg. One White was mayor when Henry of Richmond set sail from England to escape from Richard III.; and the good citizen assisted the future king, receiving as a reward for his services a lease of certain crown-lands in the neighborhood. The limestone cliffs, and all the sea-shore round charming Tenby, are picturesque and delightful; and the place is sufficiently connected with history to render it interesting to men of culture. Portions of its ancient walls still exist.

A few miles from Tenby is the beautiful coast village of Lydstep, famous for its caves. These caves can only be visited at certain times of the tide: but when we do



THE LYDSTEP CAVERNS (SOUTH WALES).

manage to attain to them, at the right time, we have before our eyes a scene of wild grandeur. The components of the scene are sea and rock—a high, rough rock arch



Shrinkle Bay.

shows through its chasm a sheer and noble cliff. Against the rock-boulders in the foreground the fierce, aimless waves break in blind fury. They dash over the steadfast



THE HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

barrier, and pour their bright waters adown the upright blocks. The sky is gray, dull, and stormy—*Die weisse, gespentische Möwe*—the white, spectral gull sweeps before the blast to cavernous shelter; the snow-white foam dashes madly against the sheer-down steeps of cliff; and in the interior of the cave the sea-water which has attained to that



Cross at Carew.

secure refuge subsides, though still chafed and fretted by long struggle, into comparative calm. The very water itself finds a haven after storm. The whole of the coast round Tenby is singularly picturesque, and is studded with sea-caves. In another cave we see boys fishing in a still pool; we see a stretch of shore, and upland heights crowned by an old tower and a preventive-service signal-mast. This second cave we visit on another day—a day calm and wind-still, though grayly dull.

Shrinkle Bay tells with emphasis its own stormy story. The cave-hollowed rocks descend to the edge at which the waves cease to trouble. Light wraiths of gray cloud, detached from the heavy, lowering gray mass, sweep and creep round the dark and lofty cliffs. The wreck of a stately mast is being hauled out of those yeasty waves which confound and swallow navigation up. A great storm has just blown over; sea and sky are subsiding slowly into the gloom of sullen calm. The cold rain streams in partial jets from out the water-bearing nimbus. Tempest still darkly threatens, and the boatmen must hurry to secure their wave-borne prize. The sea-birds are, perhaps, trying to tell, in harsh screams, the name and fate of the noble ship, which they, from airy storm-heights, have seen so sadly wrecked and ruined. The shattered mast floats in to the stern shore, but who shall tell us how many of the crew have been washed into their "vast and wandering grave?" The episode of wreck lends melancholy to the dark, hollow cliffs and to the rugged, wild sea-shore.

Near St. Gowan's Head is the Huntsman's Leap. He who leaped his horse across that dizzy chasm, went home, and thinking quietly over that which, in excitement, he had done, died of post-imaginative terror. Look at that chasm-cleft, and think of the fall of a man and horse, whizzing through the air, adown that fearful height!

At Carew, celebrated for its "Carey Castle," stands an ancient cross, fourteen feet high, which is held to be "probably Saxon or Danish." Carvings, said to be Runic, and inscriptions no longer legible, are still to be traced upon this antique relic. The rest may be told by the draughtsman's art.

Our next subject is an artistic *fantasia* upon the theme of an iron coast, a leaden sky, a steely sea, and silver spray. The scene which we depict has certainly a local habitation, but has no special name. It is a typical natural selection of Welsh-coast scenery. The buoyant, restless water, full of heaving life and dancing movement, splashes and dashes through wave-worn caverns. The bare uplands stretch away to the high horizon of the lofty sky-arch, while birds sweep on wafting wings safely to the very edge of the cliffs.

Among so much fine coast-scenery, St. Gowan's Head is yet distinctive. It rises to a height of one hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and is remarkable for its fissure, and for its fantastic limestone aiguille. The chapel is built across the curious chasm. The cell was—or so says legend—occupied by Sir Gawaine, one of Arthur's knights. This is the "fine Gawaine" who came and wondered at fair Elaine, when the dead maid—

"Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood"—

was borne by the dusky barge to Arthur's palace. The well of St. Gowan, to which miraculous healing-properties are still attributed by some, lies a little below the Saints' Chapel. The waves that dash against the furrowed rock-sides fret themselves into



AN IRON-BOUND COAST.

snowy foam; and we can guess how those deep hollows have been worn during ages of resistance to the ever-encroaching sea.

One of the most charming valleys of West Wales is that of Neath. Hills, graceful in outline, shut in the vale on either side; trees clothe all the reaches with leafy verdure, while a fair river winds in charming curves and reaches through the soft and tenderly lovely vale. The fairies have, alas! long deserted the fairy-like valley. The Cil-hespte Fall, on the Hespte, is a bold and picturesque cascade. The river rushes wildly over a rock precipice of considerable height; and the scene is one which will infallibly allure every artist. Neath is near the sea, and the river conducts us by a natural path to Swansea.

As we turn to that last scene of all, which ends our third Welsh progress, we feel the keen sea-wind, and the



St. Gowan's Head.

salt sea-spray blows freshly upon our faces, while the air is filled with the clanging, discordant screaming of countless sea-fowl. No bird of the sea, by-the-way, has a musical voice; their tones are harsh with the breeze and the brine. We might as well be on the deck of a plunging ship as we gaze upon the Stack Rocks. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the number of gulls and hawks which whirl around or rest upon their wave-worn home. Secure, comparatively, from man, in their home upon the sea-girt rock, these birds increase and multiply to an almost incredible extent. The winged crowds lend an element of unrest to the turbulent scene. The dark clouds drive and descend; the wild waters boil, and seethe, and rage. Storm is the very essence of the place and time. The mind works in sympathy with the stress and strain of Nature; our souls respond to the fierce, agitated struggle going on between troubled sky and restless wave and steadfast rock. We become restless, excited, in answer to the excited restlessness upon which we gaze. The spectacle of warfare stirs the nerves; and our emotions answer, imaginatively, to the wild turmoil raging round the sea-scourged rocks. Sound and sight alike work upon the mysterious temperamental power of sympathy; and no spectator can gaze, with a tranquil pulse, upon the Stack Rocks.

In Wales the two most distinctive things are the perennial beauty of Nature and the ancient monuments or relics of olden story and of warlike history. Across the middle distance, between Welsh mediæval and Welsh modern history, run the broad traces of the great Civil War, of the strife between Puritan and Cavalier; and we see, in grandeur of action and splendor of victory, one of the very greatest figures in all English history—Oliver Cromwell. The dangerous, not always ignoble, spirit of old cavalier loyalty to the abstract idea of kingship was conquered and trampled out in Wales (as elsewhere) by the great Puritan general. As imagination bodies forth the forms of things that have been, of the world-important Civil War of England, we often catch a direct glimpse of Oliver himself, and see him in a siege, or behold him on a field of battle; and then arises in our thought the trumpet-music of the thundering ballad of Naseby fight, by Obadiah Bind-their-Kings-in-Chains-and-their-Nobles-with-Links-of-Iron, sergeant in Ireton's regiment:

“Hark! hark!—what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shot have scattered the forest of his pikes!”

We have raised the shade of Cromwell, and shall next invoke the spirit of Shakespeare. Meanwhile, between the two giant spectres, rises, with the soothing



THE STACK ROCKS.

charm of a quiet *intermezzo*, the gentle figure of Steele. We love to call him up in his habit as he lived, and to dally lovingly with calm thoughts and tender fancies of the wit, politician, essayist; of the genial genius of the writer of the days of William and Queen Anne; we like to picture to ourselves the man honored by the love of Addison and the enmity of Swift. The personal character of Steele resembles that of Oliver Goldsmith. We love both, in spite of their weaknesses and faults; nay, we even love the pure and tender authors better for their very faults and weaknesses.

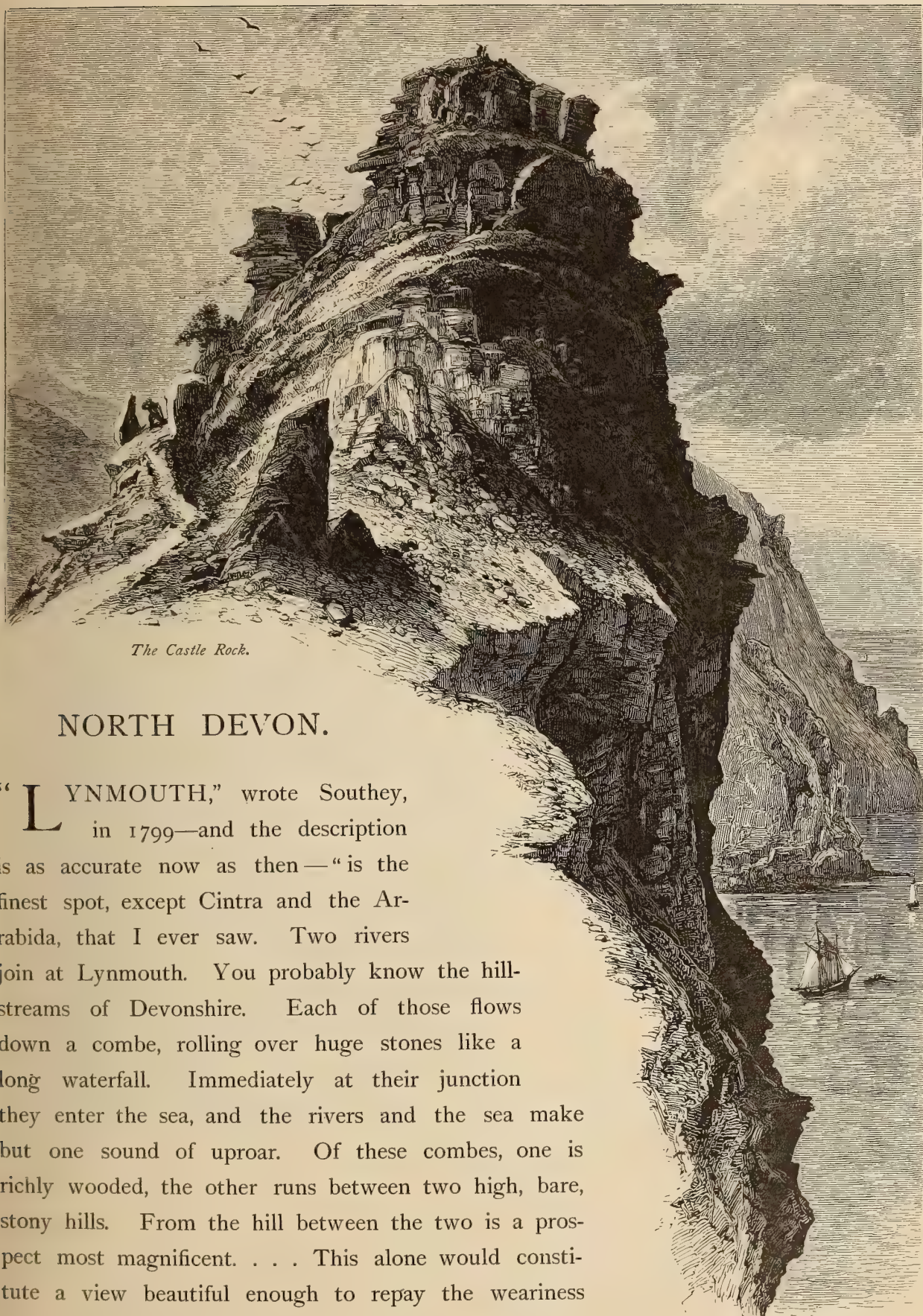
Henry VII. plays almost—but not altogether—the same part in our present paper that great Edward I. played in our former Welsh article. We have seen the “master of kingcraft,” as Bacon terms Henry, through the long captivity of his youth, in his birthplace of Pembroke, in his sojourn at Raglan. We have watched him flying from the murderous hate and fear of Richard III., escaping, aided by a White, from Tenby; and we may once more glance at him as he lands, on August 7, 1485, at Milford Haven. He has come to fight for the crown of England against the brave, fiery, ruthless Richard. He now becomes the property of Shakespeare, and marches on without impediment, accompanied by the magician poet, to the fifth act of “Richard III.” and to the field of Bosworth. One of the combatants on Henry’s side in that great battle may well be memorable to us. He was the ancestor and virtual founder of the Shakespeare family. William Shakespeare was directly descended, in the fourth generation, from the brave and fortunate soldier whose Christian name is, unfortunately, unknown to history. Our Shakespeare was born eighty years after the decisive fight at Bosworth. It was this valiant ancestor whose exploits gained later for the Shakespeare family that shield or coat-of-arms confirmed in 1596 by William Dethick, Garter principal king-at-arms, which consists of “Gould, on a bend sable, and a speare of the first, the point steeled, proper; and his crest, or cognizance, a faulcon, his wings displayed, argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullors supporting a speare gould steele as afore-said, sett upon a helmet with mantells and tassells.” Hence William Shakespeare was *armiger*, and “Master” William Shakespeare; and thus we connect our poet with Henry VII. and with Bosworth fight. The “speare” thus granted to the family was the one so often “brandished in the eyes of ignorance.”

And thus, O reader! skirting the wild grandeur of an iron-bound, noble coast, surrounded everywhere by the associations of history, of poetry, or by natural loveliness, accompanied by the images of Steele, Henry Tudor, Oliver Cromwell, and Shakespeare, we have performed together a third Welsh pilgrimage. As we traveled together we beguiled the way with story and with song. Artist, author, and, I hope, reader, may have found joy in the romantic and picturesque progress; and it will be, I think, with no unpleasant or unfriendly feelings that the trio now say, “FAREWELL TO WALES!”



On the Tynar

D. Appleton & Co.



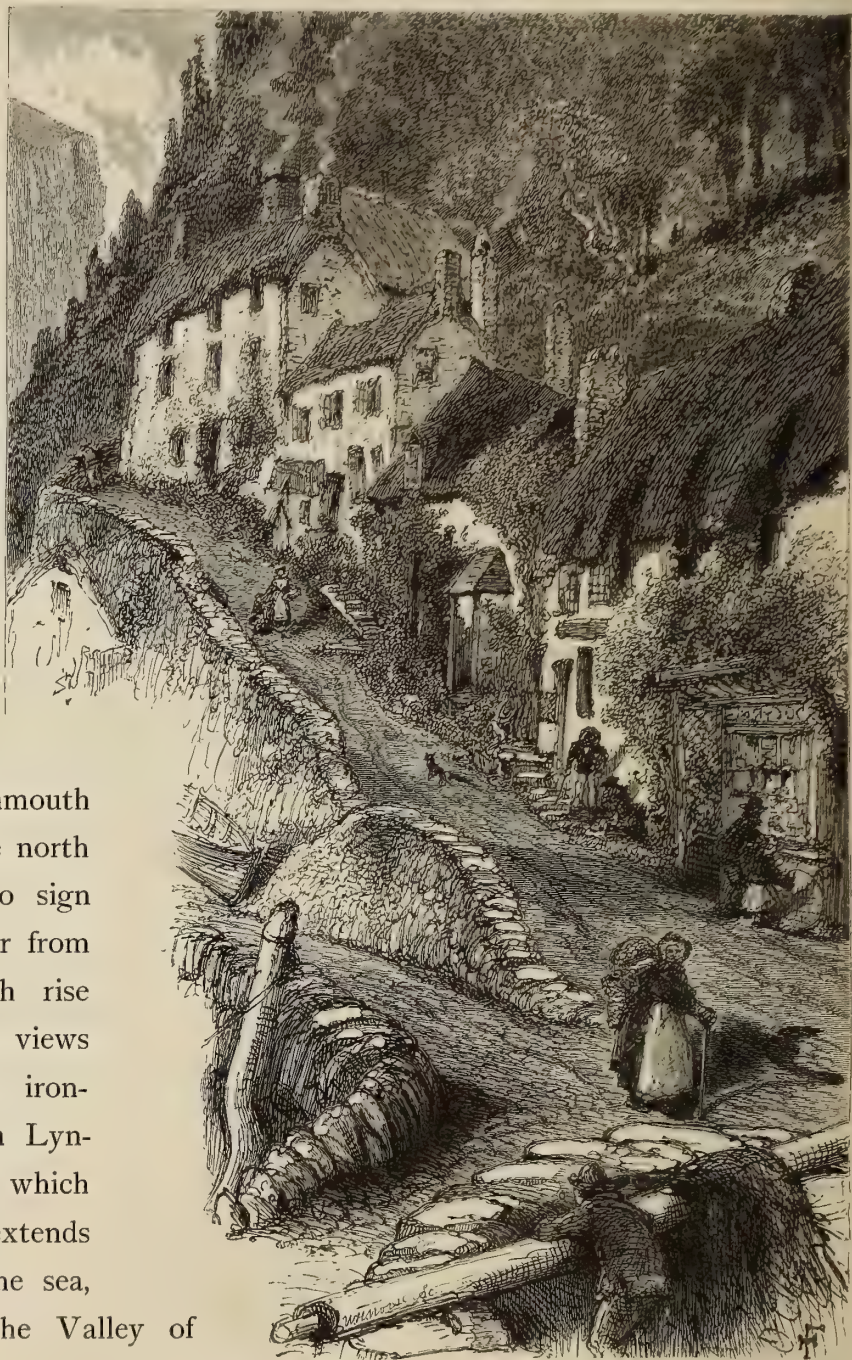
The Castle Rock.

NORTH DEVON.

“LYNMOUTH,” wrote Southey, in 1799—and the description is as accurate now as then—“is the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill-streams of Devonshire. Each of those flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall. Immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the rivers and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combes, one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent. . . . This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but, to complete it, there is the

blue and boundless sea, for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right hand if the day be perfectly clear."

The streams of the East and West Lyn join at Watersmeet, one of the loveliest spots in the neighborhood. The steep, broken sides of the ravine are covered with wood, and are frequented, at certain seasons, by red deer from the wilds of Exmoor—the single corner of England where they remain in a state of nature. Moss-covered rocks lie in masses under the oaks; and the ferns by the river-side make a thick jungle. It is, however, the great variety—the contrast of bare, rocky hill and promontory with these wood-clothed valleys—which gives especial character and unusual interest to Lynmouth and to all this portion of the north coast. The woods show no sign of suffering from sea-wind or from storm; yet the hills which rise above them command wide views of a coast singularly wild, iron-bound, and exposed. From Lyn-ton, the older village, in which stands the church, a walk extends along the hill overhanging the sea, with the sharp peaks of the Valley of Rocks rising high on the left. The hill is, in fact, the northern boundary of the valley. A fine sunset seen from this walk will not soon be forgotten. At the far end towers the Castle Rock, like the ruin of some Norman keep, but easily scaled, since a path has been made, and terraces formed, not a little to the destruction of primitive ruggedness. "A palace of the pre-Adamite kings," says Southey—"a city



Cottages at Lynmouth.

of the Anakim must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided." From the summit the view is wide, and seaward the cliff is almost perpendicular. It commands the length of the Valley of Rocks—a scene as grandly bare in its desolation as the glen of the Watersmeet is beautiful. There are many grotesque piles in every direction; but the Castle Rock itself is the most important.

The walk along the coast to Ilfracombe is full of interest. At Lee Bay there opens a grand crescent of wood, backed by rocky heights. Martinhoe and Trentishoe rise high above the sea; and the shore at the former place is haunted by a certain Sir Robert Chichester, who is condemned for his many iniquities to weave ropes from the sand, then to fasten them to his carriage, and to drive up the face of the cliff, where he passes, at full moon, through a narrow fissure, known as "Sir Robert's Road." At Hedon's Mouth, a picturesque opening where a streamlet falls into the sea, is a small hostelry, which makes a very good centre for the exploration of all this country. Then follow the Hangman Hills, commanding wide views over Exmoor and across the Channel; and so we descend to the long, irregular village of Combe Martin, once famous for its silver-mines. A cup, weighing one hundred and thirty-seven ounces, and made of Combe Martin silver, was given to the Lord-Mayor of London in Elizabeth's days. In Berry Narbor, the adjoining parish, is the birthplace of Jewel, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, whose family had lived here for many generations. At last, from the headland of Helesborough, where is one of those old earthworks known as "Cliff Castles," we look down upon the watering-place of Ilfracombe, which, like Torquay, has grown within the last half-century from a quiet village to a large and rapidly-increasing watering-place. The hills close round Ilfracombe picturesquely enough, but the real charm of the place lies in the coast, here marked by great irregularity of outline. Rough, furze-clad headlands, like that in our illustration, alternate with masses of low, dark rock, with beaches of fine sand, and with recesses hung with asplenium and maidenhair. Sea-anemones of brilliant colors abound in the rocky bays; and the naturalist may collect rare treasures as he wanders from point to point. In the spring, some parts of the hills are blue with the lovely *scilla verna*.

The coast projects much between Ilfracombe and Baggy Point, the northern headland of Bideford Bay. Here the Taw and the Torridge, uniting their forces, fall into the sea, and by their rapid flow prevent the carrying farther to the north of the so-called Pebble Ridge—a long, wide barrier of pebbles, formed by the action of the waves from the *débris* of the western cliffs. On the shores of this bay, and its long estuary toward Barnstaple, Charles Kingsley has laid much of the scene of his story of "Westward Ho!" There the bay and the people who lived round it are drawn for us as they existed in the days of Elizabeth. The country is now far more

thickly inhabited; but its main outlines have little changed; and the island of Lundy, lying like a great ark in the distant offing, is altogether the same as when the ship of Amyas Leigh was dashed against its granite cliffs. The northwest point of the island is a scene of wonderful and almost savage grandeur. Masses of granite are piled in wildest confusion, and the waves break against them into vast sheets of foam. There is no land in a direct line between Lundy and Labrador. The cliffs of the island are crowded with sea-birds, and seals in great numbers frequent the long caverns of the shore. The extreme purity and freshness of color are wonderful. The white sparkle of granite peaks, the purple of heather, and the gold of furze, combine with all the changing tints of sea and sky to delight the artist, but to drive him wellnigh to despair of reproducing their effects.

The inland of this part of Devonshire, while it has all the variety of hill and valley to be found in the south, has its own peculiar features. There is no town in South Devon so remarkably placed as Torrington, which stands on an isolated hill high above the Torridge: the site from the deep hollows, almost ravines, which surround it, has been compared to that of Jerusalem. The richly-wooded banks of the river are here full of beauty. Masses of splintered rock (we are here in carboniferous deposits) project like long spines from underwood and coppice; and point after point, receding in the distance, marks the far windings of the stream. Torrington itself has its recollections of the great Civil War. Sir Ralph Hopton was lying here in 1646, when Fairfax came on him suddenly toward night, drove the royalists through the streets, after a short but decisive action, and completely scattered them. The church of Torrington, in which nearly two hundred prisoners had been placed, was on this occasion greatly injured by the blowing up of the magazine of powder, which had been stored in it for safety. Many of the prisoners were killed, together with some of "the assailants in the churchyard." The church itself, although it suffered terribly, was not destroyed; and during a late restoration traces of the burning, and even portions of gunpowder, were found under the woodwork of the pews. Toward the end of the last century the place received a fresh distinction. Two of the principal inhabitants, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Johnson, married two sisters of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The great painter often visited them at Torrington, and on one occasion was accompanied by his friend "the lexicographer." During his stay at Torrington, Dr. Johnson did not lay aside the roughness which distinguished him. When the master of the grammar-school, a Mr. Wickey, was presented to him in Palmer's "great parlor," he turned away, saying: "Wickey! Wickey! I don't like the name!"

In the immediate neighborhood of Torrington is the birthplace of one of the two historical dukes who are not the least distinguished among the many "worthies" of the country. At Ashe, near Axminster, on the extreme eastern border of Devonshire, was

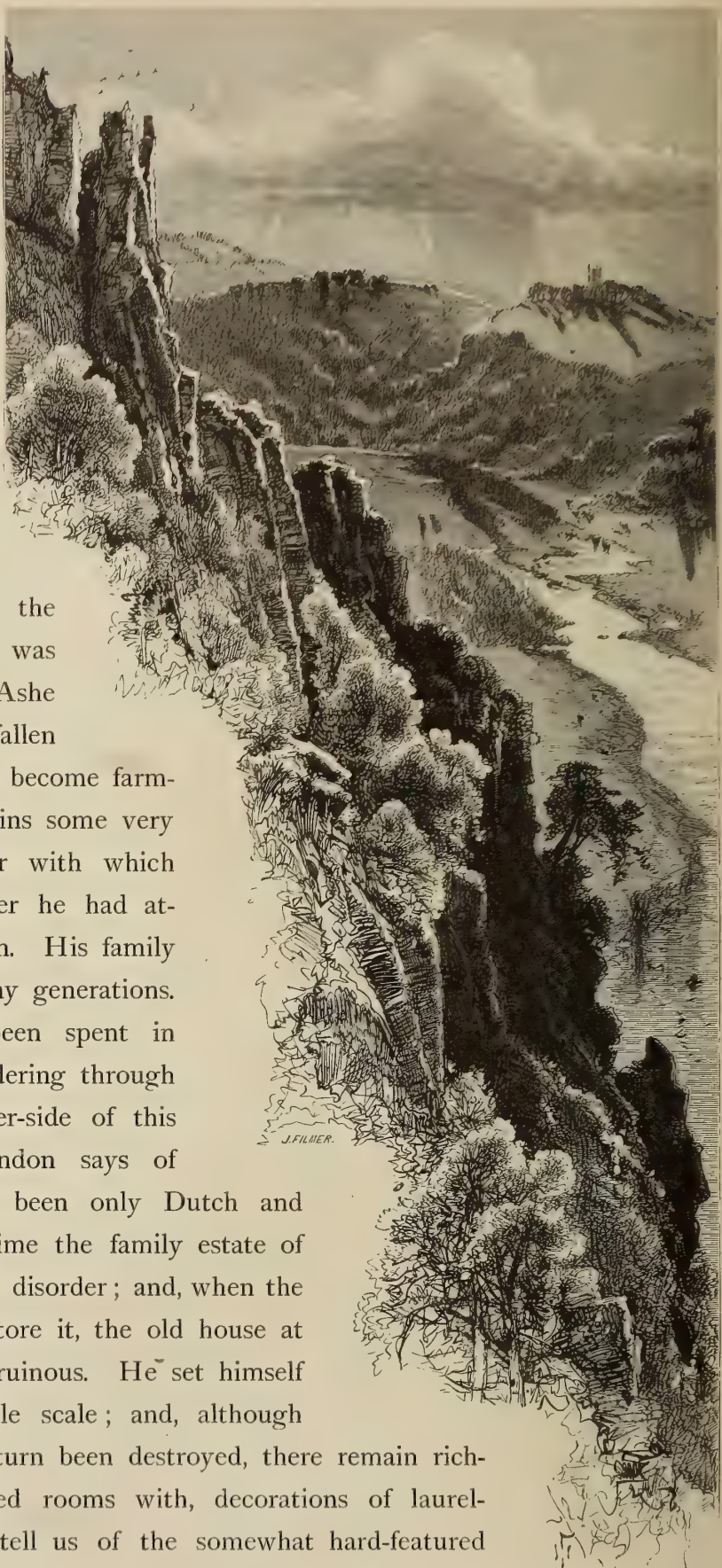


ROCKS AT ILFRACOMBE.

born, on the 5th of July, 1650, John Churchill, afterward the great Duke of Marlborough—

“ . . . the man, to distant ages known,
Who shook the Gallic, fixed the Austrian throne; ”

and at Potheridge, near Torrington, within a short distance of the Cornish border, was born, on the 6th of December, 1608, George Monk, who for his services in the restoration of the monarchy was created Duke of Albemarle. Ashe and Potheridge have alike fallen from their high estate, and have become farm-houses; but the latter still retains some very interesting traces of the favor with which it was regarded by Monk after he had attained great wealth and position. His family had been seated there for many generations. His own early youth had been spent in hunting on the moors and wandering through the woods and along the river-side of this beautiful country; and Clarendon says of him that “his education had been only Dutch and Devonshire.” In his father’s time the family estate of the Monks had fallen into great disorder; and, when the duke found himself able to restore it, the old house at Potheridge had become nearly ruinous. He set himself to rebuild it on a considerable scale; and, although much of his work has in its turn been destroyed, there remain richly-moulded ceilings and paneled rooms with, decorations of laurel-branches and ducal crowns, to tell us of the somewhat hard-featured general. The situation is fine. Thick coppices descend steeply to the Torridge; and on one side of the house there is a striking view



Rocks near Torrington.

of the northern heights of Dartmoor, seen beyond a vast extent of tossed and wooded country. The great duke (as he must be called, although his greatness was of a very different character from that of the hero of Blenheim) visited Potheridge now and then in his later life; but he possessed statelier dwellings elsewhere, and those more conveniently situated. At one of these he died on the 3d of January, 1670, having but a few days before witnessed, in the room which he was no longer able to leave, the marriage of his son Christopher to Lady Elizabeth Cavendish. The second duke soon followed his father; the duchess long survived, and lived much at Potheridge in great state. After her death the house was neglected, and the greater part of it, including a chapel, was at last pulled down.

On the coast, and at no great distance from Bideford, there has sprung up of late years a small watering-place, to which has been given the name of Charles Kingsley's book—"Westward Ho!" It has at least the advantages of a wide sea-view, of a long reach of sand, and of a very pure and bracing air. The broad, green flat of Northam Burrows affords ample space for the performances of a golf club; and the curious Pebble Ridge, lift-



At Clovelly.

ing itself like a natural "dune" between the Burrows and the sea, forms a breakwater, which has given rise to much ingenious speculation. This ridge, about fifty feet wide and twenty feet high, extends for about two miles in a straight line, and is singularly uniform and compact. It is formed entirely of pebbles, varying in diameter from half an inch to a yard, all of which have certainly been dislodged from cliffs to the westward, and carried by the action of the sea as far as Northam Strand, beyond which the rapid rivers Taw and Torridge prevent them from traveling.

Proceeding along the coast, and still keeping within the deep curve of Bideford Bay, we make for the quaint old village of Clovelly. This has been said to be not only the most "romantic" hamlet in Devonshire, but probably in the kingdom. It is certainly one of the most peculiar; hung, as it were, in a woody nook, with a street which descends in steps between strange old houses to the pier, some five hundred feet below. A stream, crossed here and there by foot-bridges, accompanies the descending steps, and at last dashes in a waterfall. Altogether, it would be difficult to match Clovelly; and to the picturesque attractions of the place are added those of the lovely bay which opens in front, and the woods of the Hobby and Clovelly Court, which extend on either side. All the coast, indeed, between Clovelly and Hartland Point, is covered by a dense mass of foliage sloping toward the precipitous cliffs. This is the foreground; and across the bay lies Lundy, changing with all the fleeting lights that sweep over the sea.

"'Tis eve, 'tis glimmering eve! how fair the scene,
Touched by the soft hues of the dreamy west!
Dim hills afar, and happy vales between,
With the tall corn's deep furrow calmly blest:
Beneath the sea! by Eve's fond gale caressed,
'Mid groves of living green that fringe its side;
Dark sails that gleam on ocean's heaving breast,
From the glad fisher-barks that homeward glide,
To make Clovelly's shores at pleasant evening-tide."

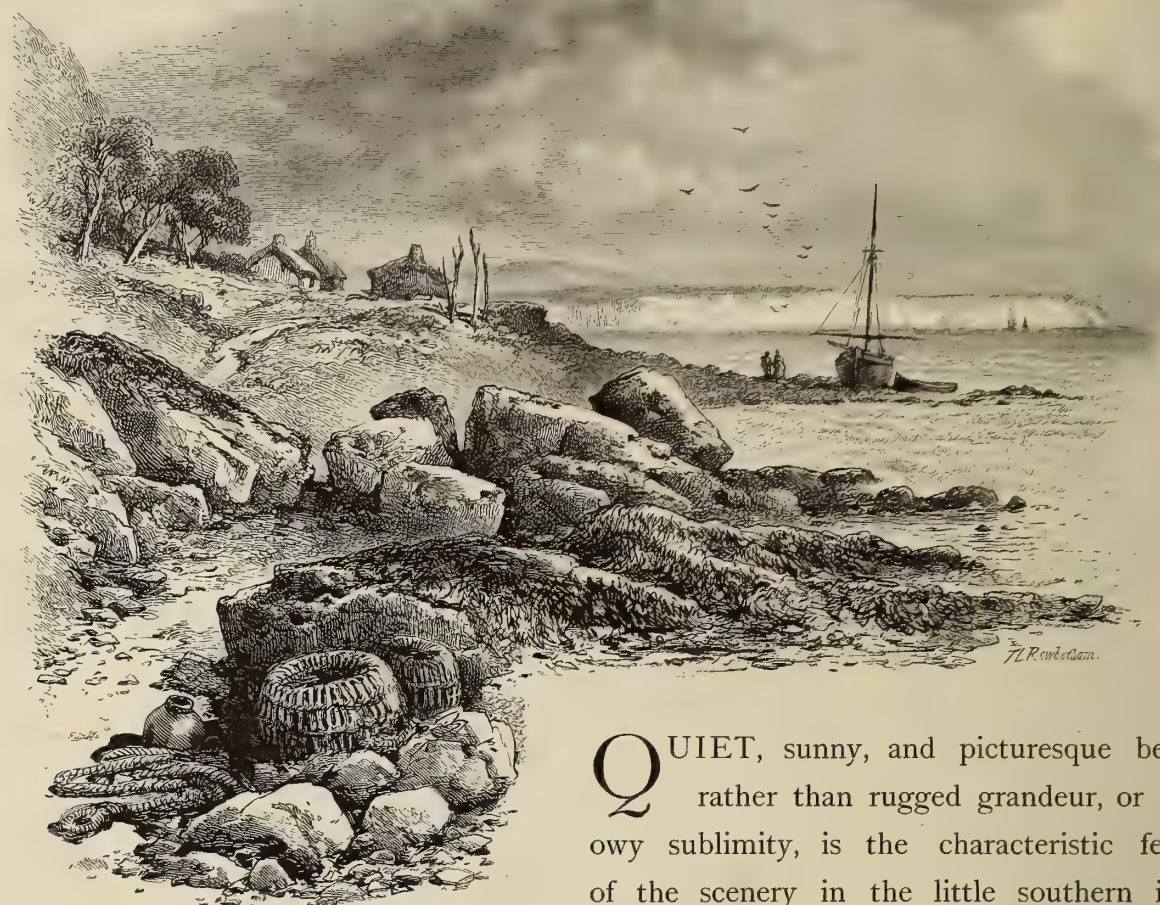
These are the words of a poet whose name will always be connected with this wild northern coast, along all its cliffs, from Clovelly to Bude—Robert Stephen Hawker, the well-known vicar of Morwenstow. He was more at home, indeed, on that more rugged shore which trends away from Hartland in a line nearly due south, where woods are few, except in sheltered combs, and where the huge rock-walls rise in stern and pitiless majesty, without a creek or an inlet in which a ship can take refuge. Hartland itself is the boundary of the "Severn Sea," as the channel here is sometimes called; and the cliffs below the Point, black and rusted with bands of slate, are so strangely contorted that they may seem to bear witness to the violence of the seas that break against them. But these contortions, sharp and much varied, are due

to the violent disturbances and upheavals of long-past geological ages. They are well in keeping with the wild scene; and yet, at no great distance inland, the ancient abbey of Hartland rises in the midst of deep woods, famous for their ferns and their mosses. The abbey was founded by Gytha, the mother of Harold, in honor of St. Nectan, whose light, burning steadily on the headland, had, as she believed, once saved from wreck the ship of her husband, Earl Godwin, as it beat up the Severn Sea in a winter storm. The parish church is dedicated to this saint, the son of a Welsh "kinglet."

Along the crest of the cliffs, and by many a quiet glen opening to the sea, and pouring its clear stream over the rocky barrier, you may wander to Morwenstow and Bude. The valley of Marsland marks the boundary-line between the counties of Devon and Cornwall. At Morwenstow—the "stow" or "place" of St. Morwenna, sister of St. Nectan—are to be visited the church, with its Norman arches, strangely sculptured, the rocky valley with its saints' wells, and the vicarage—all commemorated in Mr. Hawker's verse. His are the lines which may be read above the entrance-door of the vicarage:

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray.
Be true to church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore."

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



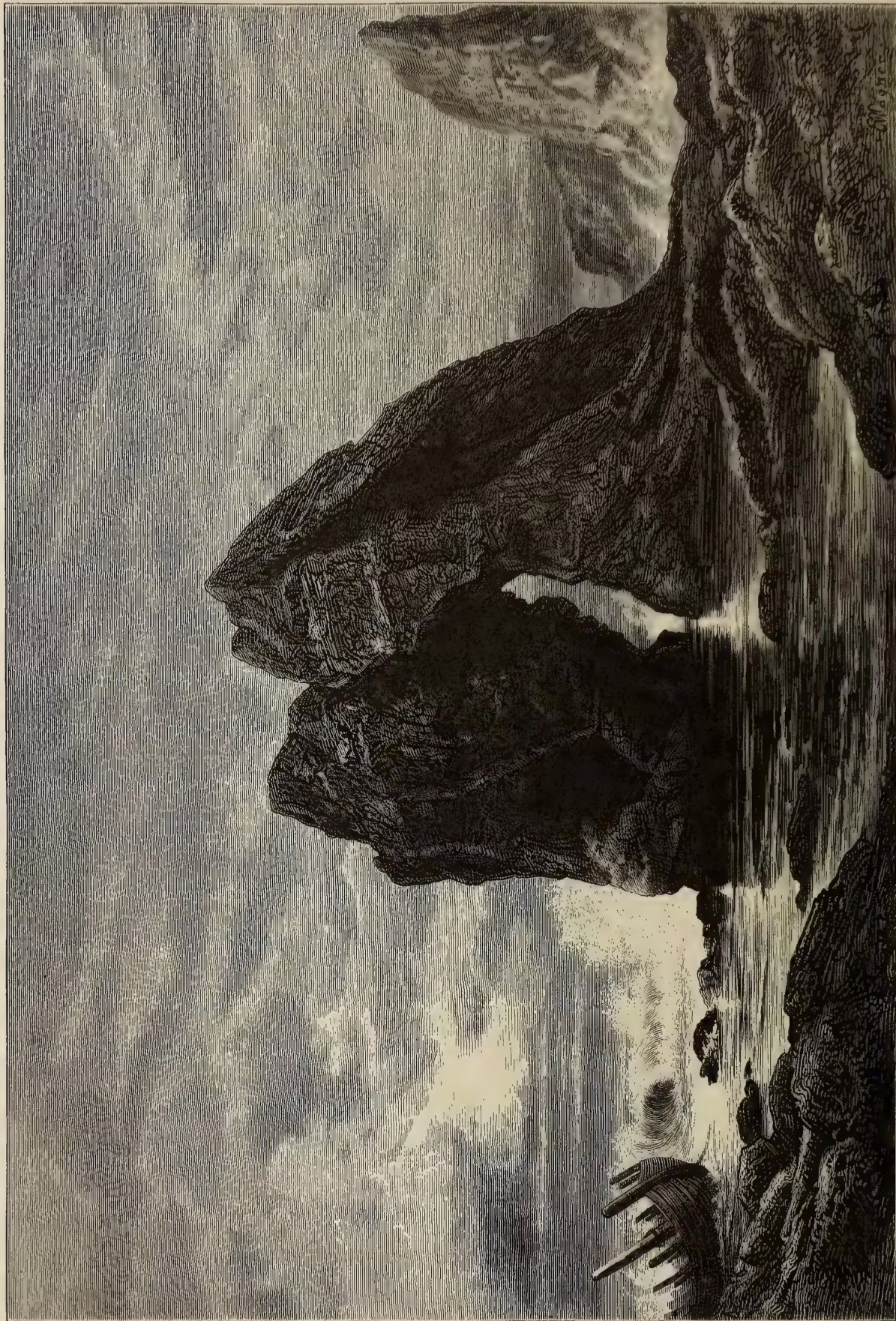
At Luccombe, Isle of Wight.

QUIET, sunny, and picturesque beauty, rather than rugged grandeur, or shadowy sublimity, is the characteristic feature of the scenery in the little southern island whither so many tourists and holiday-seekers migrate every year. No grim castles,

rent by the ravages of battle and the storms of ages, stand like battered sentinels, keeping watch and ward over sea-girt precipices, as the lonesome "Wolf's Crag" stands above the sheer cliffs of Lammermoor. No huge rocks, tossed into fantastic shapes, like the Quiraig of Skye, lift their rugged heads above the clouds. No deep ravines, ploughed by the rush of roaring torrents, fret the soft undulations of the downs. There is nothing of the savage grandeur that broods amid the magnificent gloom of the mountain-hemmed pass of Glencoe, nor of the awesome impressiveness that belongs to places the soil of which has been dyed with the deep stains of human tragedies. Not that the Isle of Wight altogether lacks either evidences of Nature's disruptions, or traditions of turbulent times in which she played a part. The curious landslips that have strewed the southern coasts with

huge masses of grotesque form, yawning fissures, and irregular, pinnacled precipices, are not destitute of the elements of sublimity. But even here the insignificance of the causes that have produced these effects are too apparent in the tiny rills that fall down the clefts in the limestone; and the effect of beetling rocks, overhanging the undercliff and threatening to descend in an avalanche, is somewhat lessened by the wealth of shrubs and waving ferns that hides the stark-nakedness of the frowning heights, and softens the rude curves of their broken outlines. That this part of the island, however, is full of charming variety, the lover of Nature in all her moods will hardly be inclined to deny. The seven miles of undercliff between Luccombe and Black Gang Chine may fairly claim a place beside the most favored spots in England for picturesque diversity; while farther westward there are the quaintly-shaped rocks of Freshwater Bay, and the Needles, furnishing fresh food for the geologist's speculations, and materials for the artist's pencil. The wanderer in search of the beautiful may soon tire of the cityish aspect of fashionable Ryde; of the pretty tameness of Cowes, with its wooded dells sloping down to the verge of the Medina and the Solent, and the white wings of swift yachts skimming over blue waters; may even grow weary of the broad panorama of swelling hills, nestling hamlets, and wood-clad knolls, with their bright setting of sunlit sea, that lies around him as he stands on the ridge of a noble down overlooking all the island. But once amid the landslips and the chines of the southern coast, he is never wearied by monotony. Following the windings of the rough paths along the undercliff, or the zigzag sheep-tracks above the cliffs, a sharp bend in the road will give him a totally different view of the object he has been gazing at, and the change is often as sudden and complete as that produced by the shifting of a transformation-scene in a pantomime.

At Luccombe it would be difficult to choose, in point of artistic interest, between the view one gets looking along the shore eastward with the white wall of Culver Cliffs—the home of the rock-doves—in the distance, and that up the chine, where the ravine is shaded by the trunks and branches of great trees flung across it, and the little cascade sparkles down through a maze of bright-green ferns and trailing brambles. At Shanklin there is even more of variety, though less, perhaps, of pure sylvan beauty. In place of the refreshing coolness and sweet, secluded shade of Luccombe, it boasts of more impressive proportions and greater individuality of character. Commencing half a mile from the shore, the chine gradually increases in width and depth, until at the mouth its wall-like cliffs rise to a height of nearly three hundred feet. There is nothing that can properly be called rock at Shanklin, but a dull and dingy mass of soft, ferruginous sand, the uniform darkness of which is hidden by the shrubs, briers, dwarf-trees, and underwood, that grow luxuriantly in this congenial soil, and fringe the interior of the chasm with bright foliage. From



FRESHWATER BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

the village downward the stream meanders past pleasant cottages with park-like lawns, then hurries faster down the gloomy chine, until it dashes, with a sheer fall of twenty feet, on the water-worn ledges beneath. From the down over which the zigzag path trends from Shanklin to Bonchurch there is an exquisite view; on one hand, of the village, snugly sheltered among rolling hills, where copses of oak and ash trees are



Shanklin.

set in the midst of plenteous cornfields, of the cozy cottages straggling down the hill-side, or clinging to the sheer sides of the jutting promontory, and of the double chines of Luccombe and Shanklin; on the other hand, of the wooded hollow of Bonchurch, with Ventnor beyond backed by the rugged walls of the undercliff and the bold, beacon-crowned heights of St. Catherine's Head. Inland, in the centre of an

amphitheatre of sheltering hills, is Appuldurcombe, the ancient seat of the loyal Worsleys, and later of the Lords of Yarborough, into whose possession it came by marriage of the second baron with the heiress of the Worsleys; one of the stateliest domains in the island, it was famous half a century ago for its possession of the only vineyard in England. Its name, derived from the ancient British *Y pwll y dwr y cum*, is suggestive enough of a place pleasantly located beside an expanse of water in a little "sleepy hollow," where the boisterous winds of winter never penetrate. The successful growth of a vineyard, which not only produced grapes fit to eat, but yielded also a wine of delicate flavor, was a sufficient proof of the genial influences of the climate here. Careful cultivation aiding the development of Nature, and a ready appreciation of the picturesque points in a landscape on the part of successive owners, have made Appuldurcombe a delightful retreat, while the art-treasures collected within the house are alone worth a pilgrimage. A little farther inland the church of Godshill, charmingly seated on an artificial-looking mound that is clad with most luxuriant masses of foliage, stands in bold relief against the gray lines of undulating downs. The Isle of Wight did not play the prominent part in the struggles of England's troublous times for which, from her position at the mouth of an important harbor, she would seem to have been predestined. But, though the history of the island has not been great, it has been neither peaceful nor inglorious; and, though the encounters have been mainly between the islanders and bands of freebooting Frenchmen, the sturdy resistance offered to these lawless marauders has not been wanting in examples of heroism. In these conflicts the Worsleys always bore themselves well, and it was Richard Worsley, warden in the reign of Henry VIII., who inflicted on one of the French captains the most summary punishment for his temerity in daring to attack Carisbrook.

The importance of having the island well defended seems to have been recognized very early. In the reign of Edward III. plenary and despotic powers were given to the warders of Carisbrook, whereby they were enabled to summon men for the defense of the castle and island from the neighboring country. A commission granted by Edward III. to John de Goddesden, authorized him to "array the men-at-arms, hoblors,* and bowmen, with all others, as well horse as foot; to levy new forces, if those already arrayed were found insufficient; to provide them with weapons, and to marshal them. He was empowered to take men, who were to be paid by the king, from the county of Southampton, as well as from the island, and that not only within, but also without the liberties. He was likewise to summon all absentees, who were bound by their tenures to defend Carisbrook Castle or the Isle; to order them to return with their families within a limited time, under penalty of forfeiting their lands and tenements,

* Soldiers lightly armed and mounted on small horses or "hobbies."

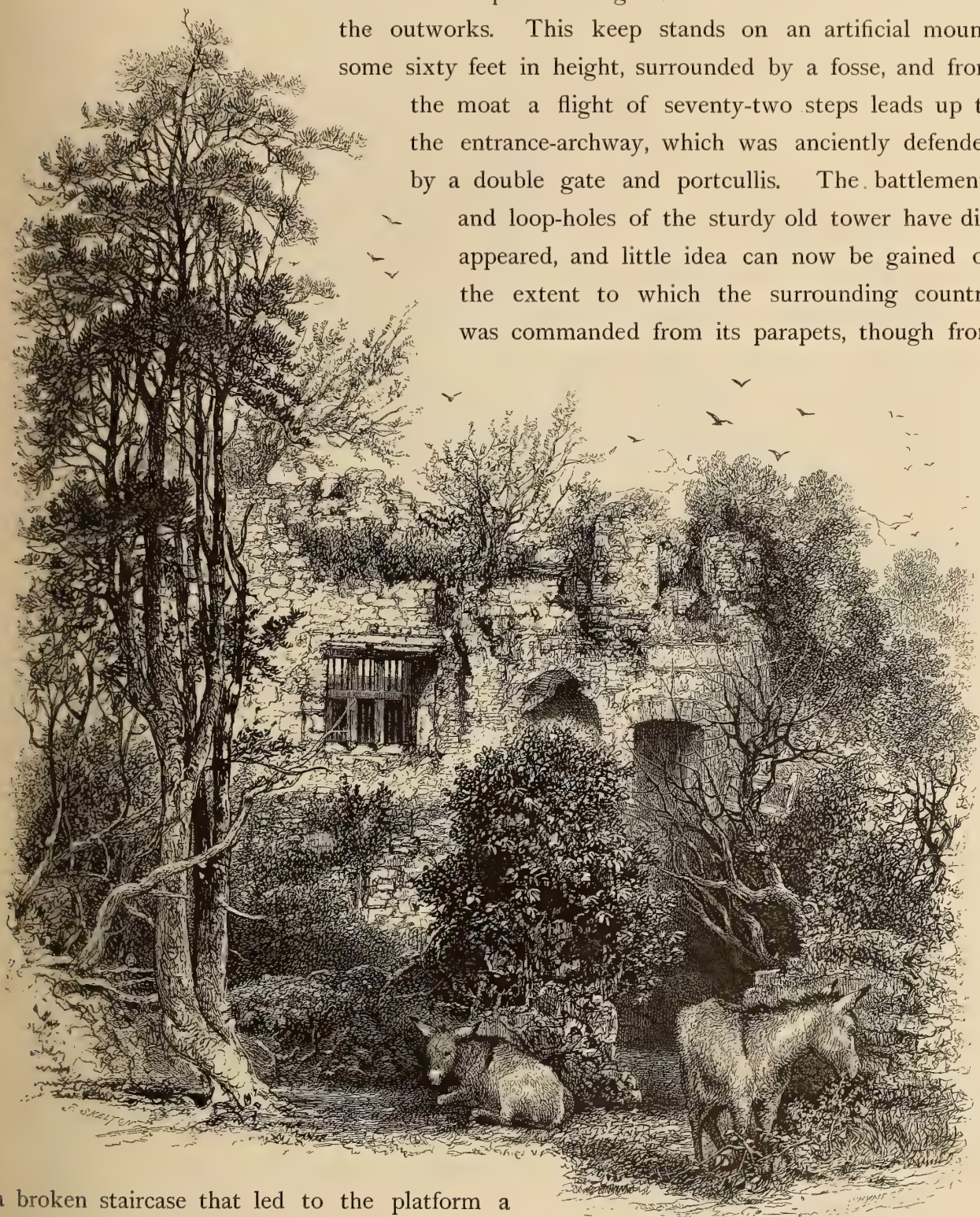


STAIRCASE TO CARISBROOK KEEP.

goods and chattels, to the king's use." In the reign of the first Edward, men-at-arms for the defense of the island were mainly supplied by bishops, abbots, and other persons, who probably thought their fat livings in the forests of Beaulieu and the valleys of Southampton were worth protecting at this sacrifice. In addition, the king sent one hundred slingers and bowmen, and the city of London three hundred. The island won a fictitious—almost a burlesque—importance when it was raised to the rank of a separate kingdom, under Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, who was crowned by the hand of Henry VI., under the title of "King of the Isle of Wight." With the death of this earl, who left no male issue, the kingship died too; but the heiress of Beauchamp married Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, the great "setter up and plucker down of kings," and the royal traditions of the island were continued by the next possessor, Richard Plantagenet, who was himself the descendant of an illustrious and the father of an infamous line of English monarchs. In her will which was opened at Carisbrook, Plantagenet's wife, Philippa, Duchess of York, styled herself "Lady of the Isle of Wight."

Each successive governor of the island, whether constable, captain, king, or warden, held court at Carisbrook, which was, indeed, for centuries, the only place of importance, and the only stronghold to which the inhabitants could fly for refuge in time of need. From its dominating walls Norman Fitz-Osborne exercised stern sway over the dogged and only half-conquered Saxons; it was here that the true-hearted Countess of Portland uttered her bold defiance to the parliamentary troops, and declared she would fire the first cannon on those who dared to attack the place; its halls were alike the scene of the grim, unceremonious levies of Carey and the lavish hospitalities of the luxurious Earl of Southampton. Above its various gateways are the arms of Fitz-Osborne, Isabella de Fortibus, Montacute Earl of Salisbury, and Sir George Carey. Each of these governors had probably to repair the ravages wrought by furious assaults in the days of his predecessor, as well as to provide for his own more fastidious requirements, and it is therefore not surprising that the buildings here furnish examples of nearly every period of English military architecture. The castle is said to have been *rebuilt* by a nephew of the Saxon Cerdric, who besieged the fortress A. D. 530. Some color is given to the statement by the remains of a base-court, apparently of Saxon construction; while the tradition of an earlier stronghold even than this is supported by the British name, *Caer-broc*, signifying "the city among yew-trees;" for, in those days, it was not usual to build cities save under the protection of stout walls and well-defended towers. The earliest remains of any extent now existing are, however, of Norman origin, and probably the work either of William Fitz-Osborne—who, for his services as one of the Conqueror's marshals at the battle of Hastings, was granted the lordship of the Isle of Wight—or of his son, Roger de Breteville. Of this age are the massive walls of the ruined watch-tower, that stands sentinel over the inland road from

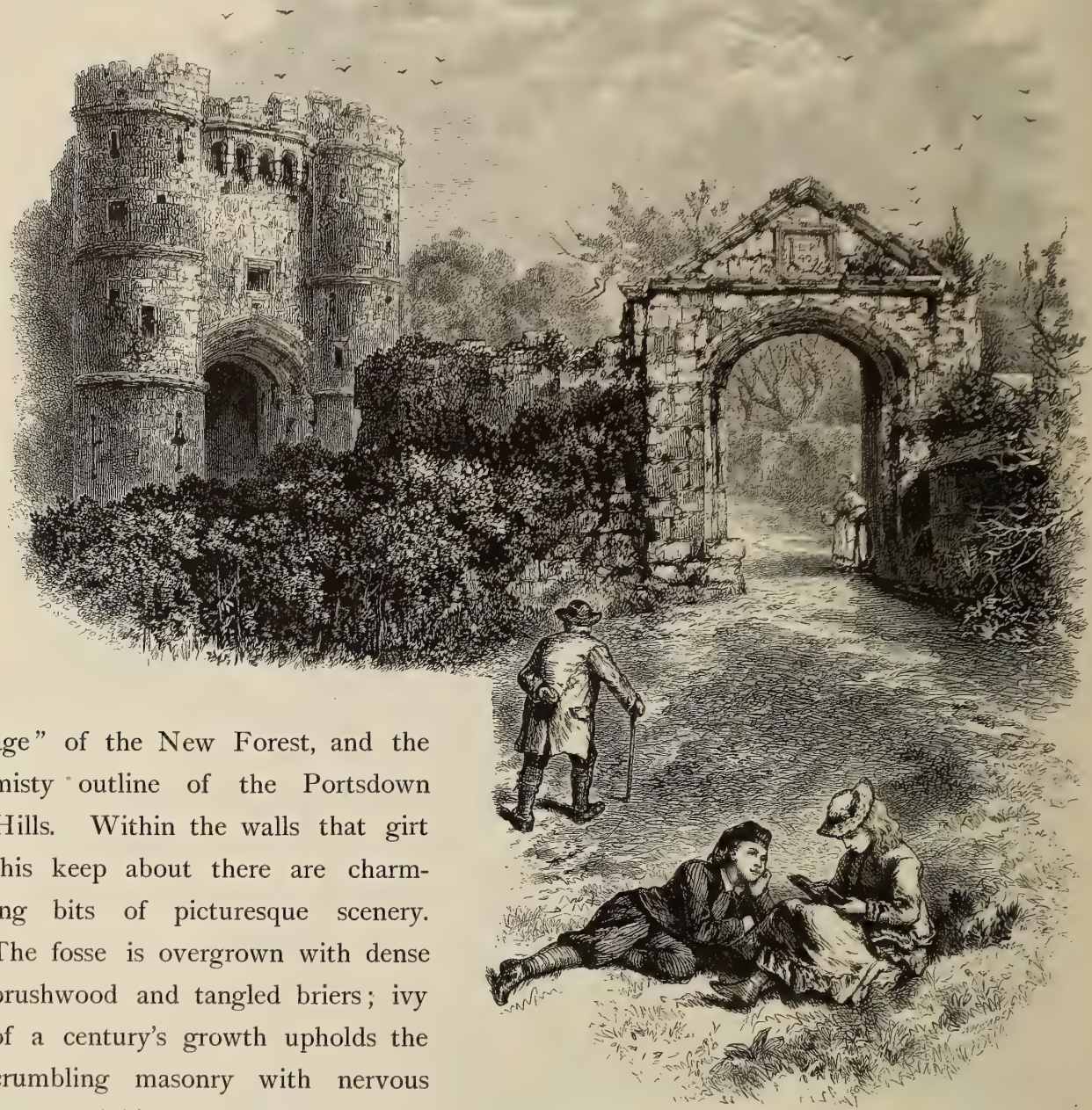
the Medina, and gives its name to Montjoy Down; the fosse, the main walls of the inner *ballium*, two crumbling barbicans, and the keep that rears its battered crest high above the topmost boughs of the trees that overshadow the outworks. This keep stands on an artificial mound some sixty feet in height, surrounded by a fosse, and from the moat a flight of seventy-two steps leads up to the entrance-archway, which was anciently defended by a double gate and portcullis. The battlements and loop-holes of the sturdy old tower have disappeared, and little idea can now be gained of the extent to which the surrounding country was commanded from its parapets, though from



King Charles's Window, Carisbrook.

a broken staircase that led to the platform a view may still be obtained over a great part of the island: the softly-wooded heights and winding valleys of Gatcombe southward; swelling hills, clothed with delicate green turf, and dotted with flocks of sheep on every side; peaceful farmsteads in the hollows, sur-

rounded by verdant meadows and fruitful cornfields; Carisbrook village and the town of Newport at our feet; the Medina slowly curving between banks of varied foliage beyond; and the busy waters of the Solent northward, backed by the "sombre bosk-



Gateway at Carisbrook.

age" of the New Forest, and the misty outline of the Portsdown Hills. Within the walls that girt this keep about there are charming bits of picturesque scenery. The fosse is overgrown with dense brushwood and tangled briers; ivy of a century's growth upholds the crumbling masonry with nervous arms, and hides the signs of decay with a cloak of fresh, tender, green

leaves; dwarf oaks and ash-trees crowd against the walls; and spreading yew-trees, venerable descendants of the forest patriarchs, stand darkly out in bold contrast to the brighter foliage around. On the north side of the *ballium* is a mass of ruined Tudor-work that possesses for most visitors a more potent charm than all the more picturesque points of the castle. Here it was that Charles I. endured the bitter hours of his captivity,

and the window at which he most loved to sit is still pointed out, though the rooms are roofless, and little is left to mark the limits of his prison. During the earlier days of his sojourn at Carisbrook, Charles was treated rather as a guest than a prisoner, and allowed to ride out for recreation anywhere; then the bonds were gradually tightened, until the helpless monarch had to spend his mornings in wandering meditatively on the ramparts, whither many people afflicted with "king's-evil" came to be touched by the royal fingers. But even this liberty led to intrigues for attempting an escape. After suspicion was once aroused his movements were closely watched, and thenceforth he never passed unattended beyond the walls of his narrow chambers. At length deliverance from the weariness of suspense came; but the dethroned king marched from Carisbrook between files of Puritan soldiers to take his trial at Westminster, and seven weeks later the swift axe put an end to his sufferings. On his way to the court the king presented his watch of curious filigree silver to Sir Charles Worsley, who had been a faithful adherent of the royal cause, and this valued relic still remains in the possession of the loyal knight's descendants. In the centre of the quadrangle fronting King Charles's room is a well of fabulous depth, the water from which used to be drawn by means of an enormous wheel worked by donkeys that must have been of an exceptionally patient and enduring race. One of them is said to have died in 1771, after forty-five years of faithful service. The next went diligently his round of daily toil until quite the close of the last century. The fate of his successor has not been recorded, and one may almost be pardoned for fancying that he may be still living in honored ease among the wise-looking beasts that contentedly browse the thistles and briers within the castle precincts.

One of the most perfect remains of mediæval masonry at Carisbrook Castle is the Western Gateway, crowning the gentle slope above the village, and giving access to the inner court. The gloomy, groined arch, flanked by sturdy round towers, and crowned by an oddly-corbeled parapet, is suggestive of the fierce and unrelenting spirit that possessed Englishmen in the stirring times of which it is a monument. The arms of its builder, Lord Widville, with the badge of York on either side, proclaim it to have been erected in the reign of Edward IV., while the sanguine struggles between the adherents of the red and the white roses were staining the soil of England with the blood of her noblest sons. This gateway leads to an open wicket, in which the original portcullis of oak bound with iron remained almost uninjured up to quite a recent date. Carisbrook was more completely fortified in the reign of Elizabeth, when new ramparts were built—probably on the foundations of the Norman work—defended by five bastions, and surrounded by a deep fosse. The supposition that the Elizabethan ramparts were built on the bases of the ruined Norman walls is supported by the description given in the Domesday-book of the castle, the walls of which are there said to inclose one virgate, and the area lying within the more modern outworks

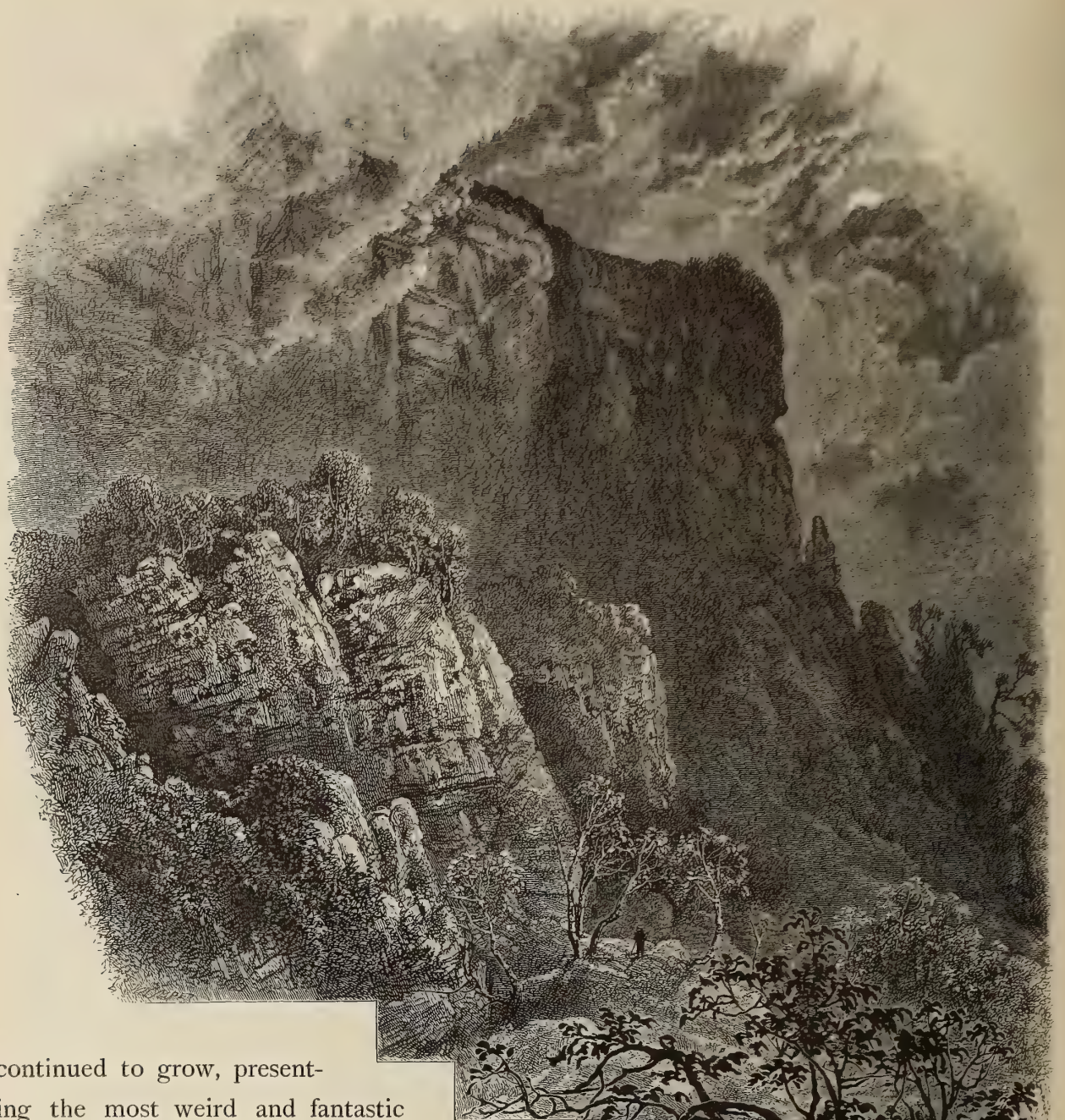


BONCHURCH.

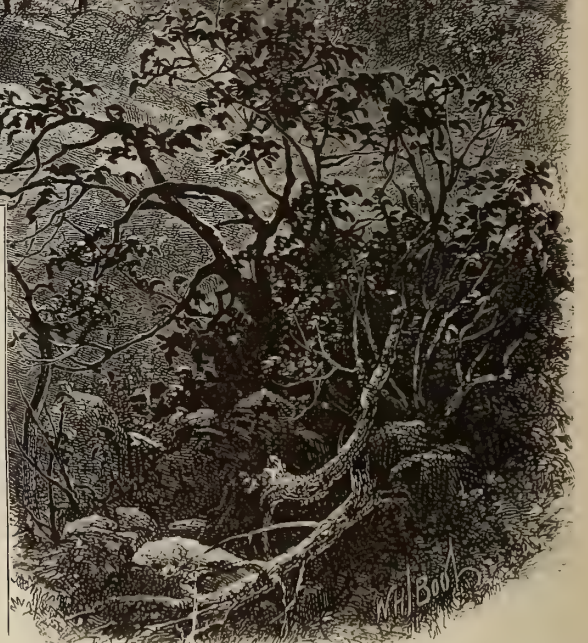
measures just the twenty acres which are equivalent to this. The art of military engineering seems to have been little understood in England then, as these Elizabethan works were intrusted to an Italian who had been previously employed on the fortifications of Antwerp.

The Celtic name of *Gwict*, for which the Roman *Vectis* was a synonym, has led to the supposition that the island was, by some sudden commotion of Nature, divorced or rent asunder from the mainland ages ago. If so, the kindly hand of Time has smoothed away all traces of the rupture. Nothing could be less suggestive of a violent separation than the formation of the northern shores of the Isle of Wight and the delightfully wooded coasts of Hampshire. On either side there are no rude clefts or broken fragments of disjointed highland ranges, but the distant hills slope gently down to the water's edge, and peaceful, sunny, or sylvan-shaded valleys take the place of the deep coombes that lie between the waves of the inland downs. If the island and mainland were ever wedded, it is far more probable that they owe their disunion to the slow action of the envious sea on impressionable soil. Once having effected a breach between them, old Neptune would be sure to repeat his advances with redoubled energy, until year by year the gulf widened, and he at length embraced the fair *Vectis*, and claimed her as his by right of conquest.

Evidences of violent action are apparent only on the opposite side of the island, and even these are confined to a very limited area. The region of landslips may be defined as extending along the most southerly promontory from the craggy heights of Dunnose or Bonchurch to Black Gang Chine. Bonchurch itself is the lull before the storm. Peaceful, secluded, embowered amid trees, the little hamlet is a picture of rural repose, and the tiny church—simple and meagre even in comparison with the other meagre churches of the island—seems a fitting resting-place for men whose lives have been passed in patient toil rather than in the fierce excitement of strife. Leaving this sequestered hollow, and the lovely watering-place of Ventnor nestling near it, with its picturesque old water-mill peacefully seated amid the rugged channel of capriciously-tossed rocks, we are among the massive fragments heaved into all manner of strange shapes, and the rudely-riven precipices, that tell of mighty forces constantly at work. Silent and unseen, an irresistible power is ceaselessly mining the rock-fortress. Insignificant as the rills look that bicker down the crevices, and slow though their work may be, we know that there lurks in them a wonderful strength, and that when this is exerted these walls of rude limestone may be hurled down to the valley beneath in a chaos of destruction which could not be wrought by the more awe-inspiring agencies of roaring thunder and blinding lightning. The greatest landslip of which any record has been preserved occurred near Black Gang Chine, after heavy rains, in 1799. Pitland's farm, a hundred acres in extent, was moved bodily a long distance seaward; trees were upheaved and hurled into strange positions, where they took root and



continued to grow, presenting the most weird and fantastic forms, and the soil was deeply ploughed with a vengeance. This avalanche lasted for two days, and the roar of falling masses, heard for miles around, was commonly attributed to an earthquake. The smaller landslip near Bonchurch happened ten years later. The masses here are not so gigantic as at Black Gang, but there are many grand fragments with smaller ones resting on them, the whole towering up in the form of huge natural pyramids; and



Landslip, Isle of Wight.

the change from the gentle declivity of St. Boniface Down to this romantic waste of craggy, broken, and bare rocks, is very striking. The most extensive and, in many respects, the most impressive landslips are in the neighborhoods of Steephill and St. Lawrence. The rugged platform known as the undercliff is here nearly a mile wide. The surface of the ground is torn up into miniature hills and valleys, amid which houses nestle in picturesque irregularity; cultivated patches, where corn grows abundantly, are interspersed with large and lofty rocks, from the crevices of which briars and creeping brambles trail in tangled confusion. Myrtles, fuchsias, and semi-tropical plants, flourish luxuriantly in some places, while close at hand there is nothing to be seen but wild weeds, and the gnarled and twisted branches of stunted bushes fringing the dark, sheer sides of frowning cliffs, where it seems as if the color and brightness of a garden were suddenly exchanged for the gloom and solitude of a mountain-pass. Behind all this, the irregular pinnacles and broken battlements, formed by successive fractures of the precipice, tower up to meet the mist-wreaths that so often envelop the higher points of the island; while in front are the numerous coves and steep cliffs of a pleasantly-diversified coast-line.

Ventnor, with its crowd of summer visitors, has somewhat changed the sweet simplicity of these peaceful retreats to the aspect of the sightseer's haunts that are familiar to the *habitués* of most watering-places. It has, indeed, never put on quite the fashionable air of yacht-frequented Cowes, or of the still more cockneyfied Ryde, which in the days of its new prosperity seems ashamed of the past—not very distant—when a local guide-writer could describe it as “a village on the highway to Portsmouth,” and sum up its attractions in the words, “Here is a bathing-machine, and several good lodging-houses have been opened.”

The charm of this, as of other parts of the island, however, is rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization, and we may be pardoned an occasional sigh of regret for the past, though one might not care to return to the primitive simplicity suggested by Sir John Oglander's quaint description of the days when “there was no lawyer nor attorney in our island; but in Sir George Carey's time an attorney, coming in to settle in the island, was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech lighted, and with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island.” Lawyers were among the questionable benefits conferred upon the community here by the theological king—

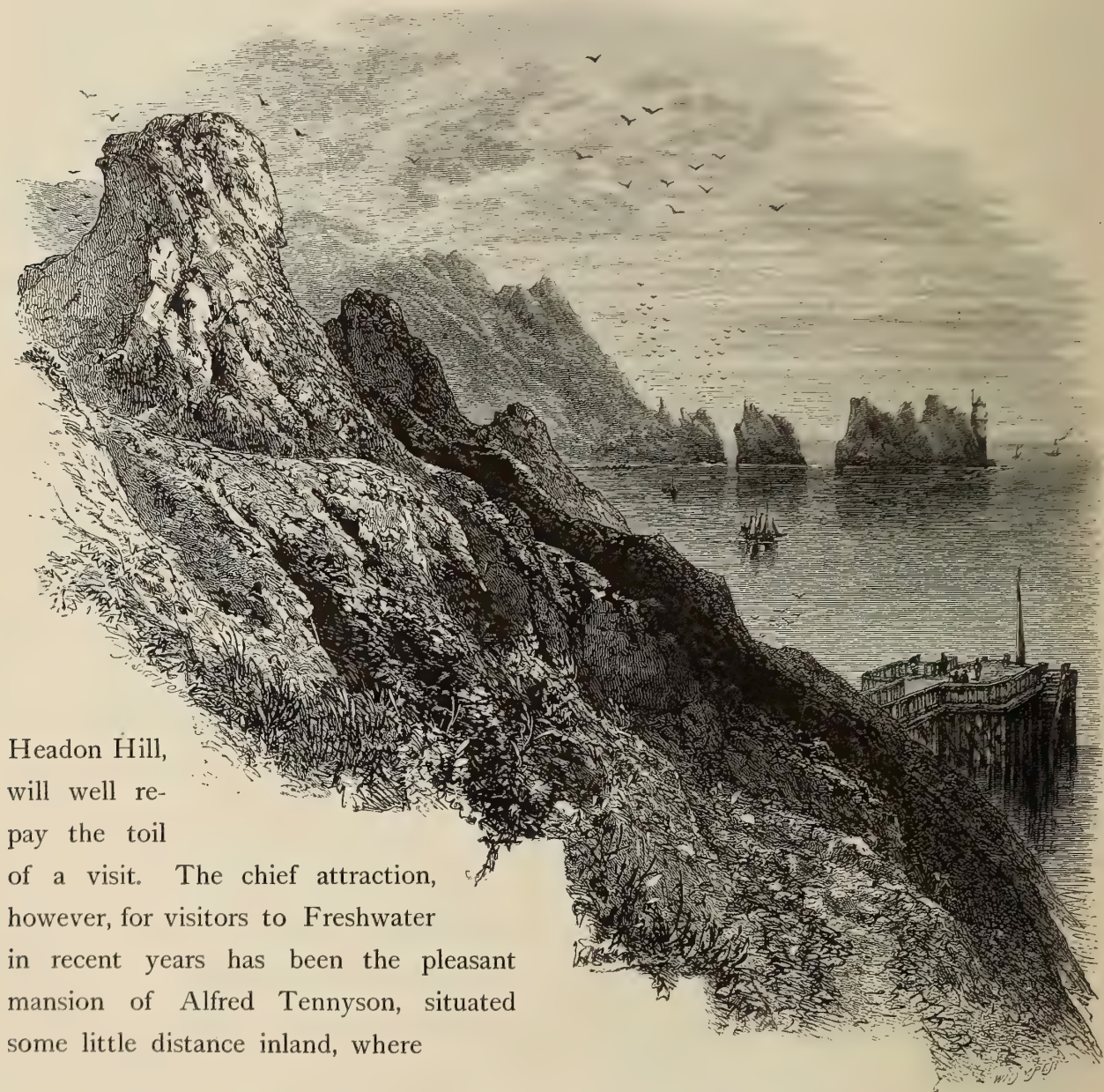
“Who stuck the pedant's chair above the throne—

Taught war with words, and war with words alone;”

and they are said to flourish still.

Westward of the romantic undercliff, beyond Black Gang Chine, there is a long stretch of monotonous and uninteresting hills to be passed over, until the traveler

reaches Freshwater Bay. Here the isolated rocks, nearly half a mile from the shore, in one of which the waves have worn a curiously perfect Gothic arch, through which flashes a dazzling light, reflected from the micaceous sand of the silvery beach; the cave, with its weird combination of shadowy arches and "ghostly-pale" pillars, peculiarly in keeping with the tragic story of the French prisoner who was starved to death in its gloomy recesses; and above all the view along the coast from the beacon on



Headon Hill,
will well re-
pay the toil
of a visit. The chief attraction,
however, for visitors to Freshwater
in recent years has been the pleasant
mansion of Alfred Tennyson, situated
some little distance inland, where

" . . . groves of pine on either hand
To break the blast of winter stand;
And further on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

The Needles.

From Headon Hill it is but a short walk down to Alum Bay, whence is to be obtained by far the most picturesque view of the Needles. The chalk-cliffs here

are worn into capricious curves, hollowed into caverns, and rent into chasms, by the action of the leaping waves, which in stormy weather dash against the coast with terrific violence, hiding the topmost pinnacle of the headlands in showers of spray. When the level rays of sunset flash on the high crags that stand like immovable sentinels guarding a lonely shore; when their pale fronts glow with a hundred reflected hues; when the dark shadows in their thousand crevices are warmed to a rich purple, and the spray-drops hanging on the rude, jutting corbels gleam with liquid transparency, these huge rocks take a marvelous resemblance to mountain-peaks fretted with the frost of centuries, or to icebergs rent and fractured by some sudden convulsion. When the moonlight shines on them through the warm haze of a summer night, and the harsh lines and shadows are softened to the semblance of man's handiwork, they might be the pinnacles of some grand cathedral cleaving the sky above the midnight mists of a slumbering southern city. In the calm of a summer day this bay is very charming. The various tints on the diversified strata of the eastern cliffs, the sparkle of the alkaline sands, the cold sheen of the iceberg-like Needles, and the changing colors of the sea, have a power of fascination for the lover of Nature that more beautiful scenes often lack. In such a place one will often linger listlessly, regardless of passing time, while his fancy follows the flight of the sea-birds or the track of the swift-sailing ships, until daylight fades to twilight, twilight deepens into darkness, and on the farthest point of rock shines like a star the light that has served to flash on many an exile the last farewell of Old England, and to many a weary wanderer on the face of the earth the first welcome home.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.



Church of St.-Laurens, Rouen.

WE habitually connect Normandy and Brittany, by some such "agreement of difference" as that which animates the phrases "cat and dog," "root and branch," "heel and toe." They have manifest relations, or at least associations; but in almost every physical respect they are contrasts and opposites. Yet to Englishmen who care for the history of their native land, and of their progenitors who have made that history what it is, Normandy and Brittany appeal with the force of ancestral traditions. Something more than the mere fact, then, of their contiguity may have led English tourists into the habit of combining them in one tour. The English connection with Brittany, indeed, is remote and almost fabulous. Somewhat different is the case with Normandy, the history of which duchy, down to the date of its union with the French crown at the commencement of the thirteenth century, is inseparable from the authentic chronicles of the English nation. Students of physical geography cannot fail to recognize the great resemblance between districts of Northern France and Southern England—a resemblance which extends even to the character of the people. It is

wonderful to see how much of what is recognizable as old-fashioned English comfort, and of the manners and customs of earlier English periods, exists in many parts of Normandy. Country or town life, it is all the same. The writer has often imagined himself in the rustic England of a past generation—the England so heartily and so sweetly described, half from affectionate imagination and half from actual experience, by the gentle Washington Irving; the England scarcely altered, in his view, from its simplicity in the time of Addison and Steele—when sojourning in the quieter parts of La Basse Normandie, a country tilled in the Sussex fashion of half a century ago.

In that province of France, which is rightly called the cradle of English history, one sees the chalk-downs, the farms and orchards, the fields and hedge-rows, the wind-mills, the cottages and gardens, the winding streams, the village gables, the church-spires, and all the salient points of an unspoiled English landscape. Nor does the peasant-costume seem altogether foreign to the idea of country scenes in the England of the past. Britons may not have had among them, in modern or nearly modern epochs, the feminine head-gear of Normandy, as an adornment of their neat-handed Phillises; but the days are not so long gone by when a greater abundance of snowy linen, and less of the nondescript finery of feathers and artificial flowers in wonderful confusion of hue, ornamented the heads of British womankind.

A certain consonance with English ways and feelings must account for the fact that in every town of Normandy there is a considerable English settlement. In Rouen, as in Honfleur and Avranches, there are many British residents; and in Caen there is quite a colony of them. For an English or American family of quiet and simple but cultivated tastes, and small means, there is not a city in all France more suitable than Caen. Fruit-eaters may exist there on incomes that would, in England, signify the depth of privation; and the most frugal dinner is invariably graced with a dessert that elsewhere would be called sumptuous. For all that, and much more, we would counsel nobody whose ideas of life are those formed in the great capitals, to go to Caen with any serious intent of settling there. In a month or two, if not less, the antique city would seem as dull as Bruges, with which melancholy seat of decayed grandeur Caen boasts at least an equal renown in the glories of the past. You will find less ruthless devastation of architectural monuments in Caen than in Rouen, where each recurring visit shows a loss of picturesque character. Two laws which, at first thought, may seem wise and expedient, but which are of questionable wisdom and expediency, are ruining Rouen in an artist's eyes. And yet, probably, five English tourists for one who visits Caen find their way to the capital. Perhaps the effect of that twin legislation which ordains that no more half-timbered houses shall be built, and that everything which is built shall be built in line, is not unacceptable in the sight of all the pleasure-hunters who go, with little care for art or archæology, to Rouen. At first sight there may be a semblance of reason in the laws which are effacing the visible

history of this, the chief town in the department of the Seine-Inférieure. There is an impression on the parochial mind that uniformity in the building of streets is somehow the right thing, and that, on the contrary, an irregular succession of roofs, in what we so often hear spoken of as the "sky-line," has an inconveniently quaint and unbusiness-like character. But a very little argument might serve to show that a city set out



Old Houses at Rouen.

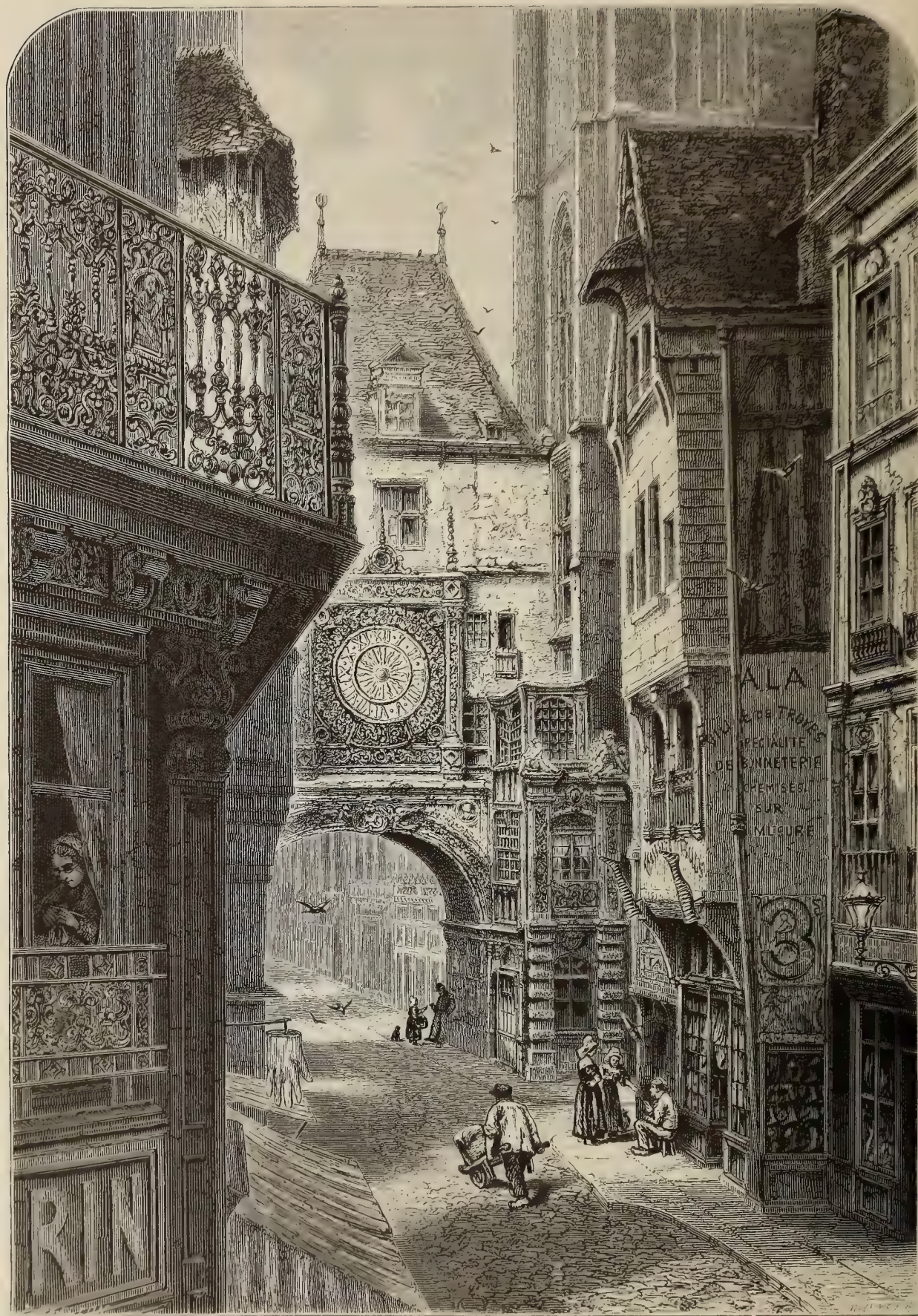
with straight and formal blocks of houses, the streets being parallel or crossing each other at right-angles, has its disadvantages, even to the most practical wayfarer. He has no "short cuts," such as the very obliquity of the old narrow lanes will sometimes afford; and if he wishes to go in a diagonal line he must, in effect, travel half round the city in order to get across it.

Rouen, which has been for many years getting to be more and more of a manufacturing place, is growing less and less like the Rouen depicted by Prout and other

haunters of the venerable and majestic capital of Normandy, who invaded it with their doughty pencils. Whole streets have disappeared since Prout's time, and many picturesque houses in ours. But we must still admit Rouen to be worthy a discriminating tourist's regard, not alone for what she has been, but likewise for what she is. Among the interesting old houses lost to modern tourists is the birthplace of Corneille, which was pulled down about sixteen years ago. We may look in vain, also, toward that corner of the market-place where stood the richly-carved Gothic house whence Joan of Arc was led to the stake. They have named the spot where she was burned the "Place de la Pucelle," and have in modern times set up to the maiden's memory an image of Bellona, on the top of a pump. Living and dead, she has been the object of many insults; but homage like that crowns them all.

Vainly, too, may we look for many another ancient landmark in Rouen. They have been swept away, for the most part, to make room for your Place Solferino, your Quai Napoléon, your Rue Impériale, your fine, long, straight, wide Rue de l'Impératrice, which traverses, under another name, the whole breadth of the city. But, while historical dwelling-houses have been toppled over and carted into oblivion, there are, let us freely and thankfully confess, many public and not a few private buildings left for our admiring contemplation. It is worth a pilgrimage to see the Hôtel Bourgthérout and some of the carved houses still left in that same Place de la Pucelle; to behold the cathedral and the yet more admirable churches of Rouen; to examine the rich Gothic work on the fountains—of which, together with crosses, there are many in various parts of the town; or to look with curious regard on La Haute Veille Tour, which formed part of the castle wherein Prince Arthur was imprisoned, and from whose turrets, if history do not slander King John in this business, the royal youth fell in attempting to escape from the toils of his crafty and remorseless uncle. The story is surrounded by a general haze of doubts and contradictions, and is certainly deprived of that peculiarly tragic interest which has sprung from the tradition that Arthur was a mere child when Hubert de Burgh consented to become his murderer. The prince, at whatever age he may have met his death, had certainly attained manhood.

It is a familiar saying that "it would take a week to see" certain places properly; and it would take more than a week to see Rouen, even the Rouen that remains for the lover of the historical and picturesque. Ecclesiastic and civil edifices abound in this thriving city, not yet spoiled by industrial prosperity. The architectural purist will tell you that the façade of the famed cathedral of Notre-Dame, like a piece of rockwork incrustated with carvings from summit to base, is vicious in its excess of florid tracery. Most of the work belongs, undeniably, to the corrupt period of Gothic art—though, indeed, the projecting central porch, and the whole of the upper part, built by Cardinal d'Amboise principally, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, are admired even by those judges whose knowledge and taste lead them to prefer the purer style



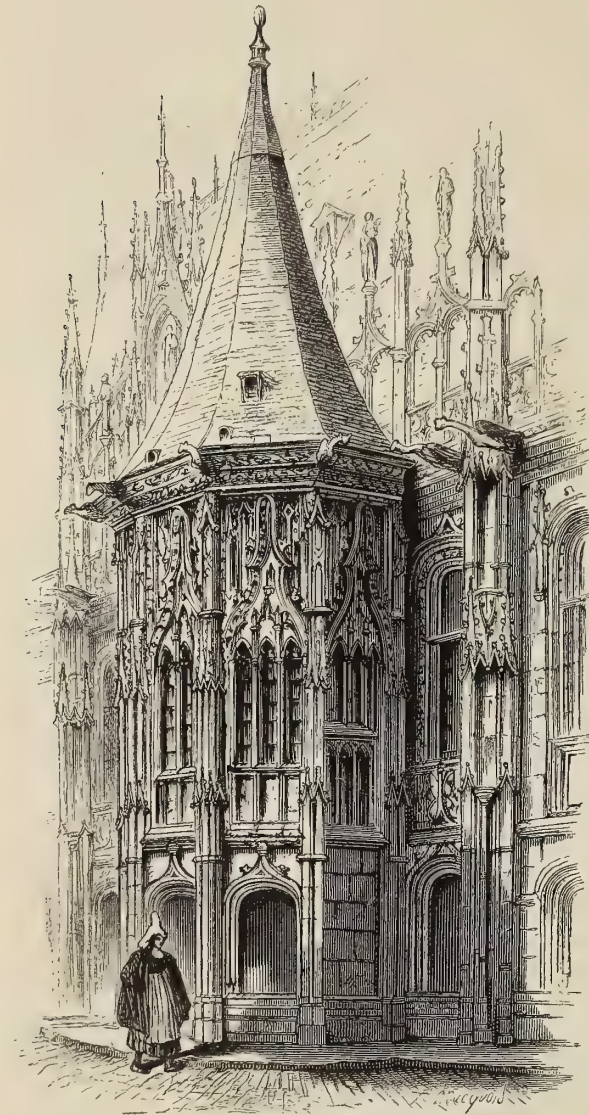
LA GROSSE HORLOGE, ROUEN.

of the far more antique porches at the sides. Amid the confusion of periods, those two porches, by no means deficient in skillful exercise of sculpture, stand as memorials of the noblest twelfth-century labor. The two flanking towers are of different ages, and in height and character they vary also, in true Gothic spirit. The earlier of the twain dates from the middle of the thirteenth century; the other and more ornamental—called “*La Tour de Beurre*,” because paid for with the indulgence-money of those who ate butter in Lent—was founded toward the end of the fifteenth, and finished early in the sixteenth century. Though so dissimilar in style, these towers grandly and even harmoniously balance the vast fabric, which would be perfect as a whole without the wretched spire of cast-iron, stuck up, in a late day of darkened sentiment, to replace the spire that was destroyed by lightning in 1822.

You enter Rouen Cathedral, and all sense of jarring discrepancies, of inharmonious design, of fanatical destruction, of ignorant and superfluous embellishment, dies into a solemnity of peaceful wonder. It may be that within, as without, there is a discord of innovation; but it is overpowered by the marvelous grandeur and sublimity. If the eye falls on a clumsy classic screen, of modern ugliness, closing in the choir, it is with no greater disturbance of reverential feeling than might be caused by the sight of some accidental vulgarity foreign to the place. The grand secret of that perfect impression which everybody who enters Rouen Cathedral carries with him into open daylight—carries with him into the years that are to come—is proportion. Comments on this and that imperfection or blemish of detail are hushed by the solemn harmony of the whole. There is, in truth, far more visible agreement of parts inside the cathedral-church of Notre-Dame than can be discerned in even the best view which can be obtained of the exterior—the view which throws into retirement the sharpness of the cast-iron steeple, and brings into prominence the porches, the towers, and the fretted rockwork of the west front. In all essential traits, the interior of this cathedral is of thirteenth-century character. The height of the nave is ninety feet, and the total length of nave and choir is four hundred and thirty-five feet; but a feeling of vastness beyond anything that these measurements would create springs from a contemplation of the interior space. Scarcely do we note, even after a time in which the eye has settled down to closer observation, the traces of the fierce Huguenot iconoclasm. The “lion-heart” of Richard I.—bequeathed by that King of England to Rouen, because of the great love he bore the Normans—was deposited in the cathedral, as one of the lozenge-shaped tablets on the pavement of the choir testifies; but, after reposing here for centuries, was removed, and is now shown in a glass case in the museum of antiquities at the suppressed convent of St. Mary, near the Boulevard Beauvoisine. Richard’s effigy, in the Chapel of the Virgin, behind the high altar, was much battered by the Huguenots; and the monuments of his kindred vanished altogether from the choir, and were lost to sight until they were discovered within the memory of the living

generation. On one side of the chapel, in which the limestone figure of Richard, regally crowned and robed, occupies the principal place, is the magnificent marble tomb of the two Cardinals d'Amboise, uncle and nephew, whose counterfeit presentments kneel beneath a richly-ornamented canopy. Their actual bodies were uncoffined by the mob

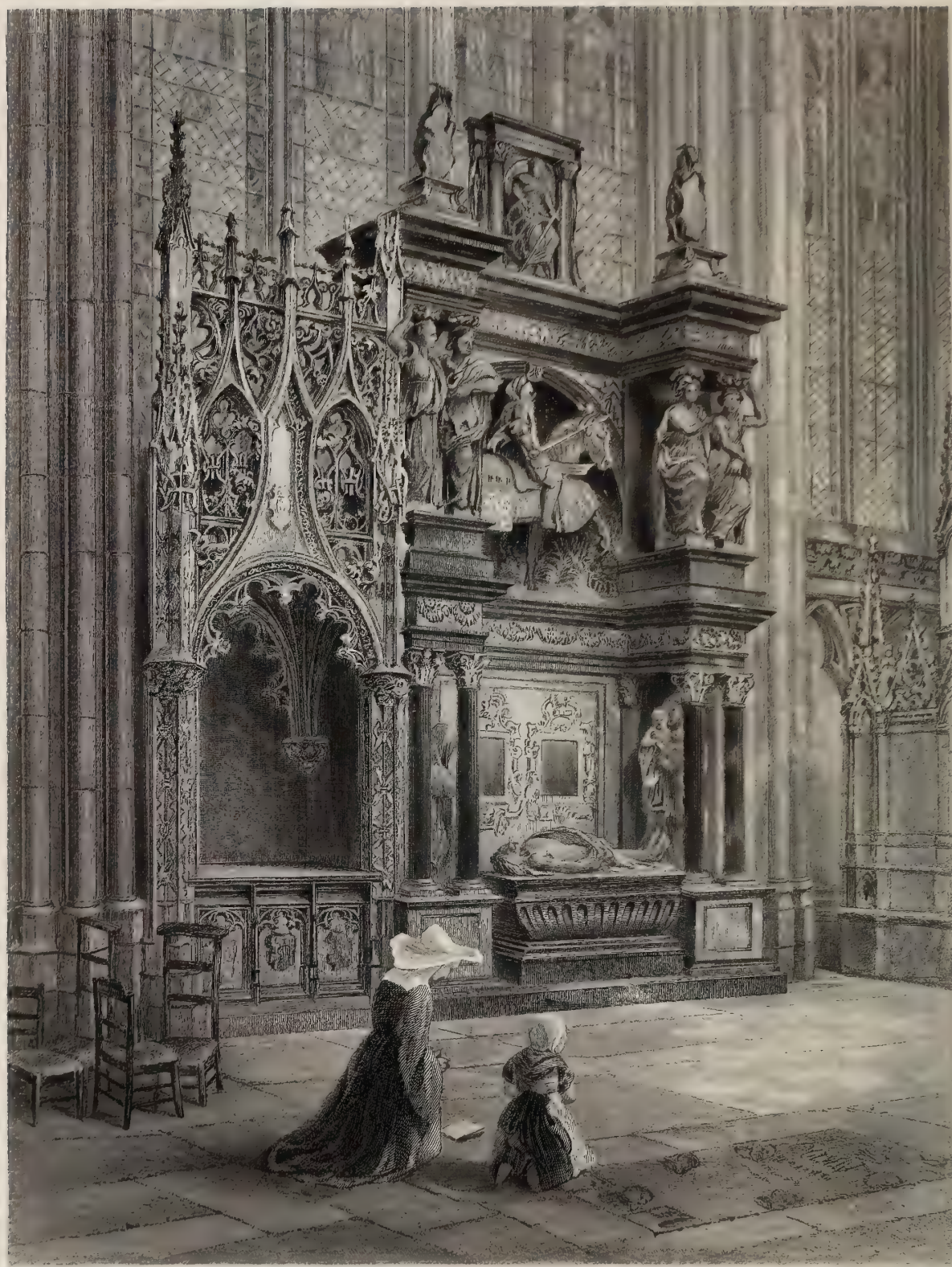
in the Revolution of 1793, when the poor remains of these proud ecclesiastics were scattered to the winds, and the lead in which they had been infolded was broken up for the melting-pot. Opposite the tomb of the Cardinals d'Amboise is that of Louis de Brézé, Grand-Seneschal of Normandy, with a most affectionate Latin epitaph, placed there by his "most faithful wife," Diana of Poitiers. This monument is said to be the work of Jean Goujon—"the Correggio of sculptors," as some one has called him, in apt allusion to the peculiar softness of his manner. He was scarcely suited to the requirements of church architecture, and was more at home in helping to build the Louvre for Henri II., and in decorating it with his *bassirilievi* and colossal figures in the Salle des Cariatides. It is by no means certain that Goujon—who was a Huguenot, and was shot during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while he was working on one of his designs at the Louvre—carved this piece of Renaissance in Rouen Cathedral; though, indeed, it is sufficiently like his



Pavilion, Palais de Justice, Rouen.

work to induce the supposition that it may be his. The mourning figure is that of the disconsolate widow, who soon became the mistress of the king.

Enthusiasts have, for once, the perfect agreement of ordinary observers in preferring the church of St.-Ouen—externally, at all events—to the cathedral of Notre-Dame in Rouen. For not only is the abbey-church of St.-Ouen purer in style, more judicious in ornament, and more masterly even in execution—which is saying much indeed—but it is superior in size to the cathedral. As one of the very few finished Gothic churches in Europe, St.-Ouen possesses the further advantage of being built on one plan throughout. The church of St.-Maclou, with its grand triple porch, ranks third on the



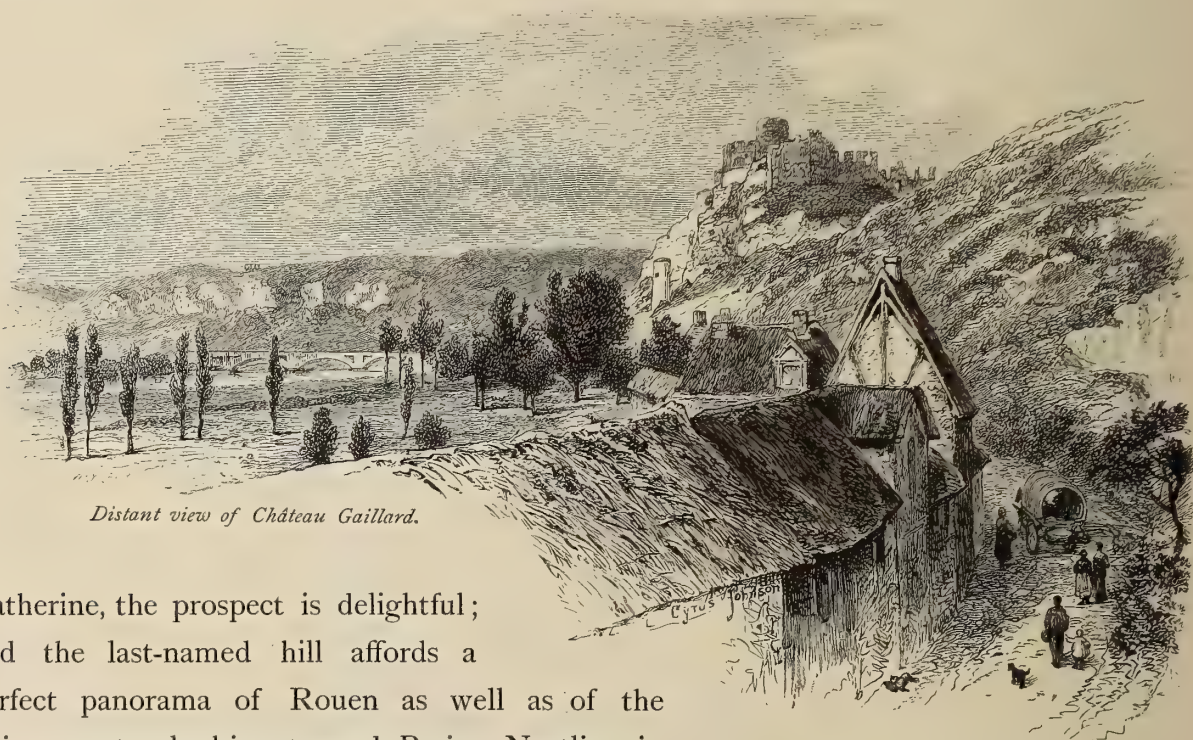
Tomb of Louis le Pieux, Reims Cathedral

list of Rouen's ecclesiastical monuments, and an exquisite example it is of florid Gothic. The carved wooden doors, with Scripture stories in relief, are, like Louis de Brézé's tomb in the cathedral, imputed to Jean Goujon. Half the churches in Rouen have been secularized, and it is curious to see the modern occupations of domestic life and of commercial industry carried on amid the long-enduring relics of the religious past. Such an odd jumble of sculptured stone walls, rickety wooden balconies, white-curtained casements, jalousie-blinds, quaint chimneys, and gabled roofs, as one sees in the old-fashioned quarters of the city, is one of its most striking characteristics. You may find the same kind of thing, no doubt, all over Normandy, but nowhere is it so prevalent as in Rouen. We cannot say that, from a picturesque view, the peculiarity is to us at all displeasing. Better that these desecrated churches should be turned into dwellings or warehouses than that they should fall into lifeless ruin and be swept away. The municipality of this venerable capital has never distinguished itself by antiquarian zeal or artistic taste; and it would be too much to expect that a body which could have desired, in the time of the First Napoleon, the demolition of the grandest monument of Rouen's ecclesiastical history—namely, the church of St.-Ouen—should ever consider it worth care and money to preserve as mere relics the fourteen or fifteen churches no longer sacred. It may be rather a *dilettante* idea; but we must confess that our toleration of the homely scenes which these curiously disestablished churches present is not a little fortified by picturesque considerations.

In a street named after the chief object which adorns it—in the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, that is to say—much of the old straggling quaintness of the Norman city lingers, with a quiet modernism not so very much out of place. Adjoining the venerable tower of the belfry, whence the curfew is, by a piquant anachronism, tolled every evening, stands the remarkable gatehouse that bridges the narrow way, and contains the works of the great clock whose elaborate dial and framework conspicuously ornament the thoroughfare. For an example of civic architecture more interesting than the Palais de Justice we must search not France, but Holland and Belgium. "Reared at a time," says one of its ablest describers, "when Gothic design had become fantastic in its forms and exuberant in its adornments, it yet displays so much originality and magnificence that it is hard to condemn it for a want of taste and purity. It has been repaired and completed in a very judicious manner. The façade is decorated with all the ornament which the feeble resources of the architect afforded; the square-headed windows are set within delicate garlands of stone; the buttresses are studded with niches and crowned with pinnacles; and the lofty dormer-windows, rising against the high-pitched roof, are surmounted by canopies of delicate open-work, with pinnacles and statues." The entire range forms three sides of a square; one of the wings, a sort of miniature Westminster Hall, being the Salle des Procureurs, for native and foreign merchants to meet in as a *bourse*. The central building was raised by Louis XII. for

the supreme tribunal of the duchy. In the new wing are courts of justice, formed on a handsome scale and a convenient plan.

The chalky district of hill and dale and winding river in which Rouen is charmingly placed, will remind the tourist of English scenery. Magnificent views are obtainable from any of the neighboring heights, especially from the one on which the modern church of Notre-Dame de Bonsecours is built. This edifice, by-the-by, is so gorgeously decorated with colors and gilding, and so profusely enriched with glass, the prevailing shade of which is a deep blue, that the air within seems positively laden with the blended tints. Either from this eminence—on which the present church replaces a very ancient one—or from the château of Canteleu, or from the fortified mount of St.-

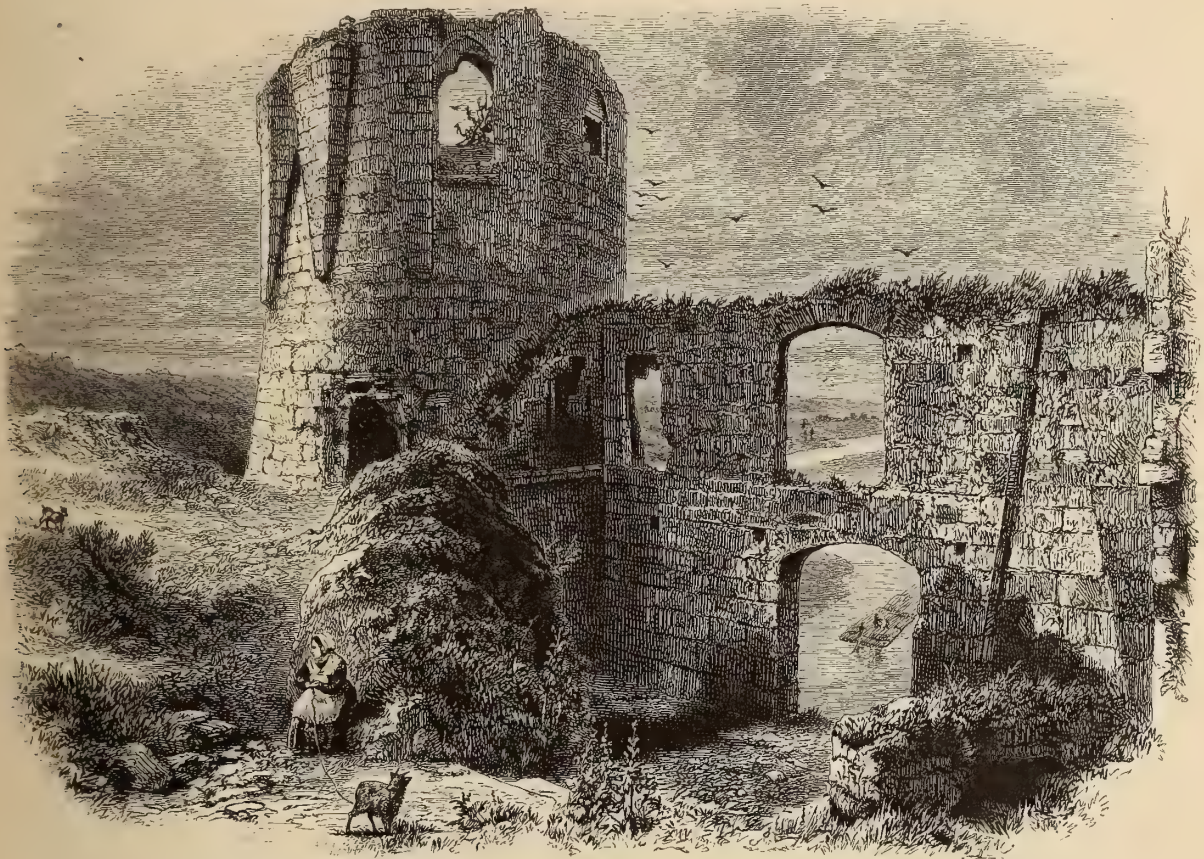


Distant view of Château Gaillard.

Catherine, the prospect is delightful; and the last-named hill affords a perfect panorama of Rouen as well as of the Seine-country looking toward Paris. Nestling in the valleys of this fertile and beautiful region are many ruins, groves, and caverns, which are the favorite pleasure-haunts of the people on their fête-days; and one of the most popular of these resorts is La Bouille, between which exceedingly pretty spot and Rouen are the crumbling vaults and fallen walls of the castle of Duke Robert, surnamed the Devil. On the top and flat grounds through which, here and there, the river flows over sandy shallows, vexing to yachtsmen, tall poplars grow, in that incessant monotony of line which becomes so wearisome to all who travel by road. One longs to get beyond them, among the steep, wooded crags and castled mounds, or even to reach some village, not over-clean, but enlivened by human sights and sounds, human habits and occupations.

Chalk plays a prominent part in the natural scenery of the Seine—entering, indeed, into the economy of the architecture. In its indurated or petrified state, it furnishes

the material of many ancient as well as modern buildings. A notable example is that grand church of St.-Ouen, which rivals the cathedral of Notre-Dame, in the city of Rouen, and which is wholly, or in much the greater part, built of hardened chalk, containing the flint-stone in many of its blocks, but carved through as patiently by the mason's chisel as if no such obstacles were there. A chapel and many houses around it are excavated from the chalk-rocks of Orival. The vaulted cellars and kitchen of the great château of La Roche Guyon are dug in the solid cliff, and are merely faced with brick; and, as Arthur Young reminds us, "the houses of the poor people here, as on

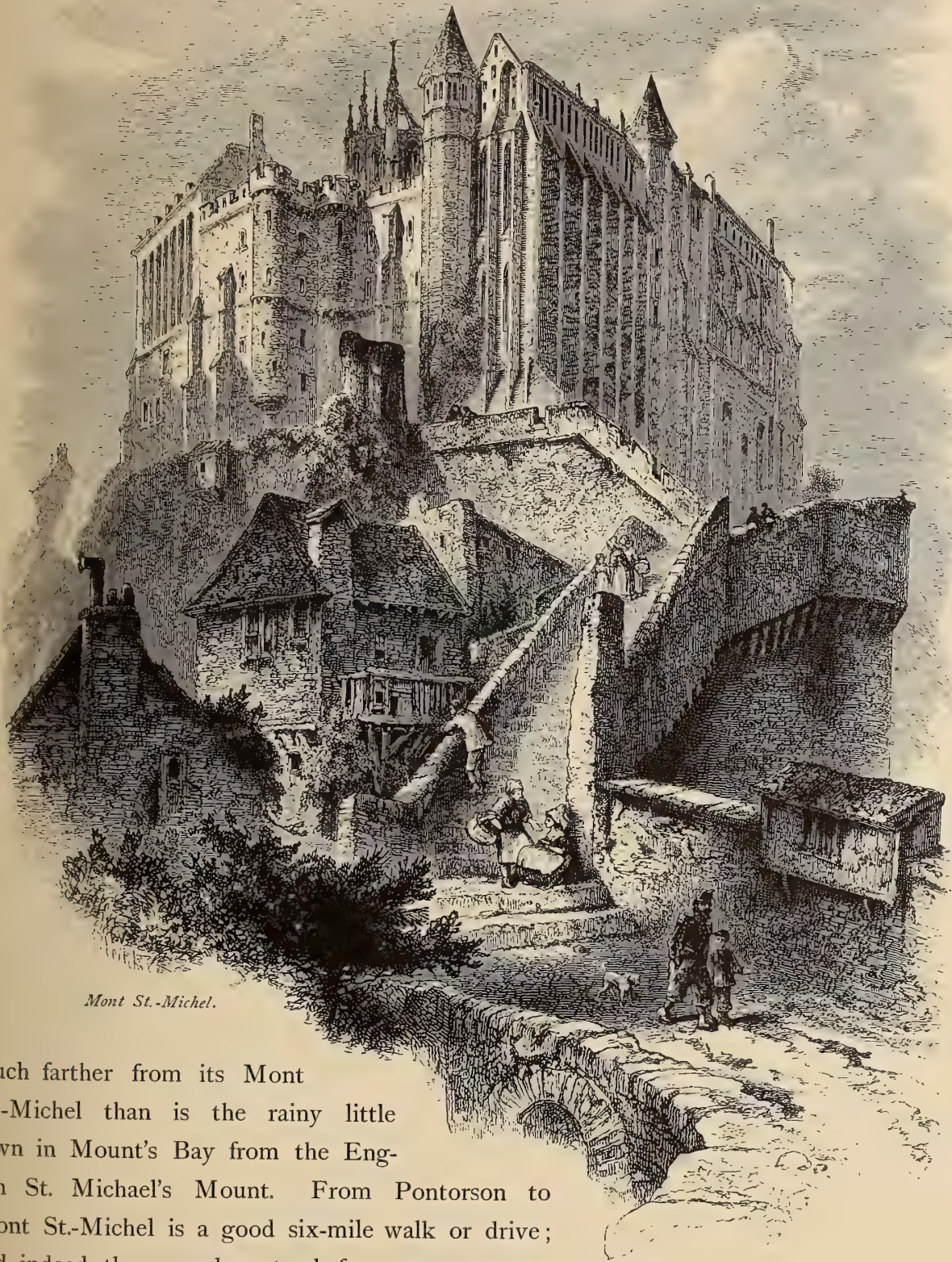


Château Gaillard.

the Loire in Touraine, are burrowed into the chalk, and have a singular appearance." In the town adjoining the castle just named, which has for centuries belonged to the family of La Rochefoucauld, there are two streets thus curiously formed, one above another. While La Roche Guyon, of all ages and all styles, remains a living habitation, its present lord being the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt, other once powerful and stately fortresses are but tottering heaps of stone. The Château Gaillard, perhaps the most picturesque ruin in Normandy, is one of these. Nor is it only for the scenic qualities of its lofty situation that it deserves especial notice, in any pages purporting to describe the land of the Normans. For this was the "saucy castle" of Richard Cœur de Lion; the stronghold he built in defiance of his treaty with Philip Augustus,

signed at Louviers. Richard broke the compact by a quibble; for, having undertaken not to fortify the little town of Andelys, on the river-side beneath, he reared a mighty fortress on the towering and isolated rock. Grand as the lofty ruin appears to modern sight, not half the antique strength and vastness of the Château Gaillard is now visible. Cotton-spinning and other industries have largely invaded the beauty of the landscape with tall chimneys and busy mills; but still the wide and diversified scene, viewed from these imposing ruins, is one of the finest in the north of France. There is, indeed, a panorama of equal splendor outspread below the adjacent hill, named, after a local legend, the Côte des deux Amants; the valleys of the Seine, the Eure, and the Andelle, with the towns of Louviers and Elboeuf, and many bridges, castles, forests, villages, factories, and farms, being therein embraced. Near the double town of Les Andelys, great and small, is Villiers, the birthplace of Nicolas Poussin. "The Mountain of the Two Lovers" was made the subject of a pretty prose-poem by Leigh Hunt; and is known to students of old French literature as the "Lay of Mary of France." With characteristic candor, Hunt began his little paper in *The Companion* in this confidential way: "We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot. We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his." In the lay, we are told that the young lady was a "king's daughter." The hill is that one, at the end of a long, undulating range, which rises from the valley of the Andelle. It is a green slope, tolerably steep and high; but, as Leigh Hunt shrewdly surmises, not much of a mountain. The young man accomplished his happy but formidable task; and fell dead at the feet of the lady as soon as he had placed her standing on the summit. She, as in poetical duty bound, died then and there of a broken heart; and they were buried together. The story ends by telling that the king, struck by remorse, built on the spot a convent; and, indeed, the existence of some such religious edifice, on the top of this same hill, is traced to a very early period; but the building which now stands there is not two centuries old.

Buildings on the tops of hills, especially of heaven-kissing hills, which rise abruptly, as in scorn of the earth to which they belong, are very apt to be called after the archangel Michael, patron saint of high places. We have, close to the Cornish town of Penzance, a St. Michael's Mount, the convent-castle with the saint's "chair" crowning a rock that rises sheer from the sea-sands, and at certain states of the tide is isolated. The Marazion of the Norman coast is Pontorson; but it is relatively



Mont St.-Michel.

much farther from its Mont St.-Michel than is the rainy little town in Mount's Bay from the English St. Michael's Mount. From Pontorson to Mont St.-Michel is a good six-mile walk or drive; and indeed these sands extend for many a square league round the rock. Nor is it always safe to make the journey; for the sands shift very often, and at spring-tides the granite cone on which the castle stands is surrounded

twice in the twenty-four hours, though at neap-tides the water does not reach it at all. Mont St.-Michel has been aptly likened to the peak of a buried mountain thrust up through the sand. "Slight as is its elevation, its isolated position in the midst of the sea and its pointed top render it the prominent object in every view from the surrounding coast, and from a distance make it appear much nearer at hand than it really is. On approaching, it is found to be girt round at its base by a circlet of mediæval walls and towers; above these rise the quaint, irregular houses of the little town, plastered as it were against the rock, and piled one over another." From this brief description, it will be plainly apparent that, unlike the Cornish mount which is a family residence, this rock in the bay of Cancale has a town attached to it. The number of inhabitants, to be sure, is short of two hundred, and the town itself is no more than a very steep, very straggling, very narrow, and very dirty lane. But it has two fair and tidy inns, specks of cleanliness in the midst of mediæval squalor.

There are reasons for supposing that this rock was associated with religious observances, even before the earliest Christian light shone in Normandy. Paganism, no doubt, preceded the rites and doctrines of the early monks. It was St.-Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, who founded a Benedictine monastery on the lonely granite peak, when the eighth century was yet young. The monastery, protected by Rollo and succeeding Norman dukes, flourished and waxed powerful; so that we find it contributing handsomely to the force by which Saxon England was to be invaded by the Conqueror. It became, in the twelfth century, a far-famed seat of learning, first under its abbot, Robert de Farigny, and then under similar guidance, well sustained. Henry I. of England made here his last stand against his elder brothers, Robert and William, united in arms against him. His grandson, Henry II., received here the submission of the Bretons, whose whole territory he managed to acquire by combined policy and force, and thus completed his sovereignty of Western France. This was the only fortress that held out for the French king when all Normandy was overrun by the armies of Henry V. Under the gallant Louis d'Estouteville it withstood two sieges—one in 1417, the other in 1423. The order of St.-Michel was founded here by Louis XI. For ages the shrine of St.-Michel was continually the resort of pilgrims, many of whom were of royal blood and name. When pilgrimages were interrupted by the Revolution, the monastic fortress was turned into a prison, its ancient cells and *oubliettes* being found useful as places of confinement for hundreds of aged priests, who were immured in the dungeons of St.-Michel till they were freed by death.

Entrance to St.-Michel is gained by passing through three gates, one within another. The last gateway, leading into the castle, stands midway across a flight of steps, and is flanked by a pair of turrets, the date of which is 1257. Of an earlier period, in the same century, is the convent, well named "La Merveille," its immense

walls, two hundred and forty-six feet in length, being one hundred and eight feet high. The building consists of three stories, on a series of vaulted crypts; and on the top of all is an exceedingly beautiful cloister, in the earliest style of the thirteenth century. The spandrels of its light pointed arches—the graceful capitals of the slim granite pillars being of the plain bell-form, with a circular abacus, much commoner in England than in France—are filled up with a marvelous creation of foliage, sprigs, flowers, and garlands, scarcely equaled anywhere for fanciful variety, or for sharpness of execution. The arches with their carvings, and the carvings also of the cornice which surmounts the whole, are of soft limestone; but the rest is granite, granite, granite, down to the granite rock of which the castle-convent is a part and parcel, and which goes down deep under the Cancale sands. The conventual church, highest of all in this strange



Dol.

group of Nature and laborious handicraft, is of twelfth and fifteenth century styles. The former, massive and plain, with but slightly-ornamented capitals, characterizes the Norman nave, the period being somewhere about 1140. The choir is pointed Gothic, dating from 1452 far into the first quarter of the succeeding century; the mouldings of the arches being carried down the piers, without any interruption of capitals. Beneath the choir, a dumpy circle of pillars, standing close together, with one in the middle, forms a curious crypt. Necessary restorations and repairs—for the church has suffered from many outbreaks of fire, caused in some cases by lightning—have been effected with judgment and skill. The view from the top of the church, at an elevation of four hundred feet above the sands at the base of the mount, is very fine, not the less so for the immediate presence, as a foreground, of the floridly-carved pinnacles and buttresses. The picture includes such salient points as the Rochers de

Cancale, on the coast of Brittany; the Chausey and Channel Islands; the city of Avranches; and the neighboring rock of Tombelaine.

Dol, once a bishop's see, has a cathedral of gray granite, very sombre and stately, the style being Early Pointed, except the porches. One of these, leading into the nave from the south side, has carvings in soft limestone somewhat resembling the work so admirably characteristic of the cloisters of St.-Michel. The granite front of this cathedral has a very ancient look, and there is a general resemblance between it



Old Houses at Dol.

and some of our English-Gothic churches. Romanesque architecture may be found in this quaint old town, notably in a building called the *Maison des Plaids*; and a great deal even of the domestic masonry belongs to an early Gothic period—such, for instance, as the carved granite pillars of those curious arcades which run beneath some of the houses. The ancient walls and fortifications of Dol are in great part standing; and, from a high terrace which has been thrown up outside the fosse, a pleasing view is gained of Mont Dol. This solitary rock was, in all geological probability, an island of the sea, instead of an eminence as we see it now, rising from the sandy plain. It has windmills and houses, and a church, and, viewed from any side, is a pleasing relief to the neighboring flats. Though we are still in Normandy,



MILL AT ST-SERVAN.

the Breton type of manners is observable in this district, which we have reached from Pontorson through a lovely country of alternate forest and tillage, the farmers liberally stocking their hedge-rows with apple-trees, after a comfortable custom which used to prevail in Hereford and parts of Worcestershire. But having reached Dol, we have come upon a marshy ground, which extends from the solitary eminence to the sea, and which is not reckoned a healthy place to live on. Let us, having paid due respect to picturesque Dol and its unaffected preservation of primitive signs, habits, and customs, get away from it; not, however, before taking a last look at those heavy, beetle-browed old gables, and the black granite walls of the houses, relieved with splashes of white, and ornamented with carvings five or six centuries old.

For St.-Malo and the scenery of the river Rance we may now start by rail; for the iron road shows us nearly all we might see or care to see by the older ways of travel. To St.-Malo the railway journey is scarcely fifteen miles. The terminus is midway between the watering-place whose name it bears and St.-Servan, round which latter town there is much coast-scenery and quaint fisher-life to be visited and admired. As to St.-Malo, which we have just called a watering-place, and which has been also called the town of pirates—not because of extortion on the part of its hotel-keepers and tradespeople, but by reason of its having fitted out many privateers against the English in time of war—as to St.-Malo, we say, it is different from other watering-places on the northern French coast, and in particular may be contrasted with Trouville, on the score of sumptuary regulations, as well as other matters. As the “Guide Conty” tells us: “Trouville is a double extract of Paris—life is a *fête* and dress is a masquerade.” Trouville contests with Deauville the priority of fashion and expensive habits among all the watering-places on the Normandy coast. Fecamp, Etretat, and Villers-sur-Mer do not come near them for extravagance. “Of the bathing at Trouville,” says Mr. Henry Blackburn, in his “Normandy Picturesque,” “a book might be written on the costumes alone—on the suits of motley, the harlequins, the Mephistopheles, the spiders, the ‘grasshoppers green,’ and the other eccentric *costumes de bain*—culminating in a lady’s dress trimmed with death’s-heads, and a gentleman’s of an indescribable color, after the pattern of a trail of sea-weed. Strange, costly creatures, popping in and out of little wooden houses, seated solitary on artificial rocks, or pacing up and down within the limits prescribed by the keeper of the show—tell us, Monsieur l’Administrateur, something about their habits; stick some labels into the sand with Latin names; instruct us how they manage to feather their nests, whether they ruminate over their food; and we shall have added to our stock of knowledge at the sea-side.” It is not thus with Dieppe, with Cherbourg, or with Granville; still less is it thus with St.-Malo. This old fortified town has been styled a little French Cadiz. It was, in fact, a rocky island till artificially connected with the shore by a long causeway, le Sillon, forming the port. As there was no possibility

of stretching the limits of St.-Malo, or of l'Ile d'Aron, the rock on which St.-Malo stands, it became an architectural necessity that the houses should be high; and so they tower, story over story, on either side the narrow, winding thoroughfares of the town. The steep walls and battlements surround the island-rock, and it is usual for visitors to make the promenade in this way round St.-Malo—a promenade almost



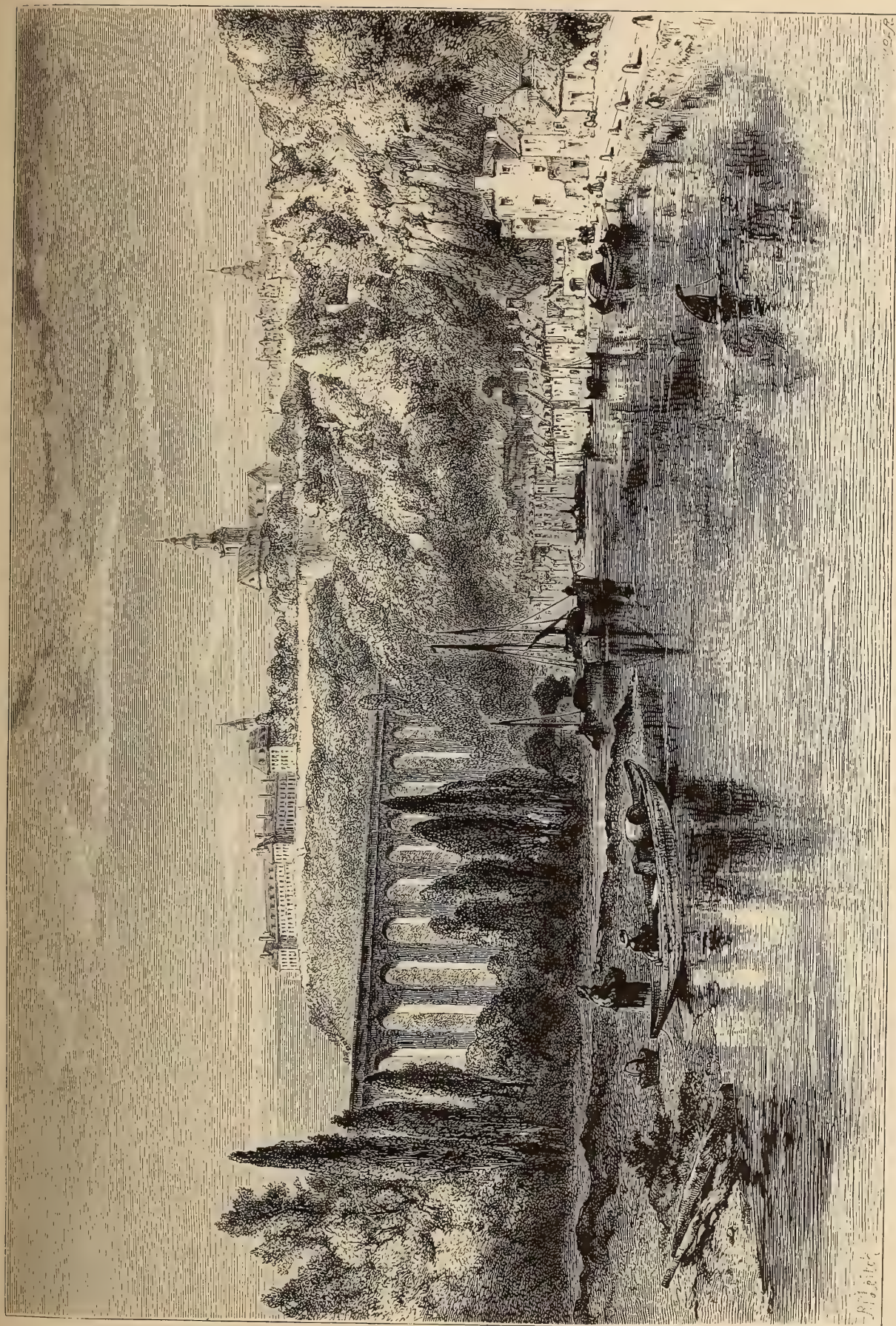
St.-Malo.

uninterrupted by breaks in the circumvallation. For so old a town, there is little of interest in the public buildings; and the cathedral has been modernized out of all archæological cognition. The cramped situation of St.-Malo has naturally fostered the growth of its suburb on the mainland, St.-Servan, which is now an open modern town, of greater size than St.-Malo itself. Pleasanter than either, as an abiding-place, is the little village of Dinard, across the estuary of the Rance; and up this river, by the

small steamer which ascends regularly with the flood-tide to Dinan, and returns with the ebb to St.-Malo, it is convenient to make the voyage from the Normandy coast into Brittany.

No one in his senses would compare the Rance with the Rhine; but there is scenery on both rivers, as there are salmon alike in the streams that wash Monmouth and Macedon. As far as the bridge of Dinan, and no farther, the St.-Malo steamboat will take us up the Rance, and in doing so transports us in three hours, which we might well desire to be four or five, into the most beautiful part of Brittany. Those tourists who, shaping their course for Rennes, have gone direct by rail from St.-Malo, cannot be congratulated on any gain, unless they were in a hurry, and time was, as it too often is, "an object." The Rance is, emphatically speaking, a holiday river. Between Dinard and Dinan there is a full sketch-book of charming views, and peeps of picturesque country, whether we take the old diligence-road or the still older river. This last-named highway is tolerably broad, so that the lofty precipices which bound it on either side do not deprive the panorama totally of that valuable element in all pictures—distance. A good walker, who loves fine scenery, will, if traveling by road from St.-Malo to Dinan, leave the diligence about eight miles short of the journey's end, quit the high-road for the river-bank at l'Ecluse, and finish the journey on foot.

The fact that Dinan, like most other places of any importance in these days, is on a railway, need not deter a tourist, who has time and inclination for the true enjoyments of travel, from approaching it by either of those two ways just indicated. Both are ways of pleasantness; but the Rance is on the whole preferable to the road, which latter, indeed, has few scenic charms till you come almost in sight of Dinan. All the rivers which take their rise in the Côtes-du-Nord—the legendary Armorican Hills, yet untamed, within an hour's journey of the most prosaic and commercial civilization, and which, with the canal from Rennes to Dinan, form a complete communication between the bay of Biscay and the English Channel—are charming, and they are so far from being spoiled by holiday patronage that their lovely scenery is not half enough known. Besides the Rance there are the Ille and the Vilaine, which conjointly give this department of Northwestern France its name; and other rivers there are—such as the Trieux, the Guier, and the Aulne—which have small importance for the merchant, but large interest for the painter. This principal stream, the Rance, rises in the southeast spurs of that wild range of hills, the Côtes-du-Nord, which, running from east to west, divides into equal halves, north and south, the department of Ille-et-Vilaine. Sweeping round from southeast to northeast, through a gap in the broad and rugged belt, the river Rance winds prettily past St.-Jouan-de-l'Isle, and past Evran, till, having reached Dinan, it becomes useful as well as ornamental, and floats such respectable craft as our steamer through a succession of picturesque precipices to St.-Malo. It is *from* St.-Malo we have voyaged now, in coming

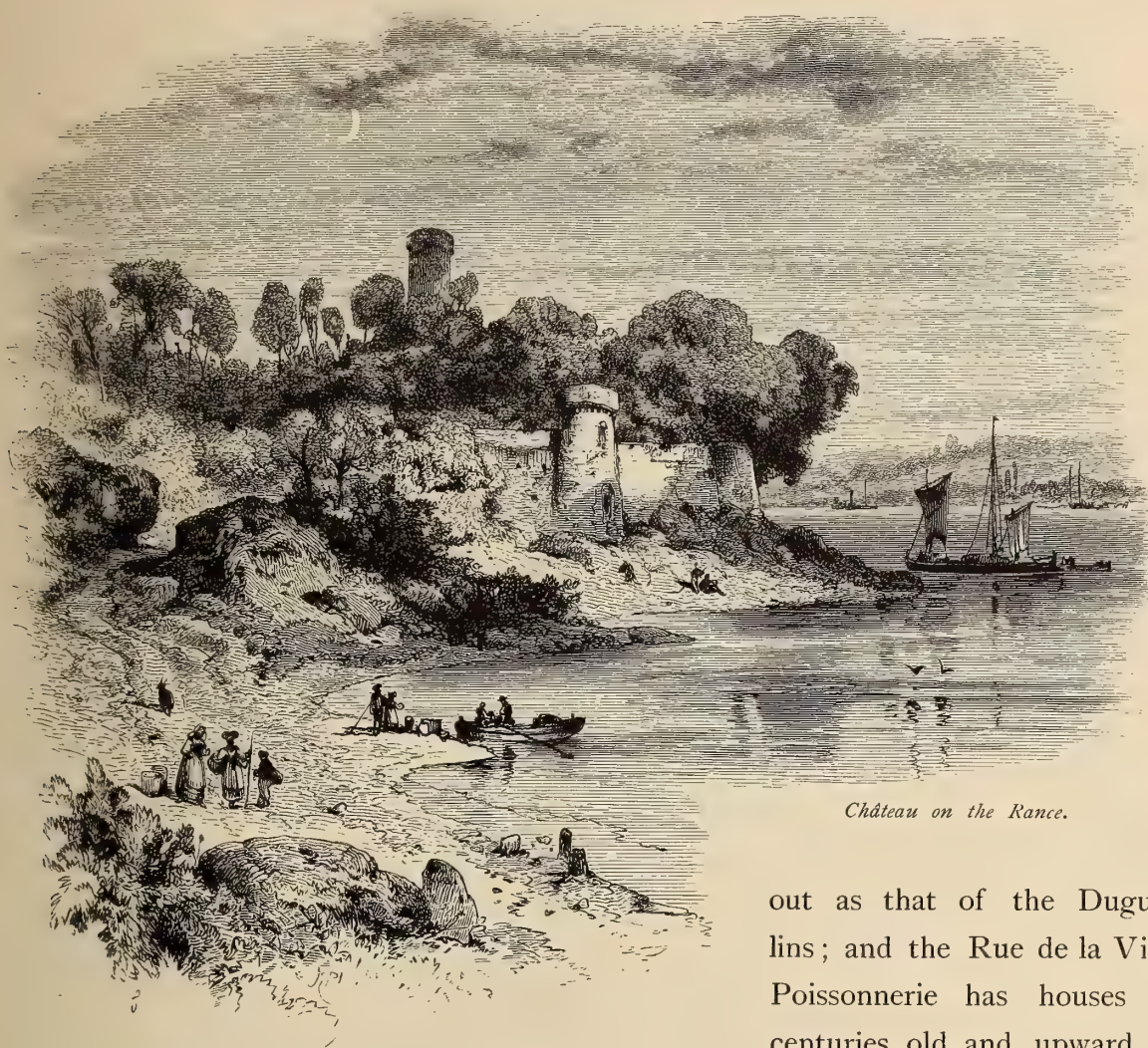


DINAN.

to Dinan. Perhaps no scene in all Brittany is more winsome than that which breaks upon us, standing on the steamer's deck, when Dinan comes in sight. Crowning a granite hill, of such abrupt steepness that the sight of houses built on its rugged face, down to the river-wharf, is as wonderful as it is picturesque, stands this incomparable old town. Those travelers who may have chosen the high-road for their journey to Dinan will cross the valley of the Rance by a granite viaduct, which was begun in the reign of Louis Philippe, and finished in 1852. Whatever may be said for or against the intrusion of its tall arches upon the landscape, in an artistic view, its convenience is unquestionable. Before it was completed and opened, travelers to Dinan from St.-Malo were put to the hard labor of climbing the steep ascent; whereas now they enter the town almost on a level. The middle arches of this lofty structure are carried by piers, which rise to the height of one hundred and thirty feet above the river in whose bed they are sunk. Time was when the only entrance to Dinan on the St.-Malo side, through a ribbed Gothic gateway, was gained by the Rue de Jerzaal, rising so precipitously from the old bridge that foot-passengers alone felt safe in going up or down it, and even they were obliged to exercise caution, especially in attempting the too facile descent. Dinan is one of those hilly towns which afford internal views of themselves. But the most effective *coup-d'œil* is certainly to be obtained by the favorite walk across the fields at the back of the Hospice des Aliénés, leading to the slopes of neighboring hills, on the opposite side of the valley. Thence may be seen, to the greatest advantage, not only Dinan's ancient towers and steeples, but a characteristic tract of the Bretagne country—a land so strangely cut into mazes and labyrinths by its sunken, ditch-like lanes, which seem to lead, by the most circuitous routes, no-whither, that its defense by a straggling, undisciplined body of Chouans and Vendéans against the compact armies of the republic is no great matter of marveling to those persons who have once seen this district of the Breton peninsula spread out before them.

One of those old buildings which, near or from a distance, are to be regarded and remembered in Dinan, is the castle, on the edge of a ravine, and on the edge, so to speak, of the town. It was not so old—indeed, it was in its golden youth, being less than a hundred years of age—when the chivalrous Bertrand Duguesclin defended it against the Duke of Lancaster and his English bowmen in 1389. The Place Duguesclin is a spot so named because it was there that the Breton hero—whose statue is set up in its midst—fought and overthrew one Thomas of Canterbury, an English knight, whom he challenged to single combat on the impeachment of treachery, the said Thomas having in time of truce seized Oliver Duguesclin, Bertrand's brother. The heart of Bertrand Duguesclin was deposited in the Jacobin Church, since razed; and a slab found among its ruins, telling that the precious relic reposes beneath, has actually been set up in the church of St.-Sauveur, where it deserves

the application of Pope's celebrated line on the monument on Fish Street Hill. Duguesclin's body was laid among royal dust at St.-Denis; but when St.-Denis was desecrated in the Revolution, the ashes of Bertrand Duguesclin, and all of the kings there gathered, shared one common fate of dispersion. Town-wall, watch-towers, old historical houses, all in Dinan of this mediæval stamp, will be found well worth admiring and attentive study. In the Rue de la Croix is a house which is pointed



Château on the Rance.

out as that of the Duguesclins; and the Rue de la Vieille Poissonnerie has houses five centuries old and upward, one of them showing the date 1366, while others hereabout are apparently even more ancient.

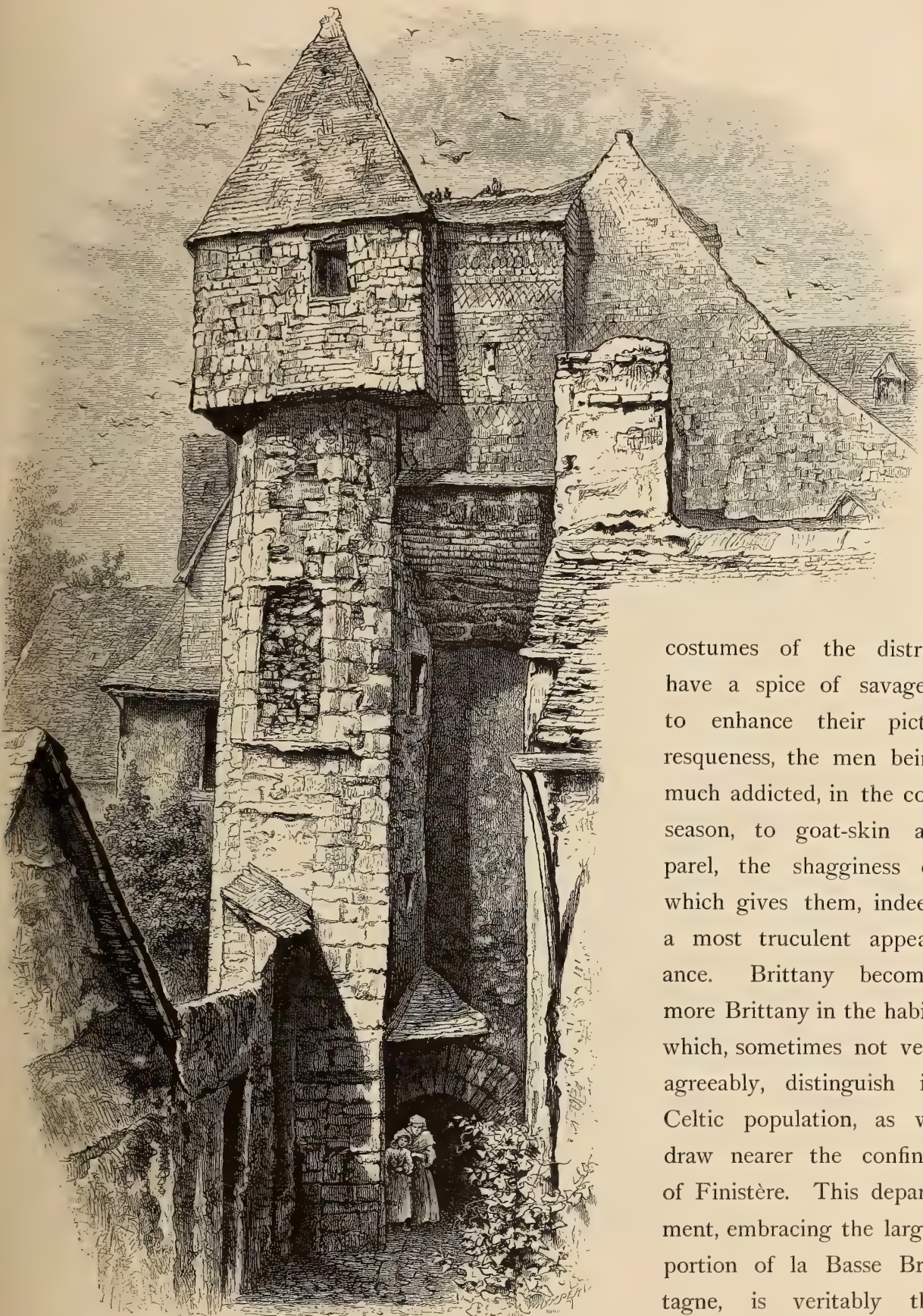
Combourg, where Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur may have painted her famous "Horse-Show," and where she must have made many and many a study, is not quite on the track we have taken, being more directly on the railway route between Rennes and St.-Malo. The Château de Combourg is one of the old castles of Brittany which remain in perfect preservation as of yore. With its wall galleries and loop-holes, it is fit to withstand a siege, on chronological conditions, of course. The château, which is a quadrangular building with four corner-towers, inclosing a court, passed from the hands of the Duras family into those of the Chateaubriands a century and a half

ago. The minister of Louis XVIII. lived here as a boy ; and visitors are shown his chamber and study, both apartments being unaltered. It is one of the most forcible appeals made by many of these ancient châteaux, in Brittany, in Normandy, and indeed all over France, to the affectionate regard of all who feel how great is the debt of Europe to French intellectual cultivation, that so many of them have been the homes of great writers. Near Vitré, whither our rambling tour now takes us, is the Château des Rochers, which was long the residence of Madame de Sévigné.



Château de Combourg.

Of more feudal character, and of altogether larger and more ancient importance, is Vitré's own castle, which, together with the town itself, is a grand and gloomy relic of the middle ages. The massive walls and machicolated towers of Vitré are little impaired by their four centuries of existence ; and the venerable castle of the Seigneurs de la Tremouille, though falling into decay, is yet strong enough to be used as a prison. A curiously elegant structure, half Gothic and half Italian, ornaments the court-yard, and is supposed to have been originally intended for a pulpit. Through dirt and squalor of the deepest Breton dye, Vitré is immensely interesting ; and the peasant-

*Backyard at Vitré.*

costumes of the district have a spice of savagery to enhance their picturesqueness, the men being much addicted, in the cold season, to goat-skin apparel, the shagginess of which gives them, indeed, a most truculent appearance. Brittany becomes more Brittany in the habits which, sometimes not very agreeably, distinguish its Celtic population, as we draw nearer the confines of Finistère. This department, embracing the larger portion of la Basse Bretagne, is veritably the ancient Armorica, and is the land of more supersti-

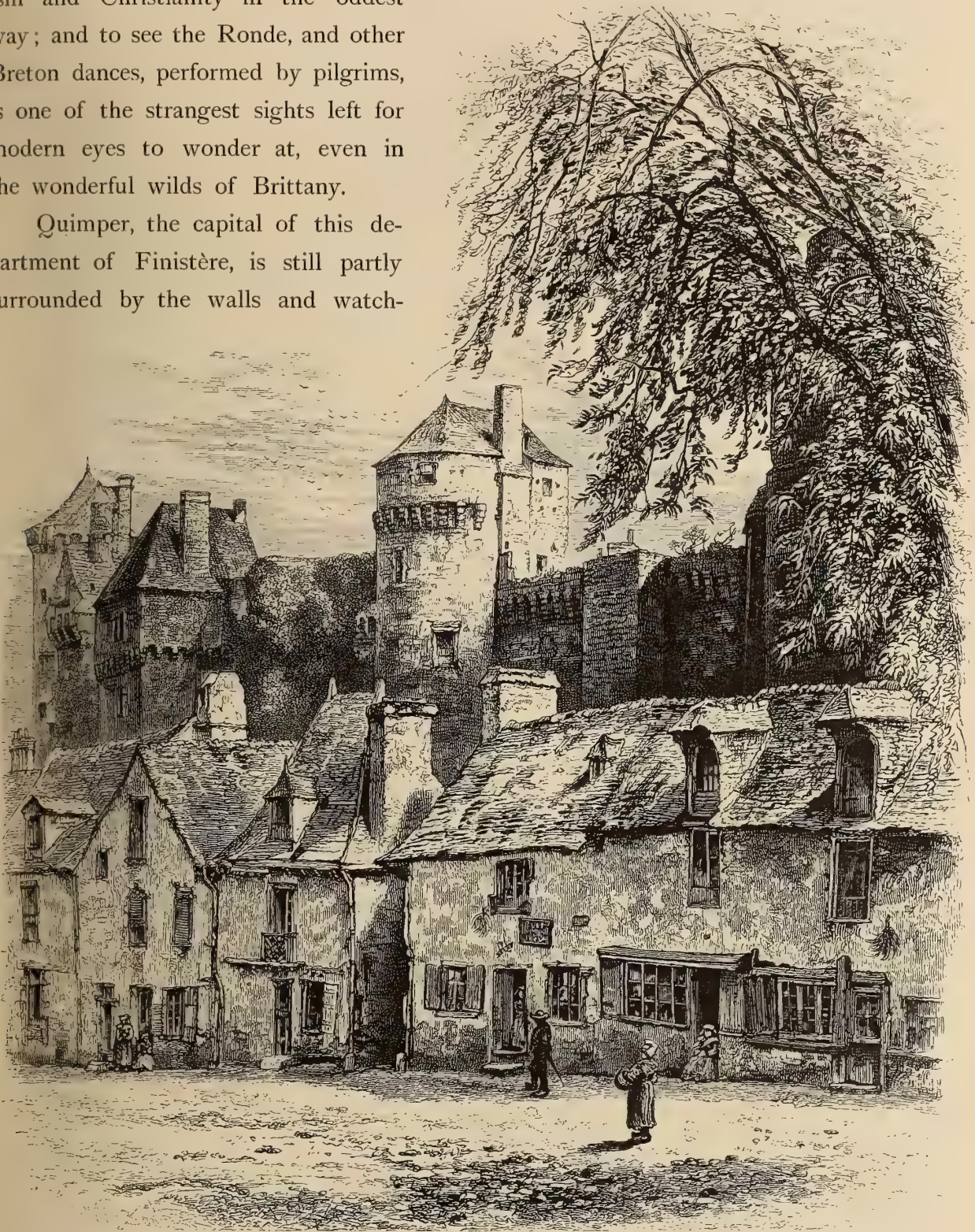


Millstream at Vitré.

tion and ignorance, perhaps, than can be found in any other spot of Europe. Ploërmel, Plouaret, Moncontour, and other villages between Rennes and Brest, are famous for those curious festivals, called *Pardons*, which have been compared to the German

Kirchweihen, the Flemish *Kermes*, and the old English wake, and which, while including something of all these three, have a weird distinction of their own. They jumble paganism and Christianity in the oddest way; and to see the *Ronde*, and other Breton dances, performed by pilgrims, is one of the strangest sights left for modern eyes to wonder at, even in the wonderful wilds of Brittany.

Quimper, the capital of this department of Finistère, is still partly surrounded by the walls and watch-



Château of Vitré.

towers which stamp it as one of the ancient towns of the province. Its noble cathedral has been in some necessary respects rebuilt or restored by that most reverential and

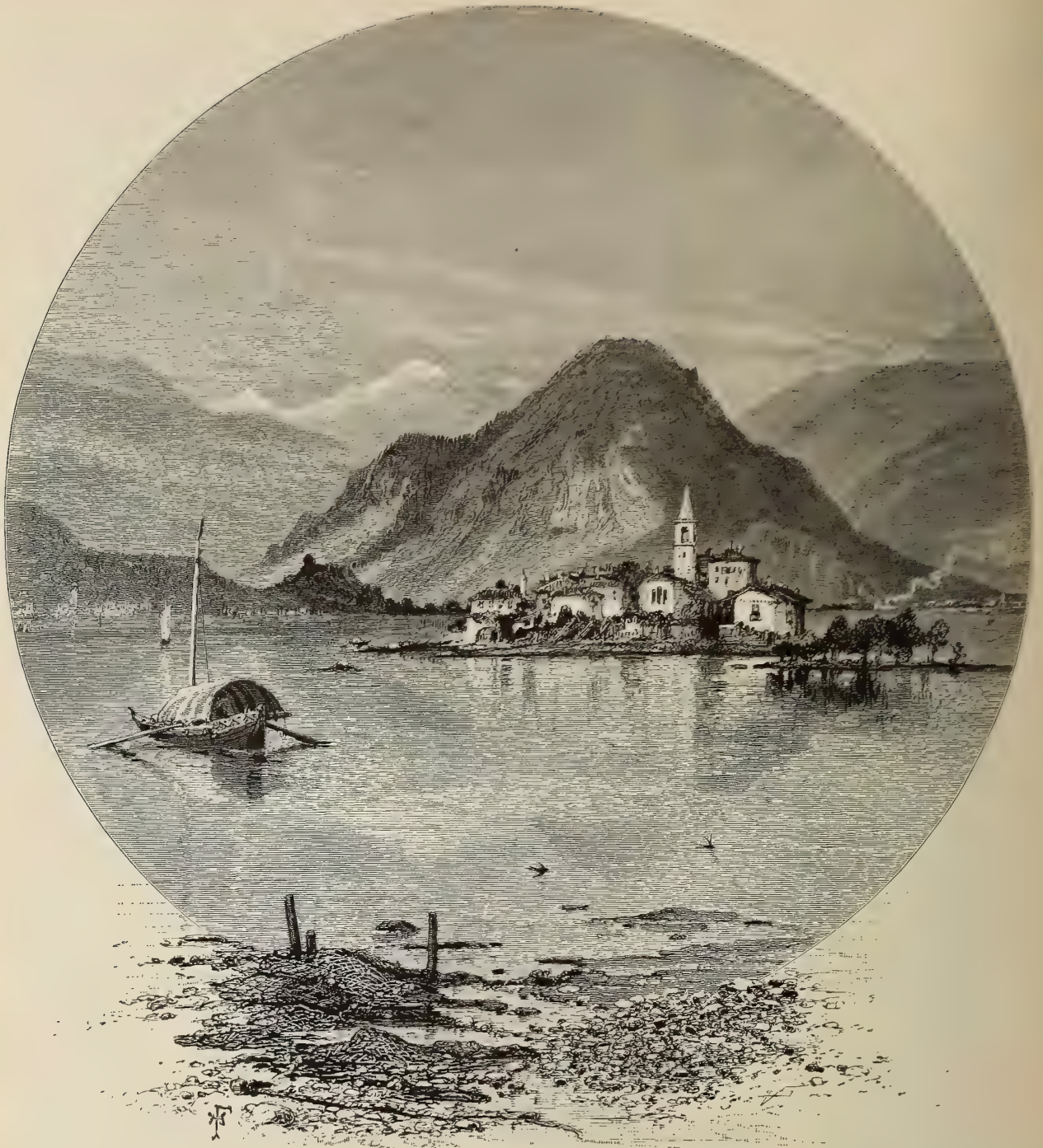


QUIMPER.

highly-gifted modern architect, M. Viollet-le-Duc. Quimper has been, for the behoof of visitors, comfortably and not vulgarly modernized; so that, being surrounded by a pretty country with primitive inhabitants, and some good trout-fishing, it is rather a favorite place of resort. Its old quarters retain their quaint and picturesque character; and, either by strolling about the town or by making excursions among the neighboring villages, inland as well as on the storm-beaten coast, sufficient knowledge of the habits and manners of the Breton peasantry may be gathered to last a lifetime.



After Mass at Plouaret.



Isola dei Pescatori.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

“Oh, love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine ;
In lands of palm and orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize, and vine !”

TENNYSON'S *Daisy*.

WHO that has ever reveled among the enchanting scenery of the Italian lakes, either on his way from the sublime peaks of Switzerland or on his return

toward their distant snows, will ever forget the pure pleasure that he experienced there? Those even among us whose fortune it has been to see many of the most renowned wonders of Nature in the remote regions of the world, will for the most part probably admit, on returning to their European haunts, that, after all, it would be very difficult to call to mind any country which combines such a variety of the sublime and beautiful, the peaceful and the grand, in conjunction with such perfection of form, color, and ever-changing effects, as the districts immediately north and south of the Alps of Europe.

The mountains of Switzerland and the lakes of Italy may be said to supplement one another; and it is only by taking them into consideration, with regard to each other, that we arrive at a fitting idea of the complete glory of the whole. It is a truly wondrous sight to stand on the wild summit of Monte Rosa, looking over the whole plain of Northern Italy, and turning the eye round a circle whose radius is more than one hundred and fifty miles, including the maritime Alps on the south and the distant Orteler Spitze of the Tyrol in the northeast. In the middle of the view is Milan, distinctly visible at a distance of seventy miles; and on the north of it are the long, blue waters of Como, and Maggiore, and the rest of the Italian lakes, winding among their exquisite surroundings. Truly a wondrous sight! but the full completion of it is to pass downward from the realms of ice and snow, when work among the mountains is over, to wander through the forests of chestnut and walnut down into the rich valleys of Italy, and look back upon Monte Rosa, while lazily enjoying abundant figs, and grapes, and peaches, amid the enchanting scenery of the lakes. The hand of man has helped the hand of Nature to open to people of very various bodily capacity the means of enjoying the fascinating contrast of mountain and lake; for while the pedestrian has learned to make a pass of more or less difficulty between almost any two mountains that can be named, there are at least four grand roads by which we can cross the main chain, at a high elevation, without leaving the seats of a luxurious carriage.

These are, taking them in order from west to east, the Simplon, the St. Gotthard, the Splugen, and the Stelvio, leading to Lakes Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, respectively. They differ very greatly in style and characteristics; but each may be justly proud of its own exhibition of beauty and grandeur; and, for the consolation of those who cannot ascend the lofty peaks of rock and snow, they may be assured that there are few more magnificent views than that of the Bernese Oberland Mountains when they suddenly appear in all their splendor at the turning of a corner, soon after driving over the highest point of the Simplon. Between the depths of the tunnel and the heights of these splendid passes there is an intermediate course over the Brenner Pass, by railway, from Innsbruck to Verona, the highest front of which is four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. From Verona it is a short distance to

Peschiera, at the foot of Lago di Garda. As our purpose is to deal at present with the lakes of Italy, it would probably be desirable to make this our starting-point.

We must, however, tear ourselves away from all that is so intensely interesting and attractive in this historic place, and take the prosaic railway to the lake of Garda. This, the *Lacus Benacus* of the Romans, is the largest of the Italian lakes, and may



Castle of Sirmione, Lago di Garda.

in fact be said to be rather too large, for at its lower extremity it is hard to think of it as a lake at all. It is thirty-seven miles in length, and opens out to a width of about fifteen miles between Peschiera and Desenzano, and is exposed to almost constant winds. The slight feeling of disappointment, caused by the too great expanse of water and the flatness of the land round the southern end of the lake, passes away as the steamer passes Cape San Vigilio and takes us toward Riva, at the upper extremity, where a visitor for the first time might be surprised to find himself on the soil of

Austria. The lake gradually tapers to a breadth of only three or four miles, and the mountains become grander as they rise steeply on both sides, the only gateway through them being where the Mincio flows into this inland sea. At the southern end of the lake, about half-way between Peschiera and Desenzano, the very curious promontory of Sermione projects three miles from the shore, and has in fact been converted into an island by the cutting of a ditch. This was the Sirmio of the ancients, and is famous as the residence of the Roman poet Catullus. Some of the ruins of his villa are still visible. The battered castle of Sermione was built by some of the Scala family about the end of the thirteenth century, so that, though nearly six hundred years old, it is an infant of these latter days when compared with the souvenirs of Catullus. The greater part of Sermione is a garden of olives, which grow to great perfection there; and we are now on the edge of the vast and highly-cultivated tract of country which forms the Lombard plain, and supplies an enormous share of the wealth of Italy. For leagues upon leagues in every direction except toward the north the country is as absolutely flat as is consistent with the gentlest slope which allows the flow of water. Every inch of ground is made use of up to the very edges of the roads, one result of this being that in journeys of many hours, even in spring, I have scarcely seen a wild-flower of any kind; and nothing more dull and monotonous can be conceived than the endless rows of poplars, straight canals, sharply-cut ditches, square fields of liquid mud for rice, and eternal rows of the ugly species of mulberry-tree that is grown for the silkworms, which may be counted among the most valuable inhabitants of Lombardy.

From the lake of Garda to that of Como the most direct route is by railway to Lecco, at the foot of the eastern arm of the lake, which divides into two nearly equal parts at Bellagio. Lecco is charmingly situated, near the point where the river Adda first emerges from the lake, and is a busy little town, with manufactories of silk, cotton, and iron. It is full of such objects as artists love: picturesque boats of antique form invite us to spend long, idle hours in gliding over the lake and spying out its beauties; quaint buildings are reflected on the placid water at their feet; while the rich vegetation and noble trees of the lower ground in the neighborhood lead the eye upward over vine-clad hills, toward the wild and inaccessible rocks of the higher mountains. This eastern arm of the lake, commonly called the lake of Lecco, is not frequented to the same extent as its more fashionable rival, with all the attractions of Bellagio and Cadenabbia, but it is well worthy of a visit from all those who admire wild and grand scenery more than softer beauties. But immediately behind it rises a succession of wild and precipitous mountains, beginning with the Rosegone, or Saw (so named from its many tooth-like summits), and extending along the whole eastern side of the lake to Colico, a distance of thirty miles. Such are the difficulties of this range that until recent years there was nothing better than a goat-path along the whole

of that shore; but the fine Stelvio road was at last carried on to Lecco by means of galleries and tunnels blasted out of the solid rock, and by various devices which make it an engineering curiosity from beginning to end.

On this wild eastern side of the lake of Como, Varenna is undoubtedly the best point for making a stay. Nestling close under the central part of the mountain-range



Lecco.

which we have been speaking of, it has a most charming situation, where many a pleasant day may be passed. All available spaces on the lower slopes are fresh with terraced vineyards and fruit-trees, above which, among scattered cypresses of the grandest size, stands the old castle, commanding a lovely view of the lake and the mountains beyond it: a short extension of the ramble leads to the cascade of the Fiume Latte, or Milk-brook, which descends in several foaming leaps from a height of nine hundred feet. Some wonderful galleries of the Stelvio road may be seen a

little way to the north of the town; and those who can enjoy a somewhat longer day on foot may, in about three hours, follow up the valley of Esino, and cross the mountain by a pass to Introbbis, where they may refresh themselves at a tolerable inn. The situation of Varenna gives a natural opportunity for steep, picturesque little streets leading down to the edge of the water, with the quaint houses which are so dear to the heart of a painter in these old Italian towns—houses in which every line is worth looking at, and whose tumble-down balconies are overhung with fruit or masses of sweet trailing *piccotees*. Every opening shows some fresh peep of the shining, purple lake, with boats of curious form gliding over the water to the music of the boatmen's songs, which are heard far away through the sweet, surrounding silence. The dreamy spirit of the lotus-eaters moves us, and there comes an inclination to whisper—

“O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more!”

The whole of this mountain-group is peculiarly interesting to the botanist and the geologist, and many rare plants may be found by those who enjoy a scrambling search for them.

Thus far we have only been considering the wilder beauties upon the eastern side of this queen of the mountain-lakes. The central point is Bellagio, where the three arms of the lake are united, and whence all can be easily visited in turn. The Lecco branch has been already described as bordered by such steep and rocky shores that it affords little room for the homes of the luxurious; but from Bellagio to Como, and thence up the western side of the lake, there is a succession of villas and gardens which are more suggestive of paradise than of anything else. Splendid houses, terraced gardens, vine-clad bowers, oranges, and oleanders—here assuming the dimensions of trees—pines and camellias, palms, aloes, and magnolias, and rocky caverns full of maidenhair-fern, with views in every direction over the blue waters of the lake, and away to the distant mountains, mark the district which Pliny loved in the olden time, and which in modern days has been the chosen and the choicest retreat of princes and princesses, diplomatists and millionaires, singers like Pasta, dancers like Taglioni, and all those who, having taken their share of the ordinary pleasures of life, have united in recognizing the supreme charm of a home on the lake of Como. In many of these luxurious modern lake-dwellings, works of art vie with those of Nature; but the most delightful feature of Bellagio is probably the garden of the so-called Villa Serbelloni. The house is an ugly building, now converted into a *pension*; but the grounds are a marvel of beauty, occupying the greater part of the rocky peninsula round which the three branches of the lake converge. Walks have been carried round it at various levels, showing an infinite variety of charming scenes over lake and mountain; and in one place a short tunnel cut through the rock gives at each end such an enchanting

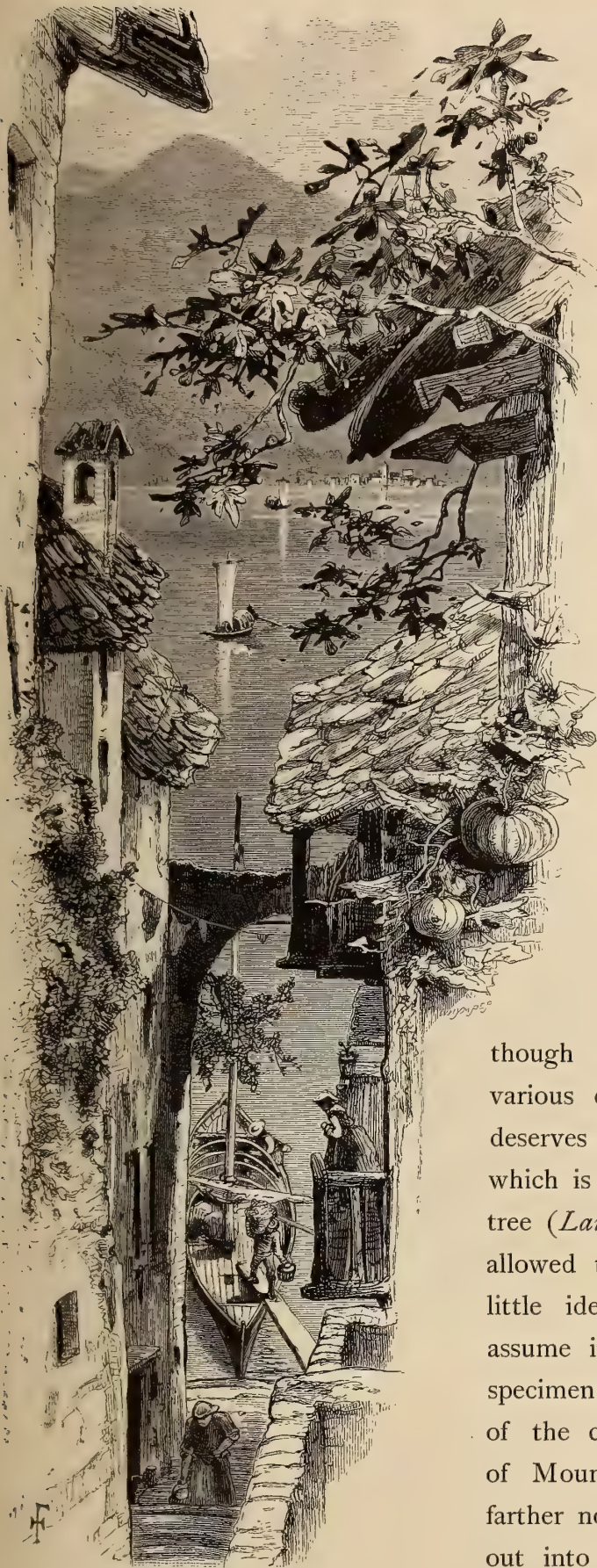
picture as can scarcely be imagined. Good steamers traverse the lake from end to end; but, great as is their convenience for those who are in a hurry, no one who has ever seen the Italian lakes can, for a moment, doubt that the proper way to enjoy them, and to enter into the true spirit of the scene, is to trust to one of the native boats which are always skimming over the water in every direction.



Looking south from Bellagio.

In descending the lake from Bellagio to Como, in addition to all the charms of Nature, an interesting historical association occurs regarding the Villa Pliniana, shortly before reaching the town of Torno. The name of Pliny is connected with it by a remarkable ebbing

and flowing spring which rises close to the house, as it did when it was accurately described by him. The pretty town of Torno stands on the promontory where the lake makes its last principal bend to the south, and with its campanile and cypresses forms a delightful object to the eye. It is said to have been once a place of wealth and importance, rivaling Como itself, but was reduced to insignificance in the sixteenth



Street in Varenna.

century, when it was taken and sacked by the Spaniards, who appear to have been ubiquitous for mischief in those troublous times. Somewhat farther down the lake, and on the other side of it, is the Villa d'Este, which was at one time the famous residence of Queen Caroline, but is now converted into an hotel, with the name of *Regina d'Inghilterra*. The ancient city of Como, at the extremity of the lake, has no particular attractions as a place of sojourn; and although there are some very interesting specimens of mediæval art and architecture, we must confine ourselves at present to the beauties of Nature, and follow the western bank of the lake to the neighborhood of Cadenabbia. For a considerable part of this distance the course of the lake lies between such steep and precipitous mountains that no substantial roads of communication have been possible,

though boats and steamers convey people to various delightful spots, among which Briunno deserves notice, on account of the valuable oil which is made there from the fruit of the bay-tree (*Laurus nobilis*); and we hope we may be allowed to add that residents in the north have little idea of what dimensions the bay can assume in more genial latitudes: the grandest specimen we have ever seen occupies the centre of the court-yard in the monastery at the foot of Mount Pentelicus, in Greece. A few miles farther north, the promontory of Balbianello juts out into the lake, opposite to the steep slopes of Monte Primo, which is five thousand two

hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea. This promontory acts as a screen to a bay, or basin, of two miles and a half in diameter, which, secured from all winds, forms the warmest and most sheltered winter-quarters on the lake. Few people, however, could wish for a more delightful residence than the Bellevue Hotel at Cadenabbia, which commands the most perfect views of the lake, and combines the advantage of an afternoon shade, denied to Bellagio, with the grand sight of the Grizna, and other mountains, on the east, which are hidden from the latter place by too close proximity. The effects of sunset upon those weird crags, rising high above the rich green of vegetation and the dark profundities of the lake, can never be forgotten.

To pass from the lake of Como to that of Lugano there are two very simple routes, each of which has much to recommend it. The one is by road from Menaggio to Porlezza, whence a steamboat reaches the town of Lugano in little more than an hour; the other is to return to the foot of Como and take the railway, which is now completed. This has the advantage of tempting us to stay at Mendrisio and visit the charming establishment on the Monte Generoso, which makes the best hill-residence in the whole district of the lakes. The Monte Generoso can be reached by either of these routes, but the way from Mendrisio is the most convenient.

From want of paths and accommodation the Monte Generoso was scarcely known to the public till within the last few years, when Dr. Pasta, an inhabitant of Mendrisio, built an excellent hotel at little more than an hour's distance from the summit, which is five thousand five hundred and sixty-one feet above the sea. Here every comfort has been introduced for the benefit of visitors; a good bridle-road has been made, and a private telegraph-wire connects them with the great world below. The comfort of this establishment, and its excellent management, the splendid panorama of the High Alps, and the refreshing air obtained at such an elevation above the sea, all combine to make one of the most agreeable abodes that can be desired. Far below appear the lake of Lugano and the distant town, together with the very singular causeway by which the railroad is carried from one shore to the other. A long natural spit or promontory stretching far into the lake, with shallow water beyond it, enabled engineers to complete the way across to Melide, about four miles from Lugano, bridges being left to admit the passage of vessels going up and down. Immediately in front, on the western side, rises the Monte Salvatore, with its chapel on the top, beyond which range after range of hills lead the eye away to the distant glories of the great Swiss mountains, from Monte Rosa to the Bernina. There is no end to the variety of pleasant spots that can be found for enjoying the ever-changing prospect under the friendly shade of beech and chestnuts, and among the attractions of rare and beautiful flowers; and in May there is on this mountain, as on the Salvatore and elsewhere in the neighborhood, a profusion of the *Cytisus Alpinus*, or wild-laburnum, which has to wait till June or July before it can blossom on the northern

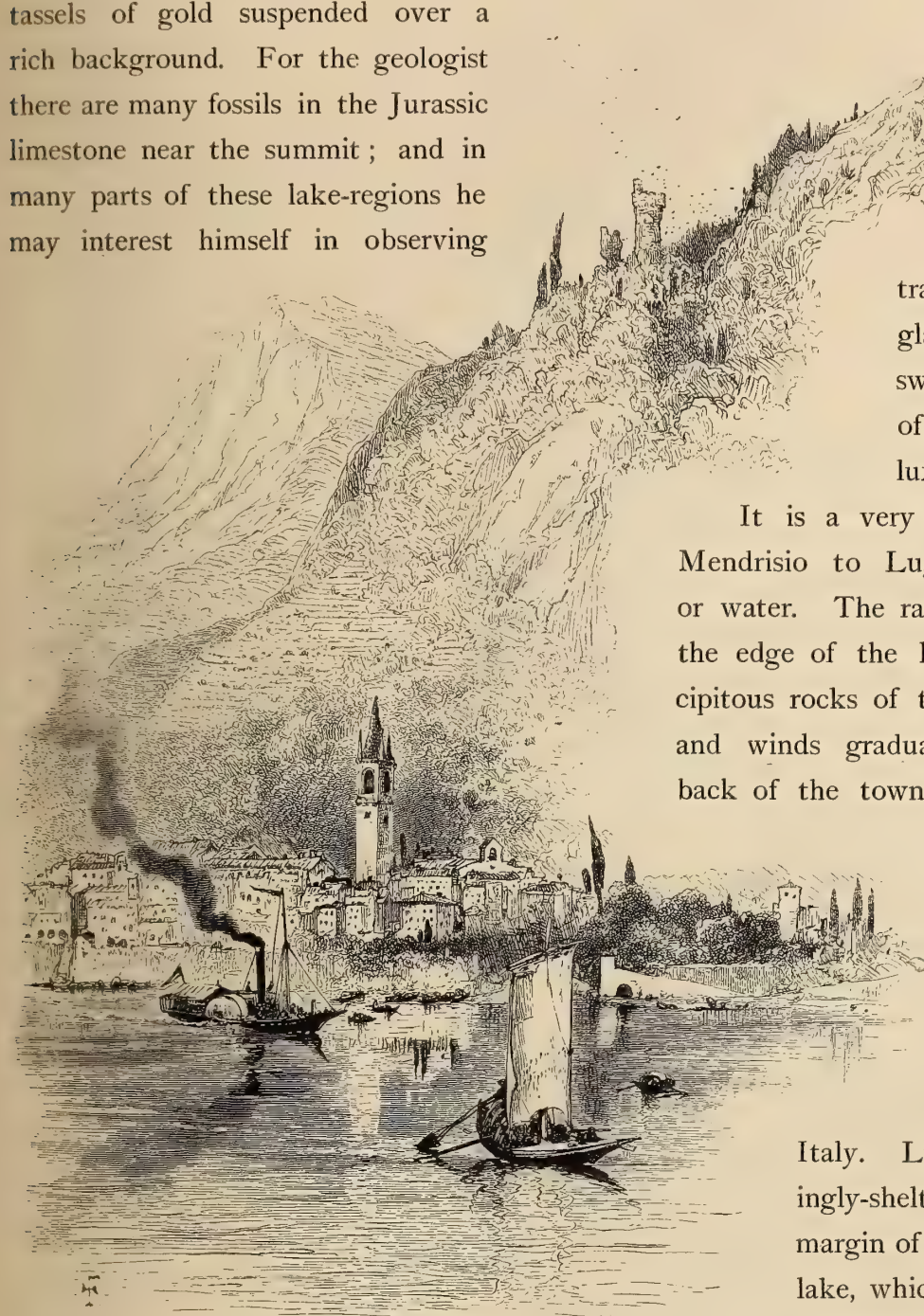
sides of the Alps. Few trees can produce a more charming effect in their natural state; they love the company of rocks and crags; and, with their dense bunches of yellow bloom hanging over the dark-brown precipices, they look like curtains and tassels of gold suspended over a rich background. For the geologist there are many fossils in the Jurassic limestone near the summit; and in many parts of these lake-regions he may interest himself in observing

traces of the ancient glaciers which formerly swept over the surface of the now smiling and luxuriant land.

It is a very short journey from Mendrisio to Lugano, either by land or water. The railway passes close to the edge of the lake, under the precipitous rocks of the Monte Salvatore, and winds gradually upward to the back of the town, whence it is being

gradually advanced to meet the St. Gothard Tunnel, which will complete the communication between Switzerland and

Italy. Lugano has a charmingly-sheltered situation on the margin of the strangely-shaped lake, which sometimes comes inconveniently near. There are not very many objects of in-



Varena.

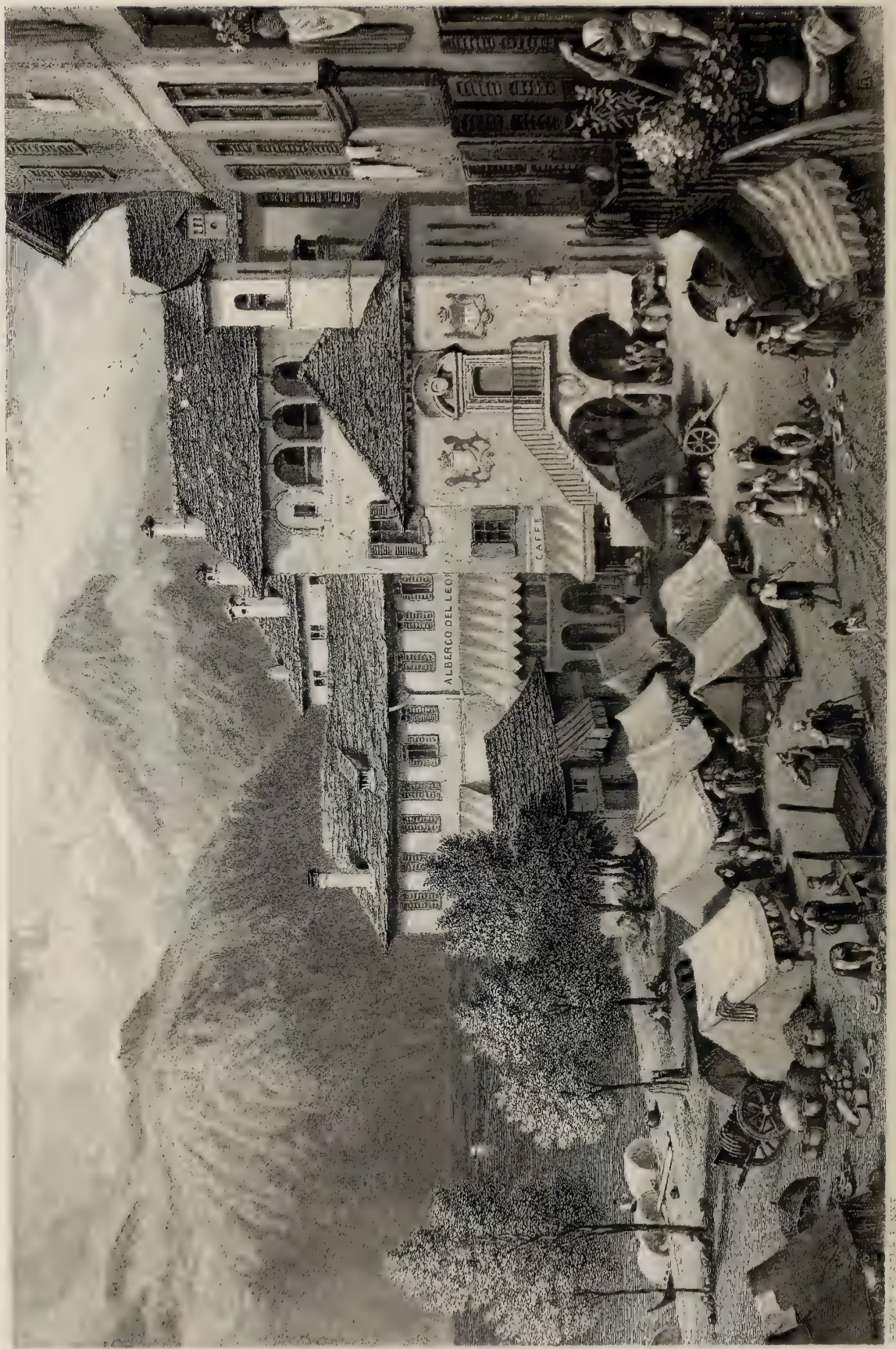
terest in the place, but there is no limit to the regard of the inhabitants for the memory of the painter Bernardino Luini, who was born at the town of Luino, on the neighboring lake, and who died in 1530, having, among his latest works, painted the famous pictures in fresco in the church of Santa Maria dei Angeli, near the Hôtel du Parc. The chief of these represents the Crucifixion, and contains an extraordinary repre-



Torno.

sensation of the devil and the angel taking the souls out of the thieves' mouths. I was informed, on good authority, that this quiet, peaceful, old-fashioned, little town has been of late years the resort of leading communists and revolutionists, who can there hatch their schemes in peaceful and economical obscurity, without, apparently, doing much harm to their immediate neighbors.

If, instead of abundant leisure for making many of the pleasant excursions that are to be found by land and water at Lugano, there is only time for one expedition, that one ought certainly to be devoted to the ascent of the Monte Salvatore. This mountain, though only twenty-one hundred feet above the lake, and three thousand above the sea, is remarkable not only from its unique position, but for the excellence of the view from the summit. It is, moreover, very interesting from a geological point of view, being "formed by the protrusion of a mass of porphyry through stratified limestone; and the fact which has excited much attention is the apparent conversion of the latter into dolomite as it approaches to a junction with the porphyry." One can testify



Orta

to the result being the formation of the worst kind of stones for walking on that he is anywhere acquainted with. Nothing seems capable of grinding them down into materials for a respectable path; and, in the course of many ascents of the mountain during the last twenty years, we have always fancied that the angular stones which were there at first are still the same, and as ready as then to twist an ankle or scarify a boot. This singular mountain occupies the central space formed by the tortuous form of the lake, which washes against its feet on all sides but the north, and thus makes it almost an island. Those who have time to spare may well spend two or three pleasant hours in making its circuit in a carriage, but we are at present supposed to be on foot, and going to the summit. The roughness of the path and steepness of the ascent are a sufficient excuse for the generality of ladies who ride up on donkeys or mules. For three-quarters of an hour from Lugano there is a good carriage-road to the small hamlet of Pazzallo, with beautiful views of the central portion of the lake and mountains in the distance. Thus far it passes with a gradual ascent among rich slopes of grass and maize and overhanging vines, round the feet of which many-colored orchises, columbines, myosotis, and white clumps of narcissus, are seen in perfection and abundance. At Pazzallo everything undergoes a transformation-scene in an instant. Passing under the archway of an old house, we enter upon a very rough and narrow path, which lands us at once among the rocks and thickets of the Salvatore. At the beginning of this, and close on the right hand, is a colony of the beech-fern in singular beauty, and the rest of the way to the summit presents a succession of flowers to charm the eye and tempt the eager hand. In the early spring there are countless blossoms of the Christmas-rose (*Helleborus niger*), and also of the *Helleborus viridis*. Here, too, among the bushes is an abundance of large blue *hepaticas*, and the rocks are in many places brilliant with purple and yellow *polygalas*. A little later in the season it would be difficult to take three steps at any part of this path without finding the exquisitely-scented purple cyclamens up to its very edge, and the highest section of the mountain introduces us to sheets of the fragrant rosy daphne growing in conjunction with wood-anemones and blue periwinkles, and the large purple gentian of the Alps. In many parts of the thickets the oak and hazel are in the early season greatly entwined by the yellow blossom of the wild-laburnum, so that it may easily be imagined that there are many attractions by the way to distract attention from fatigue, and to offer a reasonable excuse for those who may wish to halt for the purpose of recovering their breath. The path is carried round a little to the south side, and at one part is protected by a low stone-wall, which enables people to look with safety over the precipitous and lofty crags down to the lake, which seems absolutely at their feet. The top of the mountain is bare rock mixed with short grass, crowned with a pilgrimage chapel and a small house, where, in tolerably fine weather, light provisions, with milk and cool, refreshing wine, are sold to the



The Alps, from Monte Generoso.

thirsty visitor. The ascent occupies about two hours, without allowing time for halts among the flowers. The view

is one of singular beauty, with the lake below in every direction, backed by rich hills and woods; and though the distance is of course not equal to that from the Monte Motterone or Monte Generoso, yet the grandest point of all is secured in the glorious prospect of Monte Rosa and most of the neighboring giants supremely enthroned over the minor intervening ranges.

In leaving Lugano for Lago Maggiore, the usual route is the road by Ponte Tresa to Luino, about fourteen English miles. Touching the base of the lake of Lugano at Agno, it follows the course of the river Tresa, a rapid, rushing stream, in consequence of the two

hundred and fifty feet difference of level between the two lakes. On passing the frontier of Switzerland and Italy, the road rises gradually for some distance, and the river is left to pursue its own course far below toward the lake. The character of this district of high ground presents an extraordinary contrast to anything we have been seeing in Italy: it is like a rough high moorland in Scotland or Lower Brittany, with the common English heath growing abundantly among rough slopes and projecting masses of rock. Here grows the curious little mountain-fern (*Asplenium septentrionale*), which, though generally associated with far greater elevations, appears to flourish admirably on both sides of Lago Maggiore, and even down to the level of the lake. This wild tract is soon passed, and the dream of moorland is forgotten as we rattle down-hill once more to the normal luxuriance of Italy, and hail the broad, shining waters of Maggiore stretching far before our delighted eyes. The drivers generally contrive to get to Luino in plenty of time before the arrival of the steamer from the head of the lake, and there is not very much to detain any one in the place, except for the purpose of sketching the château of Grivelli, and the banks of the lake, with their picturesque surroundings of cypresses, vines, and magnificent fir-trees.

The next place of importance on the eastern side of Lago Maggiore is Laveno, a town worthy of much more consideration than has generally been given to it; but there is little doubt that the increasing attractions of the route from here to Como, and the improved accommodation for seeing the lake of Varese by the way, will soon improve the fortunes of this place as a starting-point. Laveno is situated on a pretty bay, which in the days of the Austrian rule was a strongly-fortified station; and immediately behind it rise the beautiful double summits of the Monte Nudo and the Sasso di Ferro, each about thirty-six hundred feet in height, forming the finest features in the view from Stresa and Baveno on the opposite side of the lake, where hosts of fashionable visitors struggle for rooms, while the "poor but respectable" inns of Laveno are left to languish in obscurity.

The Lago Maggiore is about forty-two miles in length, with a very sinuous course, which gives great variety to the views, and its width is from two to three miles, except across the middle bay, where this extent is doubled. Its depth is very great, soundings in one part having been taken at twenty-six hundred and fifteen feet, or very nearly two thousand feet *below* the level of the sea. In traversing it from north to south, its great length shows all the gradual transition of scenery, from the completely Alpine character of the upper end down to the low ground of the Lombard plain. Almost all the favorite haunts of visitors to this beautiful lake are clustered about the central region, where Stresa and Baveno, Laveno and Pallanza, look upon the famous Borromean Islands. We have already spoken of Laveno and the magnificent view from it, which entirely eclipses anything of the kind upon this lake; and the next place where it is advisable, if possible, to halt for a day or two, is the opposite town of Pallanza,

where there now is a new and magnificent hotel, with gardens and landing-places of the best description. There is here a special attraction for all lovers of trees and flowers; for close to the hotel the nursery-gardens of M. Rovelli are always open to the public. M. Rovelli is a master of his favorite pursuit, and makes it his object to procure new

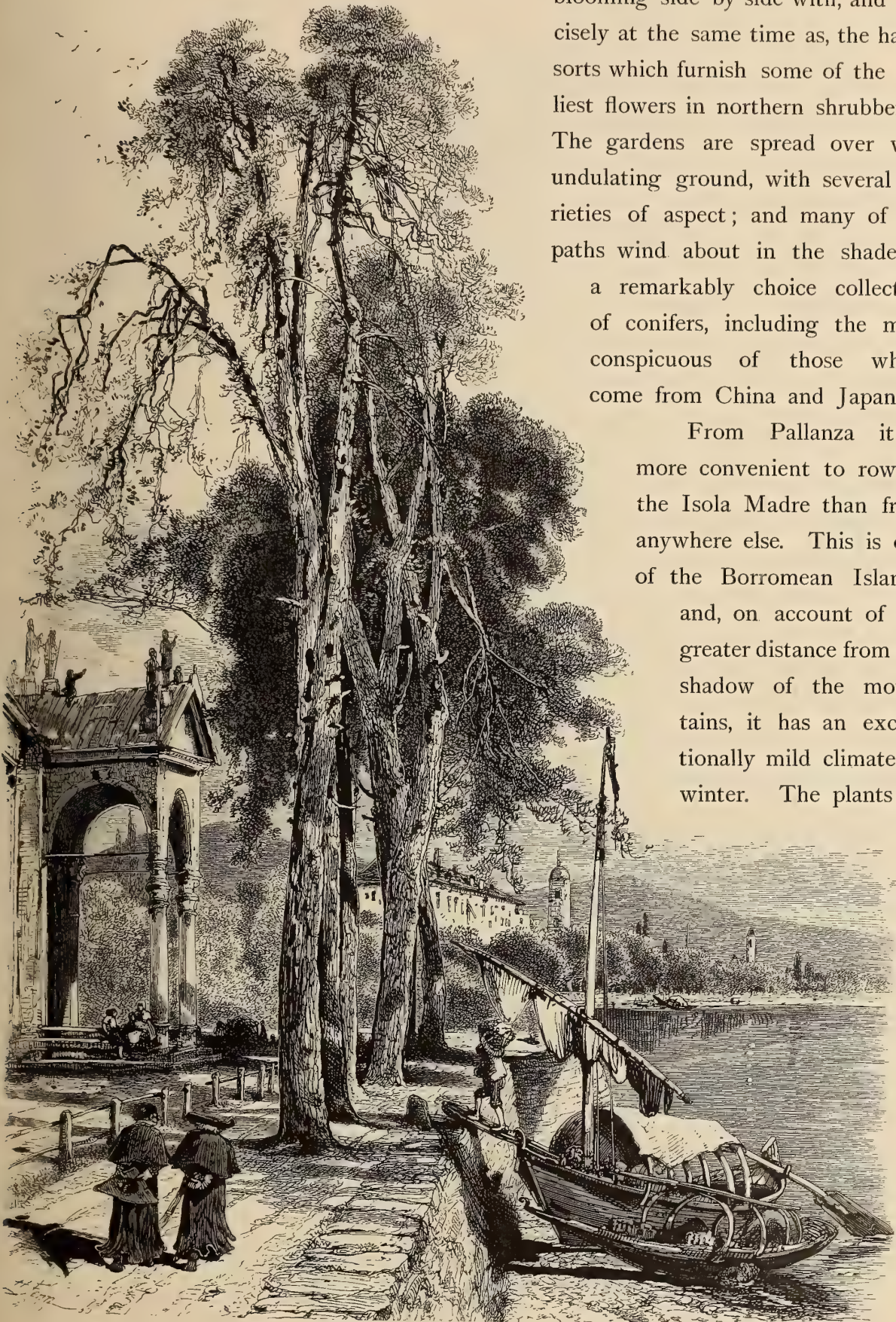


Lugano and Salvatore.

treasures from all parts of the world, aided by a delicious climate, in which greenhouse plants flourish perfectly in the open air. His camellias in the months of April and May are unsurpassed; many of them were trees of about twenty feet in height, covered from top to bottom with faultless blossoms of the choicest kinds and the loveliest colors. He was particularly proud of one which had been taken up and sent to the last Paris Exhibition, where it gained a prize, and then came safely back to Italy. His azaleas and rhododendrons were equally splendid in their way; and it is not a little curious to

observe that in such a climate as he enjoys the finest kinds of greenhouse azaleas were blooming side by side with, and precisely at the same time as, the hardy sorts which furnish some of the earliest flowers in northern shrubberies. The gardens are spread over very undulating ground, with several varieties of aspect; and many of the paths wind about in the shade of a remarkably choice collection of conifers, including the most conspicuous of those which come from China and Japan.

From Pallanza it is more convenient to row to the Isola Madre than from anywhere else. This is one of the Borromean Islands, and, on account of its greater distance from the shadow of the mountains, it has an exceptionally mild climate in winter. The plants of



Luino.

New Holland flourish in the open air, pomegranates and oleanders attain an extraordinary size, tea-plants flower in October, and magnificent flowering-trees from many parts of the world give a varied beauty to the gardens, which are traversed by many pleasant walks. By way of a curiosity for Italy this island contains many pheasants, living in a kind of honorable captivity, and prevented from escaping by their inability to face the danger of so long a flight across the water. The other islands, the Isola Bella and the Isola dei Pescatori, are more easily visited from Stresa or Baveno, in both of which places most delightful quarters are found in the hotels. Baveno has in the last few years been made more conspicuous by a grand villa, which has been built by an Englishman, in the midst of beautiful grounds, where he had the natural advantages of a sloping hill-side with wild rocks and noble chestnut-trees, which only required to be let alone. The Isola Bella is, of course, the great attraction of the neighborhood in the eyes of hosts of pilgrims who are in search of the picturesque; and, whatever may be their judgment as to the amount of good taste displayed, no one can doubt that it is, at all events, a great curiosity. Like the other so-called Borromean Islands, it belongs to the Count Borromeo, who spends part of the year in a large palace built upon it. It was nothing but a bare and barren slate-rock rising a little way out of the lake, till Count Vitalio Borromeo, about two hundred years ago, converted it by artificial means into a beautiful garden teeming with almost tropical vegetation. It consists of ten terraces rising above one another in the form of a pyramid, and connected by stone staircases. The stone-walls which divide the terraces are crowned with statues, vases, obelisks, and various ornaments, and are, for the most part, covered with oranges, lemons, and citrons, trained upon them, and loading the air with their fragrance. The flower-beds on all these terraces are brilliant with daturas, balsams, and an endless variety of floral charms to delight the eye, and maidenhair-ferns grow in great perfection in every shady cavern or recess. In one part of the island these fern-clad grottos are almost draped over with masses of the splendid large-flowered bignonia, which hangs in festoons of orange-colored blossoms from a lofty wall above. Oleanders, red and white, attain an extraordinary size in these gardens, and pomegranates become small trees of scarlet blossoms. Cypressess and evergreens of all kinds are scattered about, and one part of the island is completely shaded by firs and other trees, famous among which is a camphor-tree of forty feet in height. Every atom of the soil was originally brought from a distance, and has to be continually renewed, for maintaining a fertility which is probably assisted in the case of tender plants by the underlying rock absorbing a great deal of solar heat in the daytime. Altogether the gardens of the Isola Bella are wonderfully interesting and delightful; and we must not leave them without mentioning a huge bay-tree, which has a scar upon its bark, said to have been made by Napoleon I. cutting the word *battaglia* upon it shortly before the battle of

Marengo. The island is so singular that we cannot be surprised to find what very different ideas it has aroused in different minds. The view of it from a distance suggested to one author "a huge Périgord pie, stuck round with the heads of woodcocks and partridges;" another spoke of it as a "magic creation of labor and taste—a fairy-land, which might serve as a model for the gardens of Calypso." De Saussure, at the close of the last century, described it as "un magnifique caprice, une pensée grandiose, une espèce de création." Gibbon speaks of it as "an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies;" but Brockedon, the well-known artist and famous author of "The Passes of the Alps," sternly pronounces it as "worthy only of a rich man's misplaced extravagance, and the taste of a confectioner!" Every one must judge for himself in matters of taste, but we may say, very confidently, that no one who goes to the Isola Bella for the purpose of judging can fail to be, at any rate, charmed with a thousand things among its immediate surroundings. The



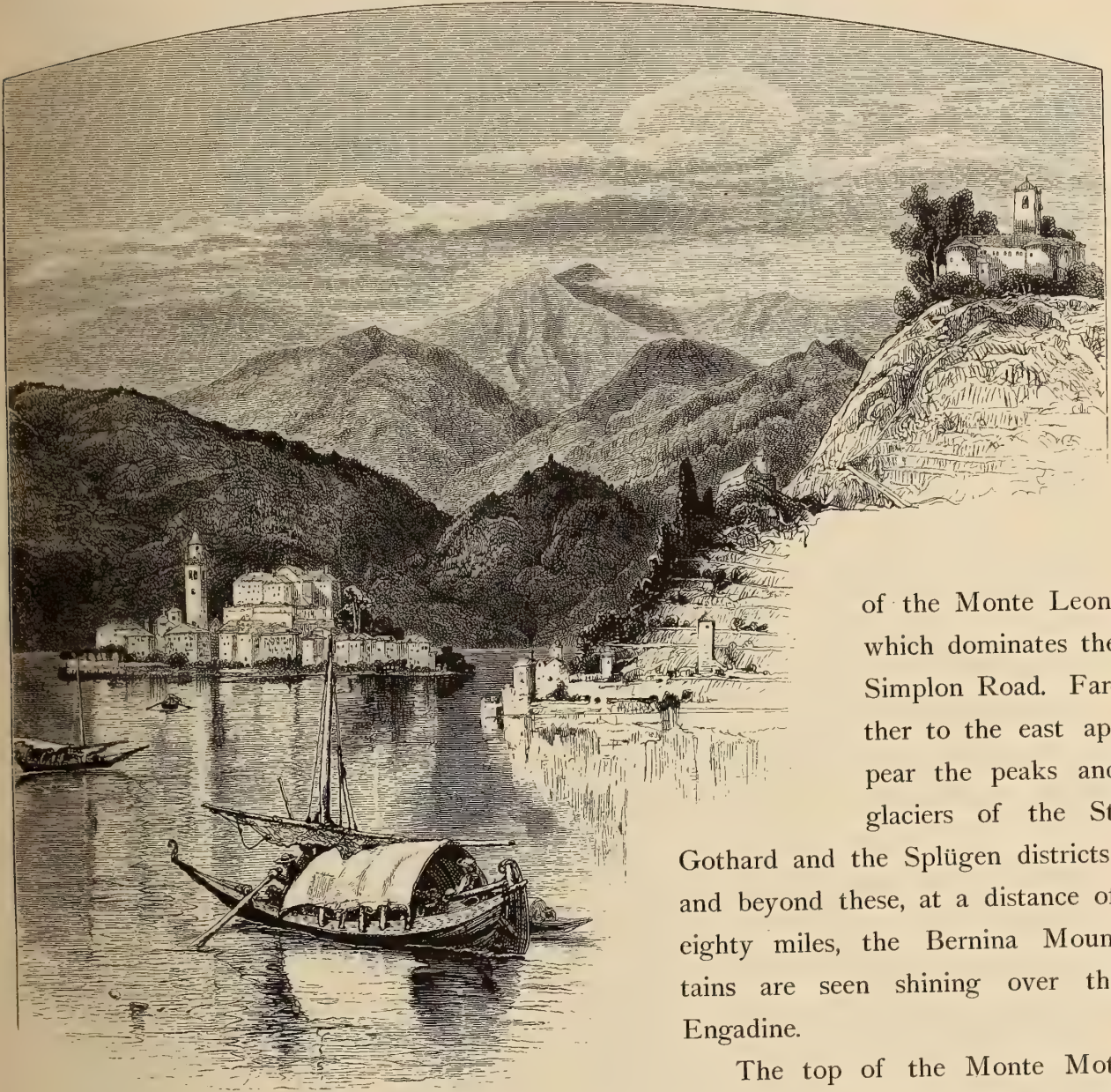
Pallanza, Lago Maggiore.

small Isola dei Pescatori is separated from it only by a narrow channel of shoal water, with a few projecting rocks; it is entirely occupied by fishermen, with their houses and church, which only leave sufficient open space for drying their nets: it is singularly humble in comparison with its luxurious and palatial neighbor; but, like many other humble things, it well deserves its place in a sketch-book.

To those who do not mind a little more trouble and fatigue than that of being leisurely rowed about in an awning-covered boat, the ascent of Monte Motterone—nearly five thousand feet above the sea—is the great object of ambition at Baveno; and it is difficult to imagine a more pleasant day's work, always supposing that the first part of the expedition should be accomplished in the cool hours of the morning. Donkeys are provided for those who like them, with rough women and girls to take care of them, and encourage them, when necessary, with hazel-rods; but the summit may be easily reached in less than four hours on foot. The path rises rapidly, and rather roughly, under the green shade of noble chestnut-trees, sometimes following and sometimes crossing little streams, with rocky beds, lined with ferns of luxuriant growth: among these the *Osmunda regalis* flourishes superbly, together with the *Lastræa oreopteris*, the "mountain-fern" of England; and, not to mention a great number of the more ordinary ferns, damp banks there are covered with the delicate fronds of the "marsh-fern," or *Lastræa thelypteris*. A small hamlet is passed among the woods, where the salutations of the natives to the donkey-women declare the habitation of the latter. The charm of this winding path is indescribable in the freshness of an Italian May: the brilliant green of the Spanish chestnuts and the oaks, their rough trunks rising among moss-covered rocks with grand bunches of ferns about their roots; the patches of open grass, studded with thousands of the sweet white narcissus, columbines, and campanulas; the peeps between the trees of the lake far below, the fair islands, and the hills beyond the shining blue water—all combine to enchant the senses.

The summit of this mountain commands what is, probably, the best view to be seen on the south side of the Alps. At our feet, on one side, is the beautiful lake of Orta, and the greater part of Maggiore is spread before us on the other side; in addition to which we look down upon the smaller lakes of Varese, Monate, and Camobbio. Beyond these extends the great plain of Lombardy, studded with towns and villages, with Milan in the centre, where the white and shining cathedral, though forty-five miles distant in a straight line, is perfectly visible on a fine day. The grandest feature of the scene, however, is the superb appearance of the great Monte Rosa, rising so high above the intervening mountains, and seeming so clear in all its details, that it is hard to believe that it is thirty miles away from us. No one who has only seen Monte Rosa from the Swiss side can have any notion of what a magnificent mountain it appears from the Italian side, where precipice upon precipice, alternating with apparently unapproachable slopes and gullies of snow, leads the eye

down toward the depths of Macugnaga and Alagna, ten thousand feet below. Turning northward from Monte Rosa, we see the snowy mountains round the Monte Moro Pass, the pure white summits of the Weissmies and Fletschhorn, and the sharp peak



Orta.

of the Monte Leon, which dominates the Simplon Road. Farther to the east appear the peaks and glaciers of the St. Gothard and the Splügen districts; and beyond these, at a distance of eighty miles, the Bernina Mountains are seen shining over the Engadine.

The top of the Monte Motterone, consisting of flowery turf, tempts one to linger forever in the

enjoyment of the glorious prospect; but the time comes for turning away, and we have our choice either to descend to Orta, or to return whence we came. The walk to Orta is a very charming one, and requires somewhat less than three hours, passing through forests of chestnut, and the region of rocks, down to the rich fields of millet and maize, the overhanging vines, the fig and the peach trees, which provide the abundant fruit for which Orta is justly famous in the early autumn. Whether it is decided to go by this way on foot, or to drive round by the high-road

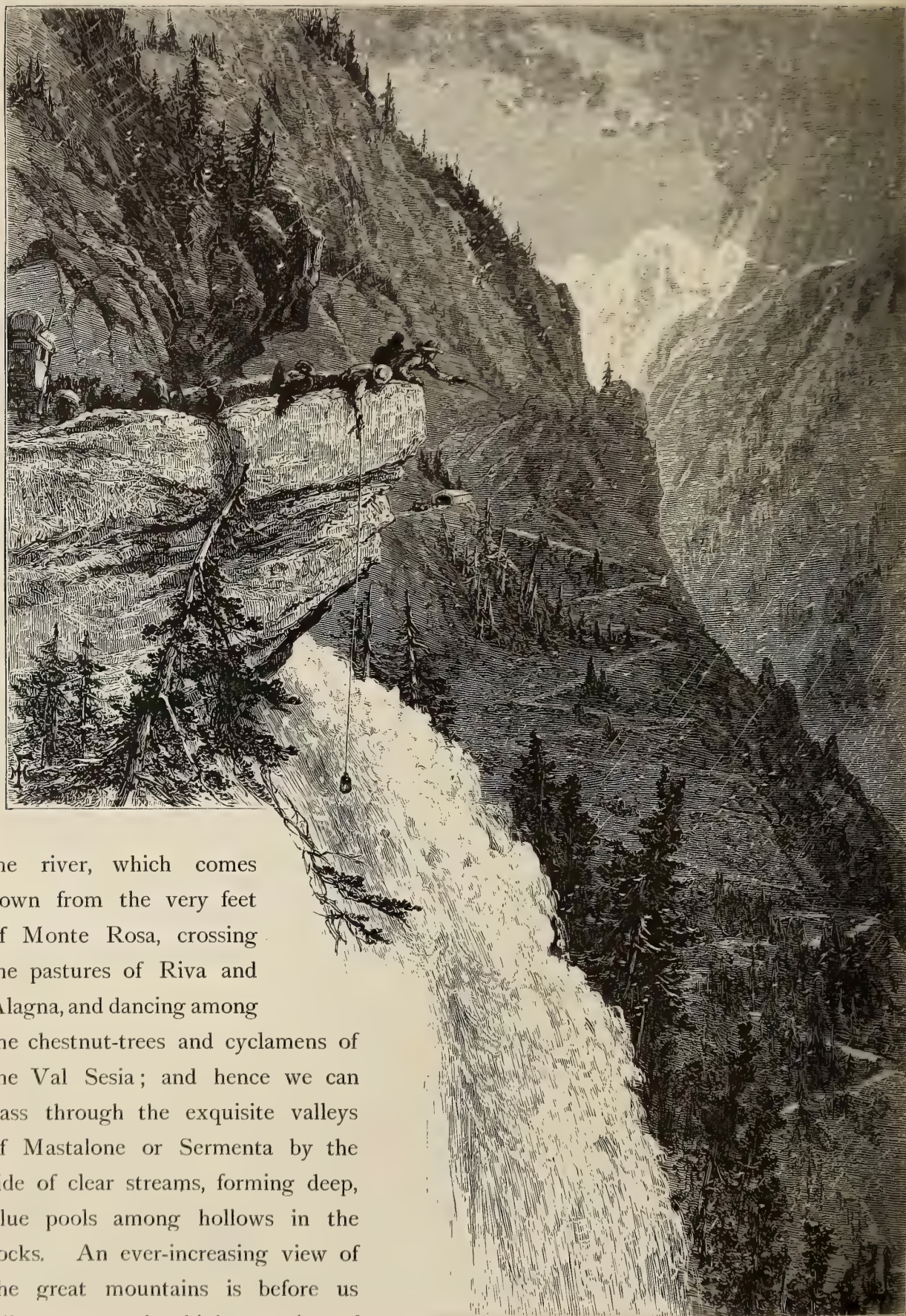


ISLAND OF SAN GIULIO, LAKE OF ORTA.

through Omegna, in either case the latter part of the road to Orta is the same. The meadows and orchards are, at the proper season, like sheets of snow, from the profusion of white narcissus; and here, under the vines, are specimens of *serapias*—a remarkable orchid of a deep brownish-red color—which is one of the ornaments of a very different kind of situation: the sandy woods and rocky retreats on the hills above Cannas and other places on the Riviera. Nothing is seen of the town till a sharp and hot corner, crowned with vineyards, is turned; where the long, emerald-green lizard, as well as other smaller species, may be seen sporting on the walls and sunny rocks. Then comes a villa, with gardens so full of flowers that they may almost be said to form a continuous nosegay; and the next moment we are in a quaint, old-fashioned street, so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass one another, at the end of which we pull up at the door of the old hotel San Giulio.

Immediately behind the town is a short walk up to a Monte Sacro, dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, and approached by twenty-two chapels, with terra-cotta figures, some of which are very cleverly executed. From this there is a perfect view of the enchanting lake, with its forest-clad hills and lofty mountains rising over bright hamlets and villages, which nestle about their sides. Five minutes are almost enough to take us in a boat to the chief gem of the district—the rocky island of San Giulio—which is as far superior to the cockney attractions of the Borromean Islands as it is possible to conceive. The church is of great interest and antiquity, and was built upon a spot made sacred by the retreat of San Giulio, in the fourth century. This saint appears to have rivaled the reputation of St. Patrick, by driving snakes out of the island, and his feats of this description are illustrated in bass-relief, upon a very curious and ancient stone pulpit. The vertebræ of a monstrous serpent, said to have been destroyed by him, are shown as a relic; but, unfortunately, they are only the bones of a whale! A visit to the island may be combined with crossing the lake to the opposite village of Pella, whence one of the most charming walks in the country leads in five hours, over the Col di Colma to Varallo. The path ascends steeply, amid the richest vegetation: figs, gourds, vines, and smaller fruit-trees, are followed by gigantic chestnuts and walnut-trees, and the way in some places passes among wild rocks and precipices of decomposing granite, shaded by trees, and decked with beautiful ferns. The top of the pass is a bushy common, with a widely-extended view of the lakes in one direction, and Monte Rosa in the other. The descent to the Varallo road is equally delightful—rich, park-like openings, alternating with grand trees and sombre ravines, till Val Sesia is reached at Rocco, about a mile from Varallo.

Varallo is not only renowned for its unequaled Monte Sacro, but it is a very focus of delights to the lover of a scenery which combines mountain and forest, river and rock, with all the charm of richness and warmth which connects itself in the memory with fruits and flowers in the land of “olive, aloe, and maize, and vine.” Hither dashes



the river, which comes down from the very feet of Monte Rosa, crossing the pastures of Riva and Alagna, and dancing among the chestnut-trees and cyclamens of the Val Sesia; and hence we can pass through the exquisite valleys of Mastalone or Sermenta by the side of clear streams, forming deep, blue pools among hollows in the rocks. An ever-increasing view of the great mountains is before us till we cross the highest point of the pass, and dive into the splen-

Splügen Pass. The Falls of the Maderino.

dors of the Val d'Anzasca, the head of which is closed in by the tremendous precipices and ice-slopes of Monte Rosa in its most perfect aspect.

We have, however, come to the end of our present subject. Which way shall we return? If we wish to go northward, there is the noble road of the Simplon to tempt us, and there is its rival in the St. Gothard; or shall we follow the example of the laureate, who, in the exquisite little poem from which the heading of this paper is taken, marks his course by saying—

“What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drew,
But ere we reached the highest summit
I plucked a daisy and gave it you.”

On the other hand, there is a strong temptation to go southward and follow Lago Maggiore to Arona, on the way to Milan, to stand on the cathedral-roof, and see from afar the glorious sunrise view of the great mountains, which shine so sublimely over the softer beauties of our favorite lakes. Then we may conclude, once more in the words of Tennyson, with—

“I climbed the roofs at break of day;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay:
I stood among the silent statues
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

“How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
With Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadow-penciled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air!”



Angera, from Arona.

THE PASSES OF THE ALPS.



The Grimsel Hospice.

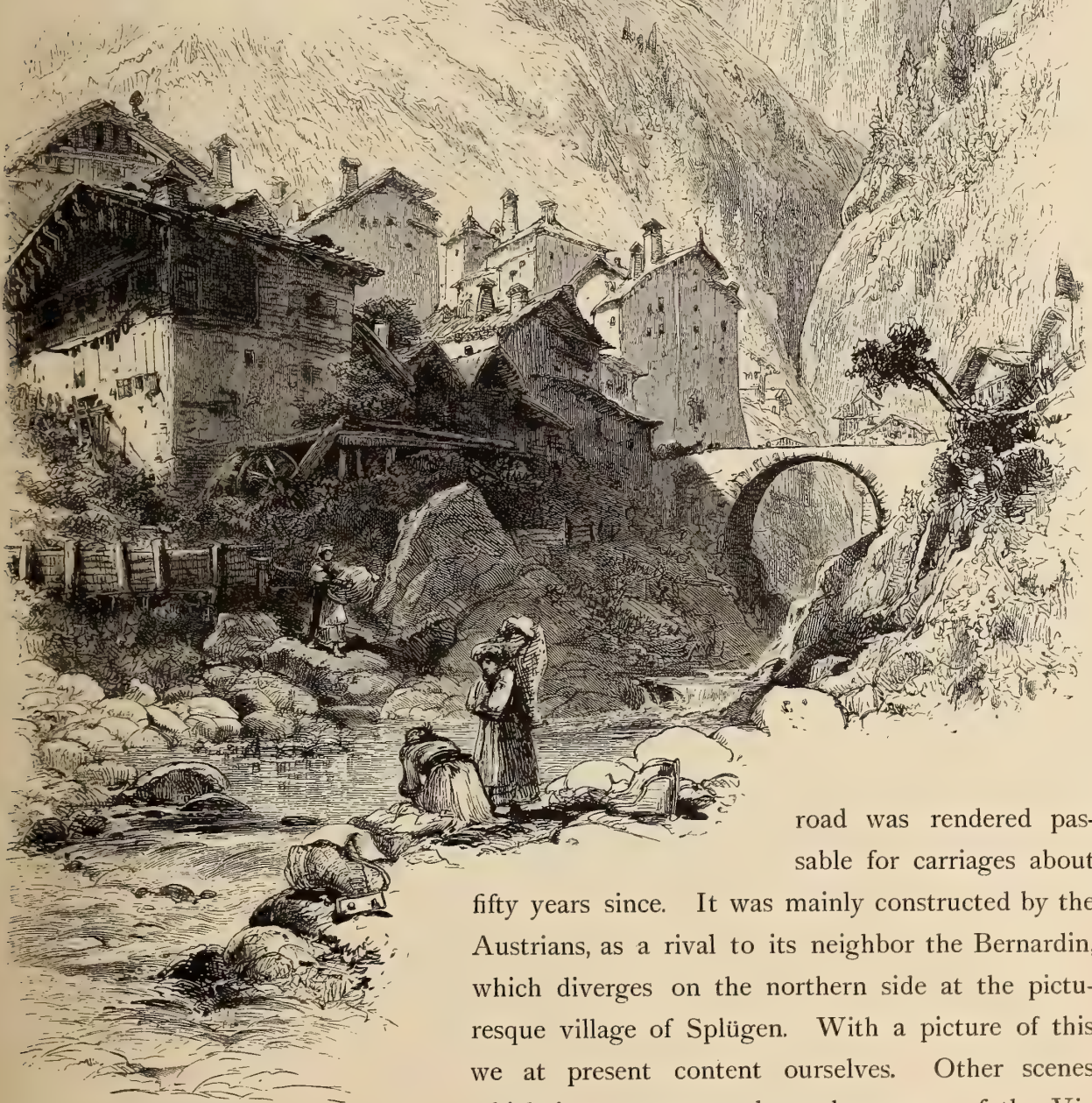
“**B**EHIND the mountains there are also people.” So says an old German proverb, bidding us not limit the range of our knowledge or sympathies by the barriers which environ our mental horizon. But that the end of the proverb may be accomplished, that folk may join hand with folk, there must be gateways in the rocky wall of division, passes through which not only the wild-goat can pick its way to pastures new, but the traveler can pace and the laden mule can tread in safety. Such there are in the Alps—some highways, for ages great, crossed now by broad roads, and in one case by the iron horse; others fitted only for baggage-mules, which plod in long strings up the winding paths; others, again, and these almost numberless, mere tracks, only to be followed on foot. Of these last there are hundreds,



The Bridge of "Gondo."

from the solitary passes sought only by the shepherd or the smuggler to those unmarked routes across crags, glaciers, and in the mountain recesses, which were formerly scarcely known to the hunter, but are now sought eagerly by the new generation of Alpine climbers. On these, however, we do not touch in this article. It is our task to cast a brief glance over some of the more noted highways and by-ways of the Alps.

Among the most famous is that lately mentioned in this work—the Splügen. This



Splügen.

road was rendered passable for carriages about fifty years since. It was mainly constructed by the Austrians, as a rival to its neighbor the Bernardino, which diverges on the northern side at the picturesque village of Splügen. With a picture of this we at present content ourselves. Other scenes which it traverses—such as the gorges of the Via

Mala and of the Cardinel, being among the finest of their kind in the Alps—will be given in another part of this book.

We turn from the valley of the Rhine to that of the Rhône. Among the many passes which lead from this in various directions, one of the most romantic is the far-famed Gemmi, which connects the old towns of Thun and of Sion. We will cross it from the former to the latter, from north to south—the direction which should always be selected by one who travels along it for the first time, because, on the whole, the most striking effects are thus obtained. We must pass rapidly up the fertile vale, from Thun to Frutigen, up the narrowing glen from that place to Kandersteg, where the mountains rise abruptly from the grassy meadows, and seem almost to bar the way. We can but mention now the grand waterfall hard by the village, and the glorious Oeschmen-See—that little lake which reflects the crags and glaciers of the Blümlis-Alp. Up through the pine-wood winds our path—up, steeply, laboriously; yet our toil is solaced by the blossom of the Alpine rose and the fragrance of the fir, by glances back through the clustering trees over the green basis of Kandersteg. Presently we emerge on a shelf upon the mountain-side, and glance down the cliff. Deep below us lies a narrow glen, inclosed by dark precipices, a guarded oasis in the heart of the mountains. This is the Gasteren that reached from the village, which we left below by a narrow and easily overlooked portal. Onward and upward we wander over the barer mountain-side in the keener mountain air, with the snow-clad peaks opening into view, as the pines become stunted, scattered, and scarce. There is the Altels, a mighty pyramid of snow; there the craggy Rinderhorn; there, half hidden, the loftier Balmhorn. Here among the tumbled boulders is the lonely hostel of the Schwarenbühl, where I spent one of the happiest sunny days of my life, all alone among the mountains, stretched on a great limestone block, and basking in the sunshine, with the cool breeze blowing the smoke of London from my lungs, and the cobwebs of worries from my brains. Now begins a wild and, if the mist be drifting across the plain, a dreary road: everywhere bare rock—here ice-worn sheets, in the crevices of which some blades of grass struggle for an existence; there vast piles of boulders, fallen from the encircling crags, or marking the ancient limits of diminished glaciers. Near the summit a sort of plateau is reached—the wildest spot of all; in its centre, by the road-side, is a dark, bleak tarn. It is fed from the glacier of the wild Nubel, which rises grimly beyond the southern end. It is drained by hidden crevices, so that it appears to have no outlet. The path then gradually ascends a grassy slope which bars the view in front. Suddenly the monotonous sky-line is interrupted by a white conical point rising over it, then another and another. We spring a step or two forward; and, as if by magic, the scene is changed. Far beneath our feet, cut off, as it seems, from us by impassable precipices, and nestling deep among the mountain-spurs, lie the green fields and woods of the valley of the Dala. It leads down toward

a deep trench, where slopes of rock and pine are bathed in a blue haze. This is the great valley of the Rhône, and beyond it, alp on alp, crag on crag, for many a mile, rise the glaciers and the peaks of the Pennine chain. It is as real a view as is seldom rivaled, scarcely ever surpassed, in any part of the Alps. The grandeur of the mountain-forms, the wonderful contrasts and varieties of outline, color, of cliff and slope, of verdure, and forest, make up a marvelous picture. That snowy cone is the Weisshorn; that cluster of glittering pyramids the Mischabelhörner.—Inconspicuous, modestly sheltering between these giant warders, is Monte Rosa, the queen of the Pennine Alps. Farther east that sharp pinnacle is the Matterhorn, and near it the more massive Dent Blanche; while, east and west of these, chains of humbler peaks stretch away for many a mile.



The North Side of the Gemmi.



THE PATH OVER THE GEMMI.

But, now—what becomes of the path? It seems to end abruptly on the verge of a precipice. To dream of descending that appears, at first sight, one of the questions for any but a chamois. But, as we glance hither and thither in bewilderment, we see a few yards of it, looped like a ribbon, over a crag far below. That, we think, looks too well kept to be anything but a part of our own track; so we boldly advance to the brink of the precipice. The path does get down, but how is not easy to describe. Twisting and bending, zigzag after zigzag, from crag to crag, and ledge to ledge, here scooped out of the rock, there built up with masonry, often only a few yards of it visible at a time, it at last reaches the comparatively easy slopes below, after a descent of about two thousand feet down what, from above or below, looks like an absolute precipice; yet, breakneck as the path seems, it is fairly wide and perfectly safe even to ride up—but a lady was killed about twenty years since in riding down. The only danger likely to occur is from such an incident as shown in our sketch, if some cockney lunatic take a fancy to experiment on the velocity acquired by falling rocks. As the laps of the path cross and recross again below, as these stones will soon acquire the dynamic energy of a cannon-ball, it is a question quite open to discussion whether the advancing traveler would not be justified in sending “our Mr. Jones and our Mr. Robinson” over the cliffs after them.

The village of Leuk, which during the descent has been seen lying far below like a collection of toy-houses set out on a green cloth, is a great bathing—one might almost say, stewing—place. Copious warm springs issue from the ground, which have been famous since at least the middle ages for their efficacy in cutaneous and scrofulous diseases. To obtain the benefit, prolonged immersion is necessary; so the patients literally lead an amphibious life, passing a large part of the day in the water, decorously clothed; so that the bath is a general assembly-room, where conversation goes on, coffee is drunk, cards played on floating tables—all the mild distractions of life indulged in, even to a little flirting. The air-walking public meanwhile look on from the gallery, and converse with their friends who are moving in a denser fluid.

The far-famed *Leitern* give, perhaps, the best idea of the general steepness of the mountain-side around the Baths of Leuk. A couple of miles down the valley is a huge limestone cliff, on the east bank of the river, on the fastness above which is a little village. The shortest way to this from Leuk is obviously up the cliff, and its most impracticable parts are surmounted by a series of ladders firmly pegged into the rock, up which, dizzy as the ascent seems, men, women, and children, often—as seen in the sketch, with heavy *Hotten* on back—pass and repass as calmly as if it were a flight of stairs.

We will now drop down the wide valley by the side of the Rhône till we come to Martigny, where the river bends sharp away to the northwest, and two famous mountain-roads converge—that to Italy by the Great St. Bernard, and that to

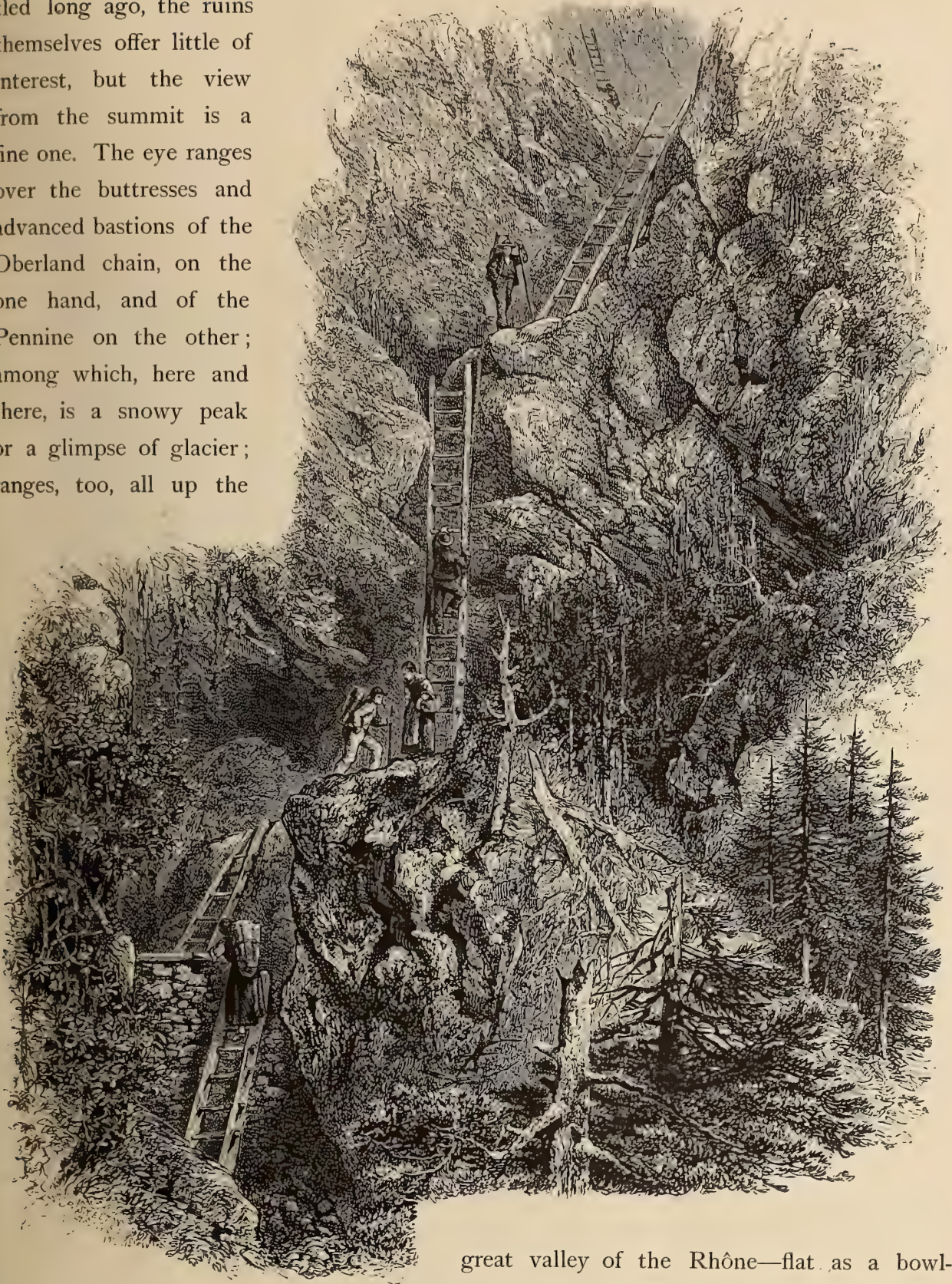


Chamouni by the Tête Noire. Martigny itself is not generally beloved by Alpine travelers; the air is hot and insalubrious; in former days its insect-plagues were vigorous, and the mosquito is not yet extinct. But across the Dranse, perched on an ice-worn knoll, commanding the town, is an old round tower, with a few out-works. Built some six centuries since, and disman-



The Gemmi, from Leuk.

tled long ago, the ruins themselves offer little of interest, but the view from the summit is a fine one. The eye ranges over the buttresses and advanced bastions of the Oberland chain, on the one hand, and of the Pennine on the other; among which, here and there, is a snowy peak or a glimpse of glacier; ranges, too, all up the



The Ladders of Leuk.

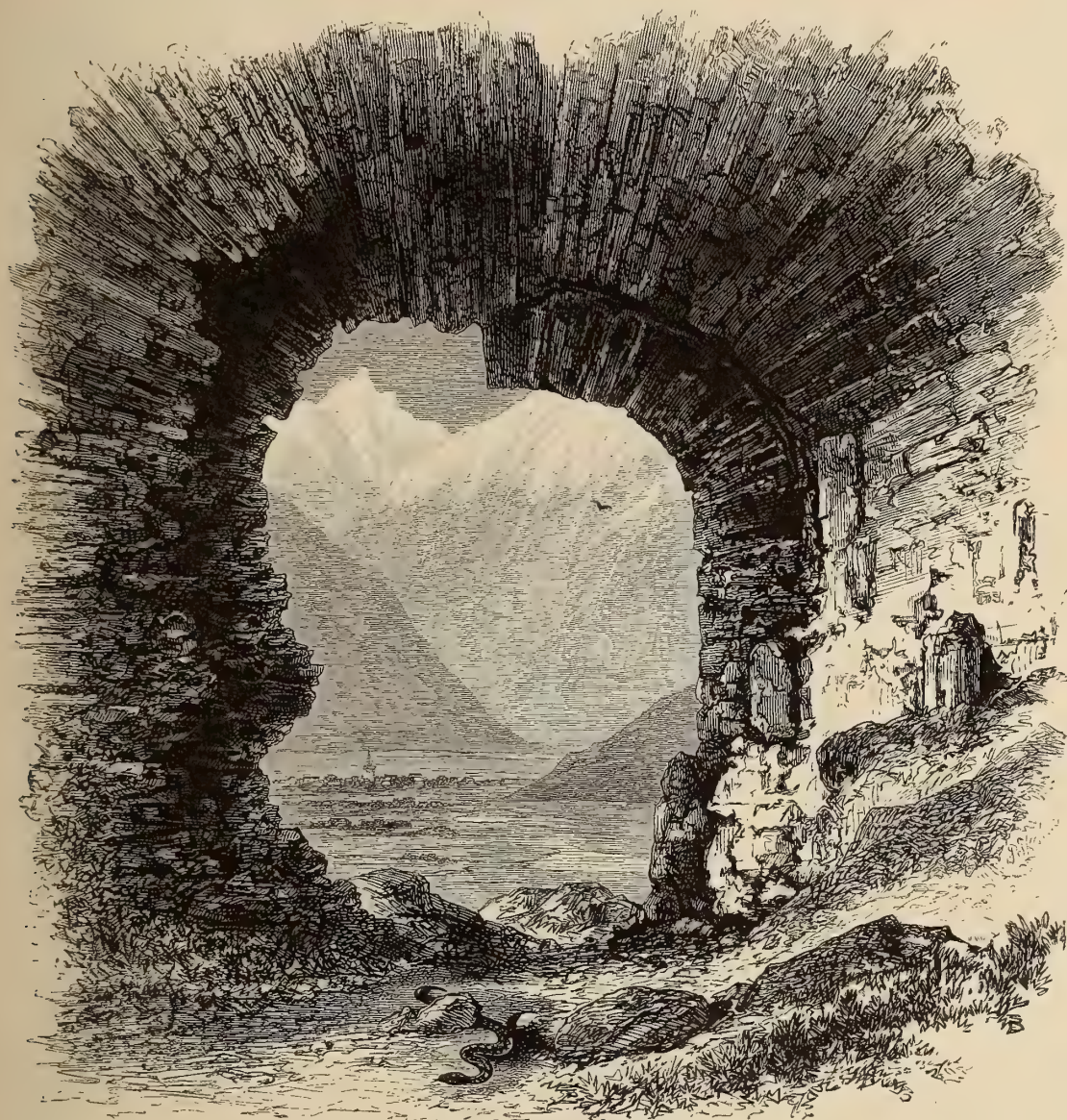
great valley of the Rhône—flat as a bowling-green and rich as a garden, except where the river petulantly strews it with pebbles—

to beyond the “castled crags” of Sion, of whose prince-bishops this castle was formerly an outpost.

Time was when only a single char-road led from Martigny up the valley of the Dranse; but now the traveler can drive to within a two hours' walk from the Hospice. Soon after quitting Martigny the highway enters a narrow glen by the side of the foaming Dranse. Here and there its sides open out a little, but generally they are steep and rocky, down to the very bed of the river. It must have been an awful sight that day, nearly sixty years ago, when the great flood came raging down—a vast torrent of black, muddy water—sweeping before it bridges and houses, laden with beams and boughs, with the spoil of the meadows and of the forest. The mischief was caused by the advance of a glacier in the upper part of the Val de Bagnes, which converted the plain above it into a lake. As this was sure to burst—for the same thing had happened before, and the ruin it had wrought still lingered in tradition—it was resolved to tap the lake by driving a tunnel through the ice. Rather less than half the water was thus removed in safety; then the dam, weakened by the friction of the current, suddenly gave way, and the remaining contents of the lake were discharged in a few moments. Not many lives were lost, because the inhabitants of the valley below had been warned of what might happen, but a great amount of property was destroyed. Leaving the entrance to this Val de Bagnes on our left, we mount, through scenery generally fine, to the little village of Orsières, high above which tower the western *aiguilles* of the Mont Blanc chain; then pass, through wilder glen and more elevated pastures, to Liddes, a typical mountain-village—street lumpy and bumpy, houses dark and stuffy, roofs large and overhanging, and spouts carefully projecting over the middle of the road. As the rain in an Alpine thunder-storm has not the “quality of mercy,” dodging the jets from these, as we drive through the narrow street in an open carriage, is a pastime more exciting than pleasant. I have tried it in these very villages—not very successfully. The snow-capped Vela frowns above the hamlet of St.-Pierre, where Napoleon halted for breakfast, an event still recorded on the sign of the village inn. On the churchyard-wall stands a Roman column, said to have once been placed on the summit of the pass.

The scenery now becomes much wilder as cultivation ceases. The old pines and larches for a while flourish vigorously among the fallen blocks, but they come gradually to an end before the little stony plain is reached—the Cantine de Proz—which is, or was, not so long ago, the last point to which a carriage could be taken. Here begins the mule-path, and the steeper part of the ascent; here, too, in the winter-time begins the most dangerous part of the pass: the bitter wind—which only those who have felt it can appreciate—chills to the bone the belated traveler; the *tourmente* blinds his eyes with its whirling snow-flakes; the avalanche thunders down the slopes, destruction in its path. Many a one who has striven to pass these frozen heights—notwithstanding all the efforts of the monks of the monastery—has sunk down among the drifts in the sleep which knows no waking, or has found a speedy death and a winter's grave in the cataract of snow.

The Hospice itself is on the northern end of the little plain which forms the summit of the pass. It is a plain, massive building of modern date. In this home of the storm, a fortress is a better model than an abbey for the dwelling of the brethren. Bleak and dreary as the place seems outside, with a gloomy tarn hard by, and bare, snow-streaked mountains all around, and the precipices of the Vela towering in the background, there is a warm reception and a hearty welcome within, as all



Tower at Martigny.

who have passed that way know well. In thinking of the men who devote themselves to the life here, differences of creed are forgotten in respectful admiration. They know themselves doomed to an early death or a crippled age, yet here there are the poor to be fed and lives to be saved, and they devote themselves unrepiningly and unflinchingly to the work.

The pass, as I said, is chiefly remarkable for its dreariness—that is generally the



HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

case with those of this elevation, rather more than eight thousand feet above the sea; where the surrounding mountains are high enough to exclude distant views, but not generally enough to support extensive glaciers. Still, the pass is full of interest. It has been a highway of nations, though a narrow one; from very early times Celtic tribes came here and worshiped, as some think, while the Roman people only formed one of several states in Italy. In due course their conquering legions scaled these heights, and coins, and some fragments of a temple and of a road, attest that they did more than pass by. One of their generals, Cecina, marched an army of thirty thousand men across in the month of February, A. D. 59. In later days, Ostrogoths, Franks, Burgundians, Lombards, Normans, and even Saracens, crossed and recrossed on their errands of destruction; but the most illustrious names associated with the passage are those of Charlemagne and the first Napoleon. The latter did not cross on a prancing charger, as a painter, even more unveracious than is common, represents him, but on a quiet mule. Had he attempted the expedition thus, the national debt of England would probably have been much smaller than it is.

The founder of the Hospice was Bernard of Menthon, afterward St. Bernard, on whose romantic history we cannot now dwell. After laboring some years at Aosta, he devoted himself to mission-work among the mountain-tribes, who appear to have then been heathens. His efforts were successful; the worship of the Pennine Jupiter was replaced by the faith of Christendom, and a church was built near the ancient temple. Bernard himself died in the year 1008; the convent was at first placed under the protection of St. Nicolas of Myra, but has borne the name of its founder for seven centuries and a half. It has for long been in possession of the Augustinian order.

From the barren heights of the Great St. Bernard, we can descend in a few hours to the vine-clad slopes of the valley of Aosta. Here we might well linger long about the Roman and mediæval ruins of its most interesting city, but time forbids us—as it does so many other travelers—to wander farther south; so we will turn our faces northward, and once more descend to Martigny. Hence we follow the many zigzags of a new road which leads up the wooded slopes overlooking the town to the Col de la Forclaz. Halt here for a little, if the day be fine, and glance back over the long extent of the valley of the Rhône, as it stretches out from beneath your feet, and the grand panorama of the more distant Oberland mountains. Here is the frontier of France; this is the margin of those “*versants Français*” which were the price paid by Italy to her disinterested ally after the War of 1859. Geographically, however, we are still in Switzerland; for all that we have done is to cross a sort of spur from one tributary of the Rhône to another. The glen of the Trient, which we have now entered, is rich in scenery of the grandest kind. It is unusually deep and narrow, hemmed in by huge craggy peaks, whose lower slopes are densely clothed with forest, and loftier pinnacles are streaked with snow. The torrent, swollen by the drainage



GLEN OF THE TRIENT.

of the Glacier de Trient—the last effluence on the northeast of the snows of the Mont Blanc chain—soars along, often far below the road, among gigantic boulders. The sketch gives a good idea of the general character of the scenery of this glen; it shows a narrow, pathless ravine, whose dark crags and pine-clad steeps almost shut out the sky, with a foaming torrent leaping down from step to step, and block to block—and yet the wild grandeur of the scene is softened by the wealth of vegetation. Instead of turning, as we have come, over the Col de la Forclaz, it is possible to follow the stream down to its confluence with the Rhône; or, to speak more correctly, the valley, for the stream at last, after carving its way deeper and deeper into the rock, plunges into a profound gorge, and is lost to view. When the traveler, after many a twist of the winding path down the rocky slope, at last reaches the bed of the Rhône Valley, he finds the Trient again issuing from between the walls of a deep cleft, which it has sawn in the mountain-side. This part of the gorge—perhaps the grandest in all the Alps—is now accessible for some distance. A sort of platform, or hanging footway, has been constructed against the side of the gorge some little distance above the water, along which the traveler can walk in perfect safety, and admire the immense precipices that rise sheer above his head, so as almost to exclude the light of heaven.

But we must return and pursue our course along the valley toward Chamouni. We pass the humble village of Trient, with its great glacier gleaming above, and at last reach the crowning beauty of the scenery at the far-famed Tête Noire. Here the pine-clad slopes are of extraordinary steepness, and a huge, craggy buttress almost bars the valley; the road is scooped out of the rock, and at last, as if impatient of the delay, pierces its way through the obstacle. The over-arching rock, the dark crags, with their bordering of wild-flowers and brushwood, the sombre depth of the precipices beneath, and the “serried armies” of pines that clothe the slopes, the contrasts of colors produced in every part of the glen, from the gleaming torrent below to the blue sky above, by the purple shadows here, and the glancing sunbeams there, make up a picture which will long be vivid in the memory.

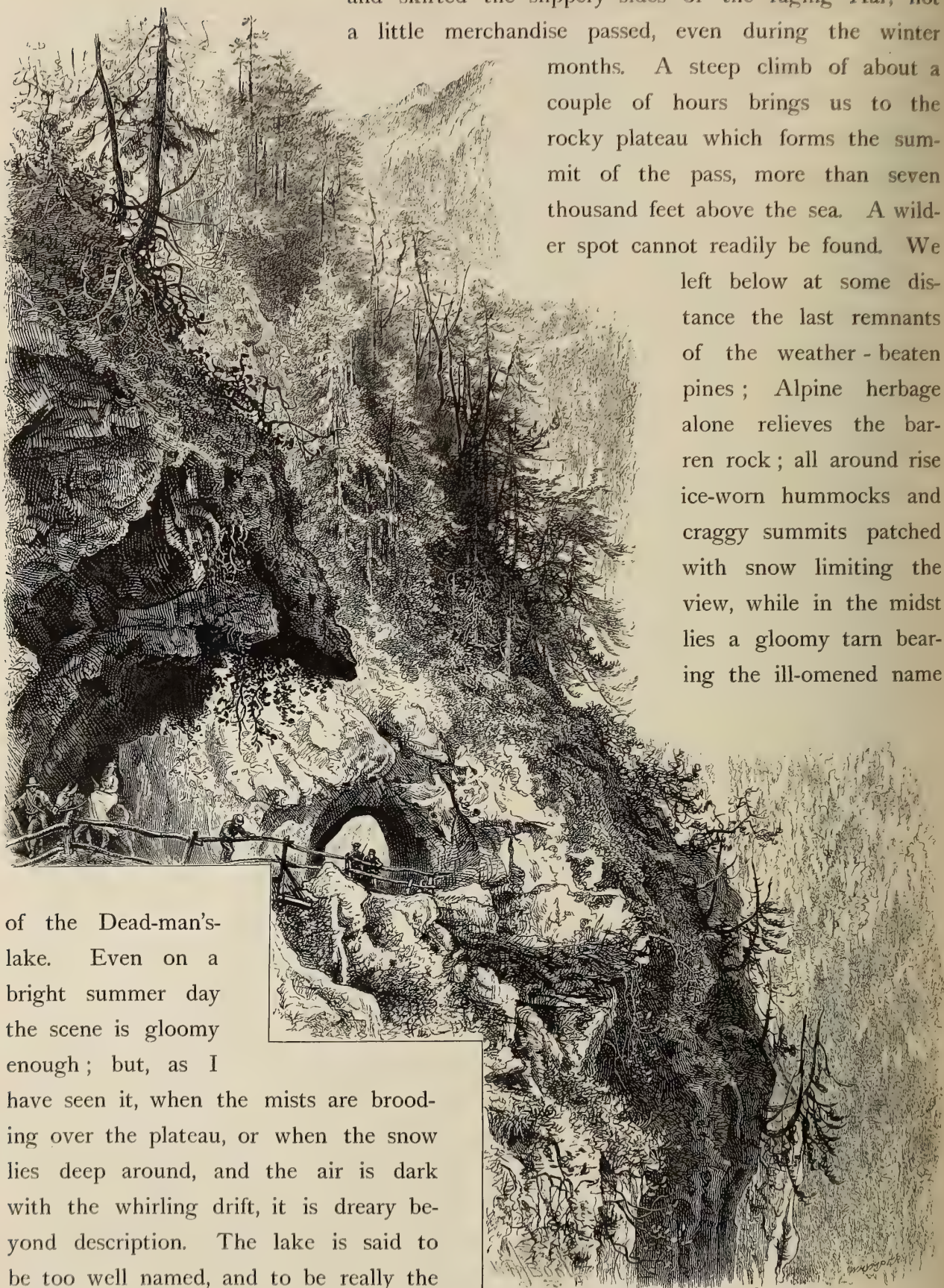
Chamouni must be left for another part of this work, so we turn aside now from the Pennine to the Bernese Alps. It is many a mile of valley plain, many a mile of winding road between slopes and crags and distant glaciers, before the end of the long furrow between these two mountain-chains is reached, and we arrive at the foot of the great glacier of the Rhône. Here, by the side of its icy crags, the main road mounts to cross the lofty ridge of the Furka, and descends into a district which we shall presently visit. A narrower track, however, turns aside almost at the foot of the glacier, and mounts the steep northern bank of the valley. This for centuries was almost the only communication for many a mile between the cantons of Berne and Valais; and along the narrow, dizzy track that threaded the precipitous ravines,

and skirted the slippery sides of the raging Aar, not a little merchandise passed, even during the winter months. A steep climb of about a couple of hours brings us to the rocky plateau which forms the summit of the pass, more than seven thousand feet above the sea. A wilder spot cannot readily be found. We

left below at some distance the last remnants of the weather-beaten pines; Alpine herbage alone relieves the barren rock; all around rise ice-worn hummocks and craggy summits patched with snow limiting the view, while in the midst lies a gloomy tarn bearing the ill-omened name

of the Dead-man's-lake. Even on a bright summer day the scene is gloomy enough; but, as I

have seen it, when the mists are brooding over the plateau, or when the snow lies deep around, and the air is dark with the whirling drift, it is dreary beyond description. The lake is said to be too well named, and to be really the tomb where the bodies of not a few French and Austrian soldiers are en-



On the Tête Noire.

gulfed. Be this as it may, there was some sharp fighting all around its shores one day in the campaign of 1799. The pass of the Grimsel, with the head of the Rhône Valley, was the possession of the Austrians, who were being threatened on three sides by the French—up the valleys of the Rhône, the Recess, and the Aar. While one body of the enemy made a false attack up the last, another was conducted by a peasant of Guttanen—a village a few miles down the valley—by a pathless route, almost over glaciers, high above the right bank of the river. Suddenly, while the Austrians on the Grimsel plateau were engaged with the advancing French, shots were heard from above their right flank, and a new body of enemies debouched from the crags commanding the plateau. Before long, as might be expected, the Austrians were making their way with more haste than dignity down the path which we have just ascended, and in a few days entirely lost their hold on that part of the country.

But we must now see the valley of the Aar, for all this time the inequalities of the plateau have allowed us to do no more than to conjecture where it is. Follow the track a short distance beyond the Dead-man's-lake, and the scene is changed almost in a moment—changed, though not to one more smiling; we are on the brink of a huge, rocky caldron. The smooth, ice-worn rock plunges precipitously down for some seven hundred feet to a little lake which lies among sheets of polished rock and streaks of herbage. By its side is a massive building of gray stone; this is the Grimsel Hospice, not much less famous, though of very different character from the St. Bernard. Yet higher, yet smoother cliffs rise all around; and the entrance and exit of the Aar are so inconspicuous that what is really only a sharp bend in the valley looks like an inclosed caldron or crater of rock. The descent, indeed, is not so steep as at the Gemmi, nor is the drop so long, but for wildness and dreariness it would be hard to find an equal.

The sketch (page 134) is taken from the base of the great cliffs on the eastern side of the lake. Up the valley are seen some of the snowy peaks of the Oberland. The path of which we have spoken crosses the base of the slopes on the left, and behind that knoll of rock on the right the Aar escapes. The lake and snow gleam coldly in the moonlight, but there is a warmer promise in the lighted chambers of the old Hospice. Once a religious foundation, it is now an ordinary inn, though with certain conditions of tenure. It has had its full share of mishaps. The Austrians destroyed it in 1799; an avalanche crushed in the roof some forty years later; and its landlord set it on fire in 1852. Dreary in summer, it must be desolate as an arctic valley in winter, when the snow lies deep around, and avalanches thunder against its walls, sometimes almost burying the house in their *débris*. Still, even in the depth of winter, it is not wholly deserted, for the pass is crossed from time to time in favorable weather.

From the Hospice to the Handeck Falls is as wild and desolate as is the region above. The Aar rushes foaming down a narrow glen, and the path crosses and recrosses



FALLS OF THE AAR AT HANDECK.

by rude bridges, which used not to be too well defended. Ice-worn rocks are all around, forming smooth and slippery slopes, across which the road is notched out. One of these, the Hölleplatte, sometimes requires care, and was formerly considered unsafe for mounted travelers. Only two chalets are passed in the descent; there is a barren stony meadow, which, like the Aceldama, was once the wages of iniquity, being bestowed by the French general on the peasant who guided his troops across the Nägelis Grätli to attack the Austrians in the pass. For this service his country was not duly grateful, and on the decline of Napoleon's power resumed the gift, being so unappreciative of the blessings which they had enjoyed from their fellow-republican as to call the poor fellow a traitor to his country.

Before reaching Handeck, trees begin to show again, and the valley loses to some extent its almost arctic sterility. Near the fall itself there is a complete change, and the forest-region is again entered. The cascade is for savage grandeur inferior to none in the Alps. The torrent leaps down some two hundred feet into a ravine in the crystalline rocks, plunging into a gulf so narrow that the light of day scarcely penetrates to the bottom. From the misty depths a cloud of spray comes steaming up, almost hiding the raging water below, while to enhance the sharpness and confusion of the scene, a second smaller torrent leaps from one side of the same ravine, and mingles its waters with those of the Aar before they reach the bottom.

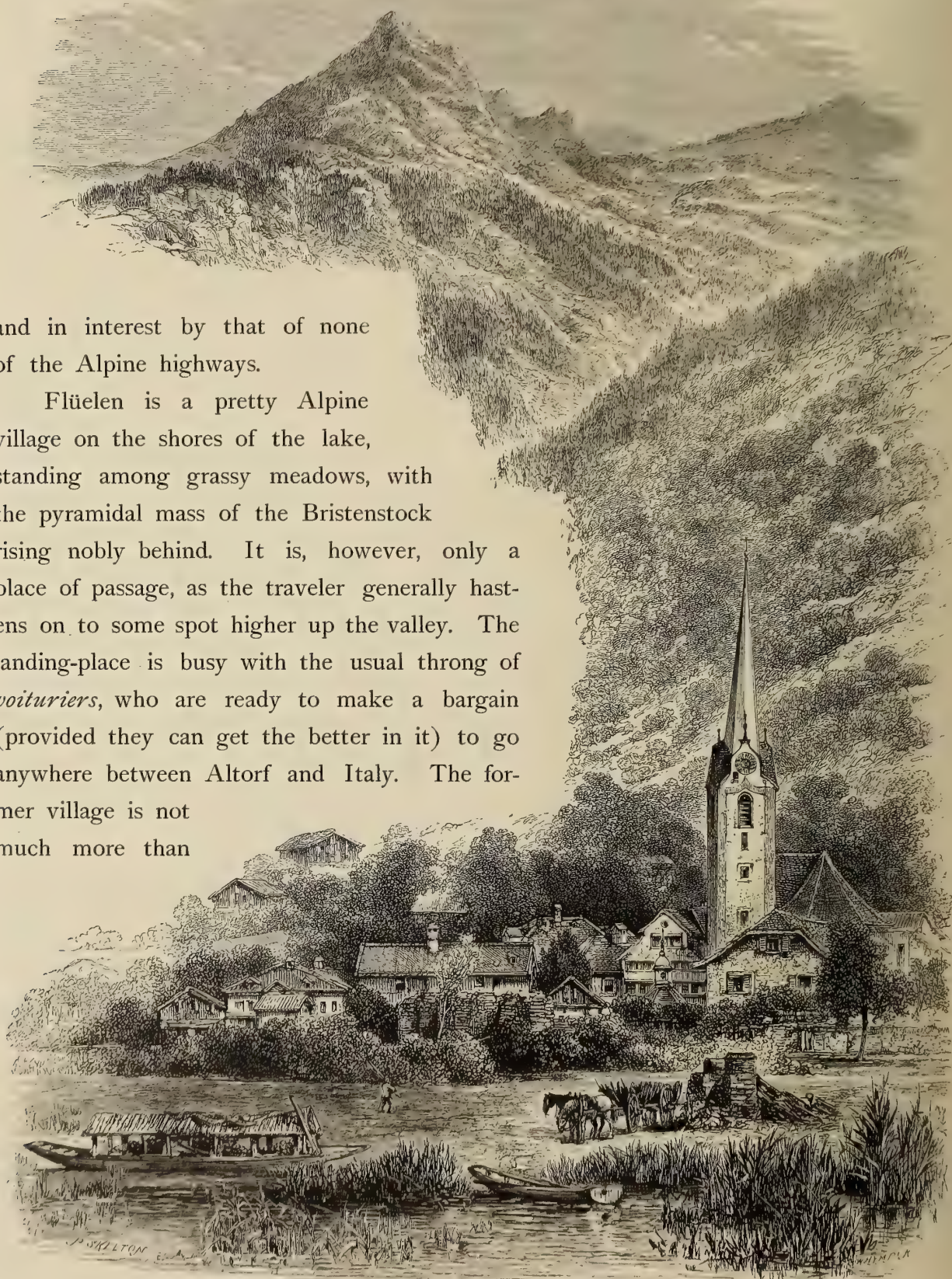
From this spot the descent to the lake of Brienz is through scenery which, though still very grand, is almost smiling compared with that through which we have passed above. The valley of Hasli is of repute for the physical vigor of its inhabitants, and especially for their prowess in wrestling; their struggle with Nature is generally a hard one, but this seems to invigorate rather than exhaust them. We must, however, now pass away from the district, leaving the famous gorge of the Kirchet, and the cascades of the Reichenbach, the glories of the lower valley, to seek other scenes among the passes of the Alps.

The carriage-road of the Brunig, safe and easy but less interesting than most of those in Switzerland, conducts us from the head of the lake of Brienz to the shore of the lake of Lucerne, beneath the shadow of legendary Pilatus. Hence the steam-boat takes us at our ease through the varied scenes of the different bays of this irregular lake, and by localities classic in the history of Switzerland, to its upper end, where, at Flüelen, the carriage-road to the St. Gothard Pass begins. Till quite recently the only communication between this village and other spots on the shore of the lake was by water or by narrow tracks, impassable for wheels; but now a magnificent road has been constructed along the eastern shore of the lake, to connect the valleys of the Reuss and the Muotta. That up the former of these valleys to the St. Gothard Pass dates from a very early time, but the road was only adapted for small vehicles, till in the third decade of our century the present highway was constructed. It is

a remarkable monument of engineering skill, and of the energy and public spirit of some of the poorest districts in Switzerland, while its scenery is surpassed in grandeur

and in interest by that of none of the Alpine highways.

Flüelen is a pretty Alpine village on the shores of the lake, standing among grassy meadows, with the pyramidal mass of the Bristenstock rising nobly behind. It is, however, only a place of passage, as the traveler generally hastens on to some spot higher up the valley. The landing-place is busy with the usual throng of *voituriers*, who are ready to make a bargain (provided they can get the better in it) to go anywhere between Altorf and Italy. The former village is not much more than



The Village of Flüelen.

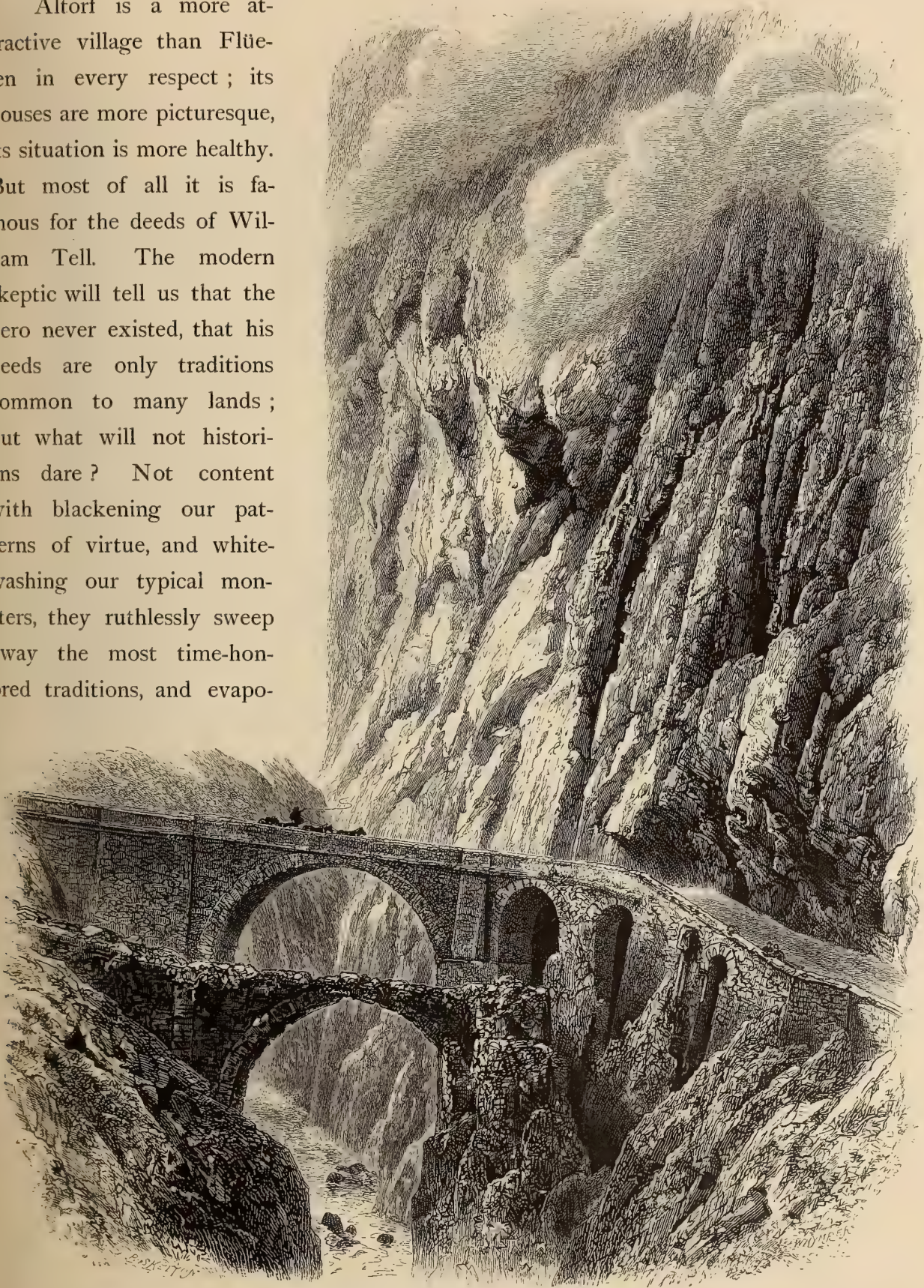


Wespenthal.

1872. OTTOKAR FASS, KARL F. A. V. 1872.

a mile off on a dusty road, along which in a few minutes a series of clouds on a bright summer day will seem to be traveling in hot pursuit one of another.

Altorf is a more attractive village than Flüelen in every respect; its houses are more picturesque, its situation is more healthy. But most of all it is famous for the deeds of William Tell. The modern skeptic will tell us that the hero never existed, that his deeds are only traditions common to many lands; but what will not historians dare? Not content with blackening our patterns of virtue, and whitewashing our typical monsters, they ruthlessly sweep away the most time-honored traditions, and evapo-



The Devil's Bridge, on the St. Gothard Road.

rate the heroes of old into the nebulous embodiments of solar myths. But have we not seen the rock where Tell sprang ashore during the storm; the "hollow way" where his arrow pierced the tyrant's heart; was he not born hard by, in Bürglen; is there not here in Altorf a tower, and a fountain besides, to mark the spot where the archer and his little son took their stand? So here, at any rate, we will imitate the good folk of this town, who burned by the hangman's hand the book of the skeptic, and will honor the memory of the liberator of Switzerland.

Pass on now as the valley narrows; by Amsteg, where the torrent enters from the glacier-guarded recesses of the Maderaner Thal; on beneath the base of the giant Bristenstock, where the Reuss roars along amid huge boulders and the *débris* of avalanches; through wild defiles, whose cliffs now echo back the clank of hammer and thunder of mine, as workmen prepare the way, and ruin the scenery, for the iron-horse. We pass the mouth of the great tunnel, the rival of that through the Cenis Alps, where the trains will one day commence or end their more than nine miles' journey underground. It is a relief when this place is left behind, and the carriage-road alone interferes with the solitary grandeur of the scene. The glen becomes wilder and bleaker, the cliffs loftier and steeper, till we see in front the far-famed Devil's Bridge, spanning the foaming torrent. That solitary, slight, and unguarded arch, though seventy feet above the torrent, and hardly more than three yards wide, was for generations the only means of passage over the dangerous ravine. No wonder the evil-one was credited with so difficult a feat of architecture. Now it is deserted for a wider and stronger new bridge; so the weeds grow thick upon its stones, its pathway is dappled by the white cups of the "Parnassus grass," and the purple spikes of the monk's-hood. Seventy years ago there was wild work in the glen, as the Austrians and Russians and French struggled for possession of the valley of the Reuss. The first-named blew up one of the side-arches and cut the road when hard pressed by the advancing French; these, again, when retreating before the troops of Suvaroff, made a desperate stand at the chasm. Many of the Russians, it is said, were actually forced into the raging torrent beneath by their own troops as they pressed on to the attack; the rocks echoed with the rattle of musketry and the cries of the combatants, till at last the passage was won, and the enemy driven down toward the lake.

A little above the Devil's Bridge is another spot famous in these wars—the Urner Loch, or Cave of Uri—a tunnel driven through the rock at the beginning of the last century, in order to avoid the slippery, dangerous cornice where, in the drip of cascades, the track was carried right above the torrent on a wooden scaffolding. The tunnel was, of course, considerably enlarged when the new road was made, and it would now be a much more difficult task to block it up with rocks, as the French did on the occasion of their retreat from before the Russians.

The change on leaving the Urner Loch is magical. We entered it in one of

the narrowest, wildest ravines in the whole of the Alps; we emerge on a level, grassy basin, inclosed, it is true, by snow-streaked mountains, but a smiling oasis in comparison with the rocky desert below. The grass is green and deep in the meadows, one or



Tunnel on the St. Gothard Road, near Andermatt.

two groves of pines yet linger on the lower slopes, and above them the mountain-pastures stretch upward for a thousand feet or more. Close at hand is Andermatt, a brisk little village; barely

half an hour's walk away, across the level plain, the church and houses of Hospenthal are clustered around a rocky knoll, which is crowned by a massive Lombard tower; a picturesque group, which has won the attention of many a wandering artist—Turner himself, among others. Standing as it does at the foot of the St. Gothard, with the



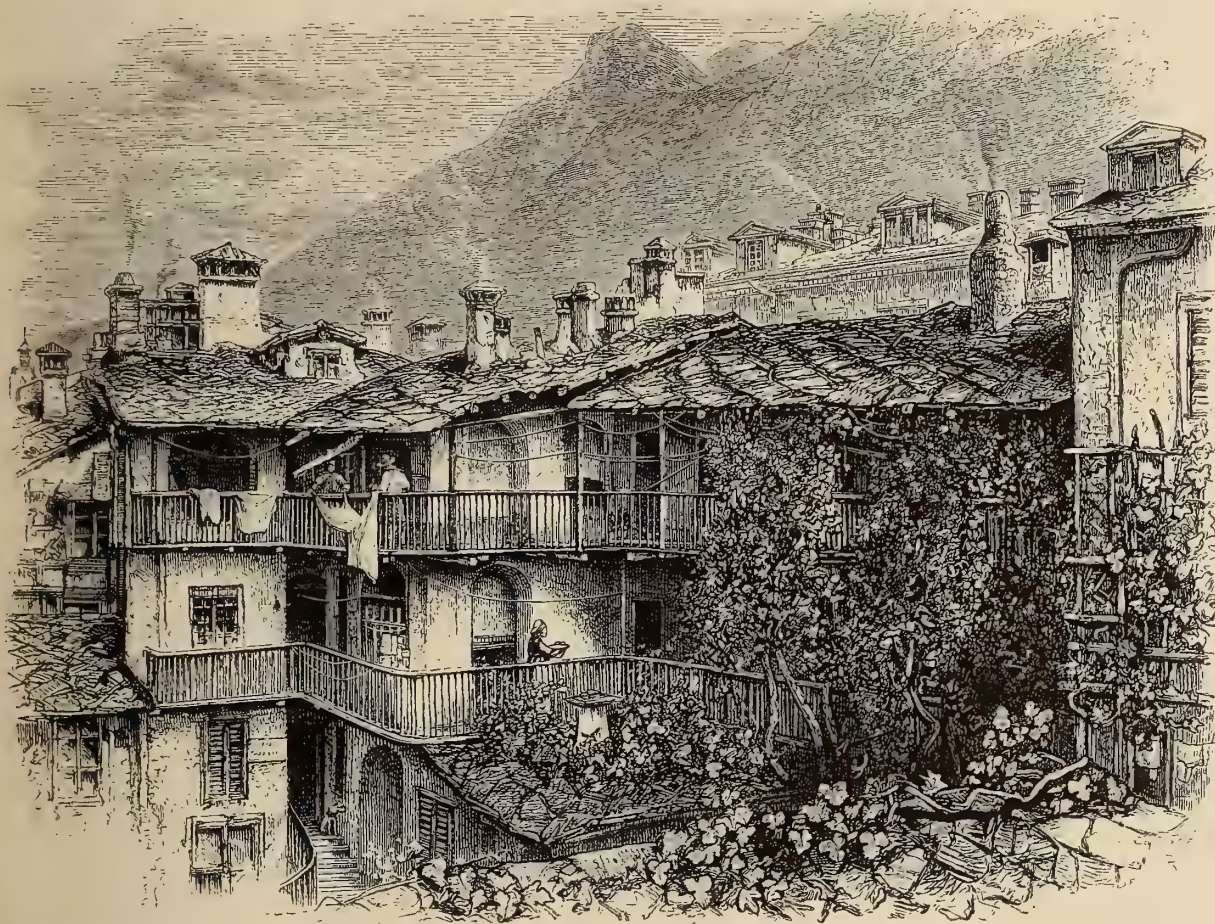
St.-Michel, Mont Cenis Road.

road to the Furka on one side, and not far from that to the Oberalp Pass on the other, it has from a very early time been a place of importance, as its ruined castle still attests. The St. Gothard road zigzags up the steep slopes behind the village to gain the bleak plateau, over which lies the historic route to the smiling valley of the Ticino, and the shores of the Lago Maggiore.

The Simplon is the best known of all the passes, chiefly because Napoleon I. gave it the first macadamized road across the Alps. This great highway was completed in 1806, at a cost of three million five hundred thousand dollars, and is still kept in the most admirable condition. The grandest scenery of the Simplon Pass is to be found on the Italian side. The ascent from Brieg is tame compared with the northern sides of the Splügen and St. Gothard—only on approaching the summit a magnificent

panorama of the Bernese Oberland is revealed. In summer the top of the pass is warm and sunny, and the pastures around the Hospice are covered with herds of cattle

and goats; but the two superb peaks of Monte Leone and the Fletschhorn lift their tremendous glaciers far into the sky. After passing the village of Simplon, the wonders of the road commence. For several miles the descent is through a deep cleft in the heart of the mountains, forever noisy with the sound of cataracts; the tunnels and galleries of Algaby and Gondo pierce the rock, and numerous bold bridges span the lateral ravines; all is desolation, until the gorge suddenly opens upon the green valley of Iselle, which is Italian soil. The first true picture of Italy, however, awaits the traveler a little farther on, at a point where he overlooks the valley of Domo d'Ossola.



Inn at La Torre.

Thence it is but a drive of two or three hours to Baveno, on the borders of the beautiful Lago Maggiore, where, over a stretch of emerald water, rise the fairy terraces of Isola Bella.

Thus ends our notice of the Alpine passes; these sketches may suffice to give some idea of their general characteristics. Space has obliged us to pass by many a spot over which we would gladly have lingered; but, where all are beautiful, how can one help leaving some neglected? Still, our notice would hardly be complete without a scene or two from the picturesque villages by which the routes pass. We will therefore



ISOLA BELLA, LAGO MAGGIORE.

select two of these, on passes not hitherto mentioned: one from La Torre, at the opening of the smiling Val di Luserna, a valley among the most lovely in all that magnificent but rarely-visited Viso district, a land full of historic memories of the Rentrée Glorieuse, and of the

“ . . . slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold; ”

the other from the Mont Cenis Pass—the first, in all probability, named in history—the first, also, to be crossed by a locomotive and be traversed by a railway.

These southern villages are, I think, rather more attractive to the artist than those farther north. The quaint chimneys, the long balconies, the projecting eaves, are picturesque features in themselves, while the trailing vines and arched *loggie* suggest that the sun can shine brightly here, and that shade may be welcome during the summer noon; they indicate that the luxuriance of an Italian vegetation will be united here with the grandeur of Alpine summits. True, the houses are dirty, dilapidated, suggestive of anything but comfort; yet what a picturesque group they make, with all those tumble-down balconies, those odds and ends of windows, no two alike, those pointed, pyramid-like roofs, and those great buttresses propping up the walls to tell us how the torrent rages and foams in its rocky bed below, when the south wind is melting the winter snow, or the tempest has broken on the mountains!

THE CORNICE ROAD.



At Monte Carlo, Monaco.

"SUBLIME, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there;
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vale between,
They lightly rise,
And seek the skies. . . .
Looks out the white-walled cottage here,
The lowly chapel rises near;

Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach,
While chestnut green and olive gray
Checker the steep and winding way."

SUCH are the lines in which the author of "Philip van Artevelde" describes the scenery of the Italian lakes; but they are equally applicable to the country



HENRY FENN PINK

Huntingford on the Corner Road

through which we are about to conduct our readers—where the marble mountains slope down precipitously to the sea, and the mingled variety of every-colored foliage is set off against the deep blue of the Mediterranean. The Cornice Road, as its name implies, is a mere ledge cut out of the steep mountain-side; once it was only a mule-path, and in those days—not so very long ago—it required strong nerves and a steady head to brave its terrors and explore its beauties. The narrow path now hung over a precipitous cliff, now crept along the shore, was now in danger of being swept by the waves beneath, now liable to be crushed by the falling stones above. A litter carried by porters was perhaps more trustworthy, though less comfortable, than an animal. Travelers had a right to enlarge on the unsurpassed loveliness of an obscure strip of country which they had sacrificed so much to see. This was altered by Napoleon I., the great road-maker of this age. His fame is indissolubly bound up with the region which we are about to explore. His first batteries were planted at Ollioules, which we passed on the road to Cannes. He acknowledges that he never felt the influences of scenery more completely than when spending a sleepless night on the passes above Nice. His first campaign was laid in the Maritime Alps which hem us closely in upon the left. In order that he might more easily turn the Alps which Hannibal had crossed, he made the splendid post-road which leads from Nice to Genoa, and which has earned the praises of so many tourists. But a faster age has succeeded; we now pass to Genoa by rail—a journey which is almost one continuous tunnel. Convenient as it is to change our climate with rapidity—to breakfast at Cannes, and take our evening bath at Spezia and Genoa—we can see but few of the old beauties in this rapid transit. The traveler who loves the picturesque must have recourse either to a carriage or to his feet. When we have left Nice and passed the little harbor of Villefranche—generally occupied by an American man-of-war—catching a glimpse of the bay of St.-Jean, with its lighthouse, sacred to picnics and pleasure-parties, we very soon come in sight of Monaco. Much, indeed, has been lost by not following the carriage-road. Then we should have wound in steep zigzags up the height, have looked down on Nice and its torrent, the Paillon, and seaward as far away as Corsica. After a long pull we should have reached a village surmounted by a ruined tower. This is Turbia (*Tropœa Augusti*), of mediæval work, but perhaps with Roman foundations. From the height upon which it stands we obtain the best view of Monaco, looking like a tiny model city set in the deep azure of the Mediterranean. Tennyson has described this scene in his poem of the “Daisy”—the record of his marriage-tour:

“What Roman strength Turbia showed
In ruins by the mountain-road;
How like a gem, beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glowed!”

Monaco was long known as one of the smallest sovereign states in Europe. In the large palace which appears in our engraving, surrounded by terraces and gardens, the prince of the house of Grimaldi reigned over the peninsula of Monaco itself,



Monaco.

Mentone, and Roccabruna, the last a picturesque village on a hill surrounded by orange and lemon groves, dominated by a ruined castle. In 1848 his power fell, with that of greater potentates, and his territory was practically united to Sardinia, to be purchased by France in 1860 for three million francs. If we descend the steep mountain-path which leads from Turbia to the capital itself, we shall find that this

fairy miniature—this mimic representation of a town—is founded on solid rock, and defended by sturdy battlements. Whatever be the time of year, the sun is always shining—you would never think it was winter. The sea and the sky are a deep



Rocca-bruna.

blue; the very garden adds to the illusion, with its thick groves of ilexes and its profusion of evergreens.

Recent enterprise has added a fourth town to the prince's dominion. A new but splendid upstart has displaced the ancient capital. The name of Monaco has become notorious throughout Europe as the last home of the gaming-table, with the exception of the little baths of Saxony, in the Valais, and the republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees. But if you want to go to Monaco, you must take a ticket to Monte Carlo, for that is the home of Chance, who has now her pleasant abode by the sea-shore, as she had in Roman times at the port of Antium. Monte Carlo is perhaps the culminating point of the beauty of the Riviera. The bare and precipitous rock rises high about

the gazer's head. It glows with a rich and luxurious color. Nowhere are the forms more bold and striking, or the flowers more bright and various. And yet nowhere, perhaps, are more evil passions or more dissolute characters collected together in a focus of corruption. The Casino or gaming-house of M. Blanc, from which Monaco derives only too much of its wealth, is built upon a plateau which is dominated by the precipitous rock of which we spoke. On the right of the square of which the Casino forms the back is a large hotel for the accommodation of visitors; on the left are a diversity of shops, where the objects mainly required by travelers may be bought and sold. We will not describe the scene of the gaming-table, which has occupied so many pens, and which has been exhausted by the imagination of Doré. But we are afraid that those who visit Monte Carlo in the hope of experiencing a new excitement in the contemplation of human life will be disappointed. As a general rule, nothing is more dull than the appearance of the *roulette* board, or the *rouge et noir*. The *croupiers* are naturally passive and indifferent to their daily labor. The players have either lost their anxiety or affect a calmness which they do not feel. It will be far preferable to listen to M. Blanc's excellent band, to walk about the gardens, to lounge upon the terrace, and to wonder at the irony of Fate which has made this fairest corner of the world a hell.

Whether we travel by road or by rail, we soon arrive at Mentone, a town whose name, since the French occupation, has lost its Italian melody, and been shortened into Menton. Mentone, like Naples, has a double bay, each with a beauty, climate, and atmosphere, of its own. They are divided from each other by a bold rock, round which the old town clusters. Indeed, the Alps are here close upon us. At Cannes or at Nice the pleasantest walks are by the sea-shore; the richest views, of the changing and shifting lights of ocean. These are not absent at Mentone, but a new delight is open to the invalid who can avail himself of it, of mountain-climbs, or a ride on donkeys up the steep, stony path. Perhaps the most striking of these expeditions is to St. Agnese, a village perched on the very topmost ridge of the mountains which encircle the bay. Another goal of picnicking tourists is Gorbio, about a thousand feet below St. Agnese, but also among the hills. Diversified as these pleasures are, they do not exclude the view of the Mediterranean, which is ever before the tourist's eyes, and which is always rich in new forms of beauty—now lying dark, sluggish, and peaceful, beneath a blazing sun; now broken into ripples by the crisping winds, the “multitudinous smile” of Æschylus; now lashed into fury by the south wind and beating in spray and foam against the rocks; now burnished with a thousand colors by the setting sun; now watched over by a heaven as blue as itself, set with myriads of stars. We cannot resist the temptation to describe a sunrise as seen from Mentone by the late Dean of Canterbury, whose pen was only less picturesque than his pencil and his brush.

“Morning, how totally unlike evening, even in its likeness! The same or nearly

the same orange glow ; but the fact of momentary increase instead of decrease makes all the difference. The sea pale-blue again, but now it would seem all active with excitement.

“And where is HE going to appear? For the glory extends all round the horizon.

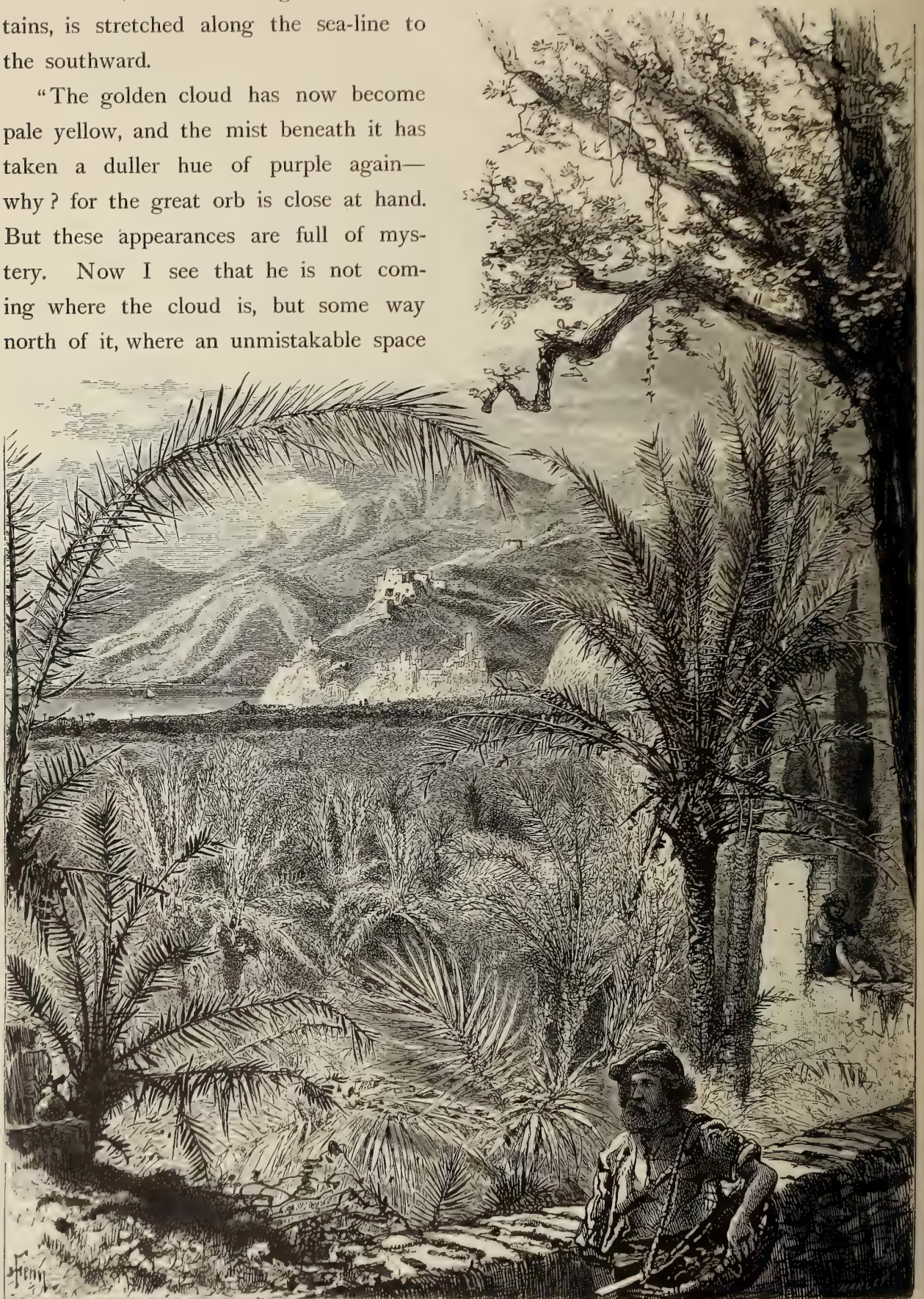


Mentone.

Ah ! I think I see that long flat line of cloud is kindling from purple to crimson, from crimson to golden, from golden to indescribable brightness. It sees what we cannot but shall soon see. And yet between it and the horizon-line of the sea are other lines of cloud, deep purple, not kindled as it is—why ?

"Corsica, in all its length of mountains, is stretched along the sea-line to the southward.

"The golden cloud has now become pale yellow, and the mist beneath it has taken a duller hue of purple again—why? for the great orb is close at hand. But these appearances are full of mystery. Now I see that he is not coming where the cloud is, but some way north of it, where an unmistakable space



Ventimiglia, from the Cornice Road.

of horizon is solely gathering fire. Corsica is withdrawing its summits into the darkening mists. Hotter and hotter becomes that glorious space. The little cloud has faded off into the palest lemon-yellow. At length the space becomes almost too bright for endurance by the eye, and the waves begin to tremble with lines of light. Opposite



A Glimpse of Bordighera.

—but one hardly dares to look opposite, for fear of missing the advent—the Testa del Can, over Monaco, is a deep rose-color, and the quiet moon hangs over it, awaiting extinction. At once, not in a spark, but in a mass of fire, the sun leaps up. ‘And God divided the light from the darkness;’ the light goes into its place, filling all things, and the shadows each wait on the light till night come again.”

Leaving Mentone, we soon find ourselves in the home of the Tuscan tongue. A lofty bridge, the Pont St.-Louis, spanning a ravine, divides France from Italy. It is guarded by custom-houses on either side, and *douaniers* of either nationality. It is hard to see why this particular place has been chosen for the break; the mountain-barrier has been already passed, and Italy lies open to the tramp of armies. The fortress of Ventimiglia opposes the first strong barrier. The name of this town does not, as any one might suppose, signify that it is twenty miles from anywhere, but it is a strange corruption of the ancient name, Albium Intermelium, once the capital of the Intermelians, a Ligurian tribe. It is situated on two torrents, the Neuri and the Roya, each of them offering a wide, stony bed to the contemplation of the tourist. These torrents are a common but disagreeable feature of Italian mountain-scenery. They are found equally in the Apennines and the Alps, and teach us how much we have to unlearn if we think the great historic rivers of Italy, the Ticinus or the Trebbia, as rivers in our highest sense. A wide waste of shingle interrupts the road, crossed by a bridge of many arches. A narrow strip of water meanders through the stones, often so feeble and scanty that we can scarcely imagine what the bridge is for. But at the melting of the mountain snows, or in a sudden access of rain, the river-god comes down in all his panoply of terror. He rages and roars and bellows, and threatens destruction to the flocks and fields, and seems as if he would carry away the bridge through which he has slunk so quietly.

We leave Ventimiglia thinking of the young hero of six-and-twenty who here, at the close of the last century, marshaled his feeble forces to resist the onset of an empire; and a drive along a flat road brings us to Bordighera, the home of palms. We have seen palms at Nice, and at other places along the coast; but here we are *en plein orient*. No one knows the origin of these trees. They are said to have been planted by the Dominican friars, but they are many hundred years older than the foundation of the order. The Capuchins found them here on their first settlement, and some of the trunks are supposed to have lived for more than a thousand years. Many of them are laden with rich yellow fruit, some of which is shed on the ground below. There are said now to be more palms in Bordighera than in Judea, where they were once so plentiful that they were the chosen emblem of that unhappy land. In some trees the branches are opened freely to the sky in every variety of feathery elegance; in others they are carefully tied up, so as to keep the freshness of their green. It is well known that Bordighera supplies the palm-leaves which are annually blessed in St.



Sasso.

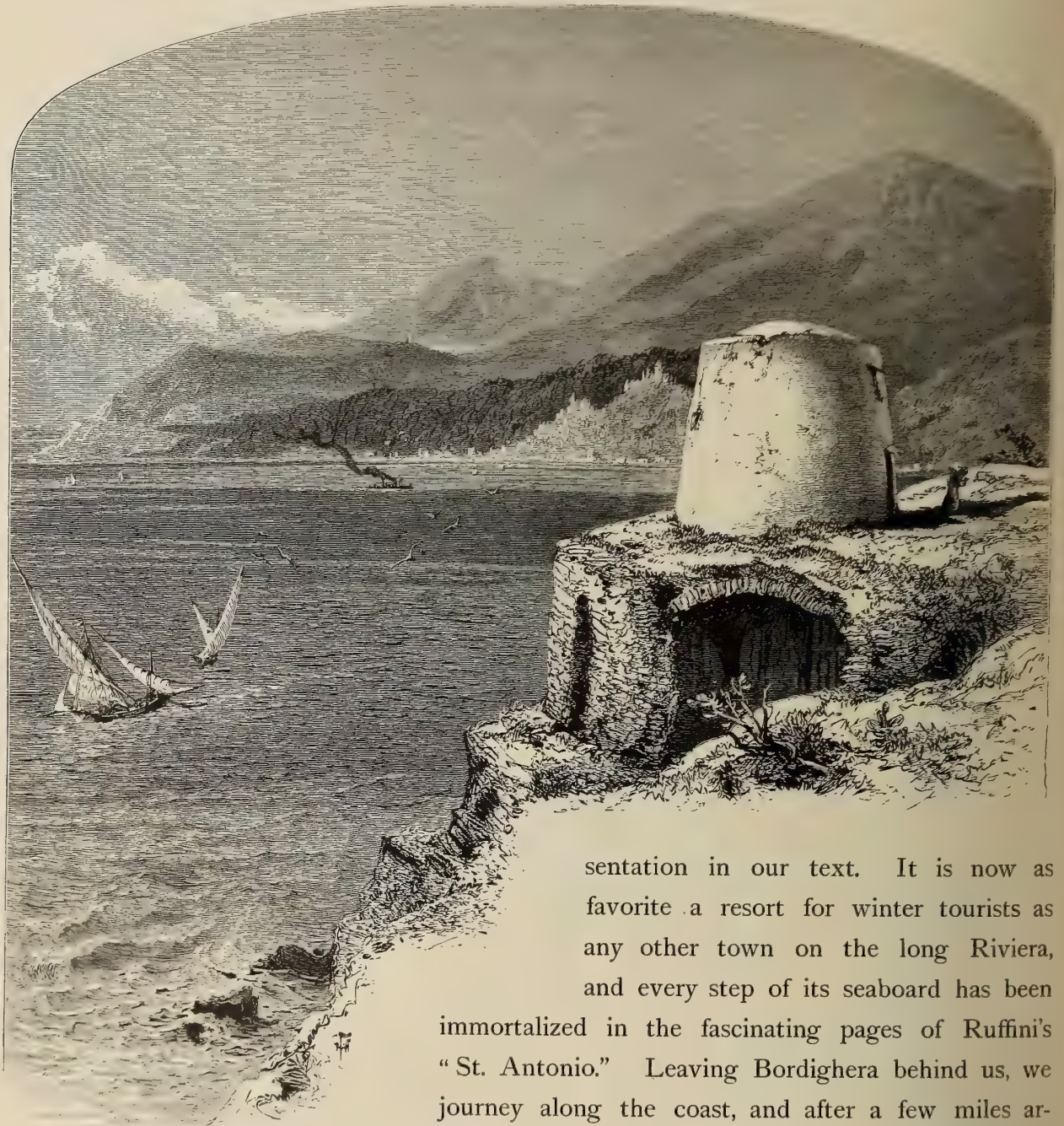
Peter's at Rome on Palm-Sunday. The origin of this privilege is curious and picturesque. On September 10, 1586, Pope Sixtus V. had determined to raise the great obelisk of Heliopolis in the Piazza of St. Peter's. The work was under the direction of the famous architect Domenico Fontana. In consequence of the difficulty of the task, absolute silence had been enjoined on all who took part in the operation, under pain of death. At the critical moment, just as the mighty monolith was about to fall into its place, the anxiety of the huge multitude was aroused lest all efforts should have been in vain. The ropes had stretched beyond their calculated strain, and there was a fear lest the obelisk should glide obliquely into its socket, or lest the ropes should break altogether. Suddenly a sailor among the crowd, Bresca of San Remo, disregarding the

penalty, cried out, "Acqua alle funi!" ("Wet the ropes!") The advice was taken, the ropes contracted, and all was happily concluded. The sailor was not only pardoned for his crime, but allowed to ask any privilege he might choose for himself and his heirs. He asked to be allowed to furnish the palms for the Easter ceremonies at Rome, and the privilege still remains in his family.

Bordighera, when we first made its acquaintance, was to all appearance nothing but a small fishing-village; but nevertheless it has a history of its own. It was once a

Bordighera, when we first made its acquaintance, was to all appearance nothing but a small fishing-village; but nevertheless it has a history of its own. It was once a

republic, like its mistress, Genoa, to whom it owed a certain form of allegiance. Resting proudly on the Capo di St. Ampoggio, it ruled over its subject towns of San Biagio, Vallebonne, Soldano, and Sasso, of the last of which we have given a repre-

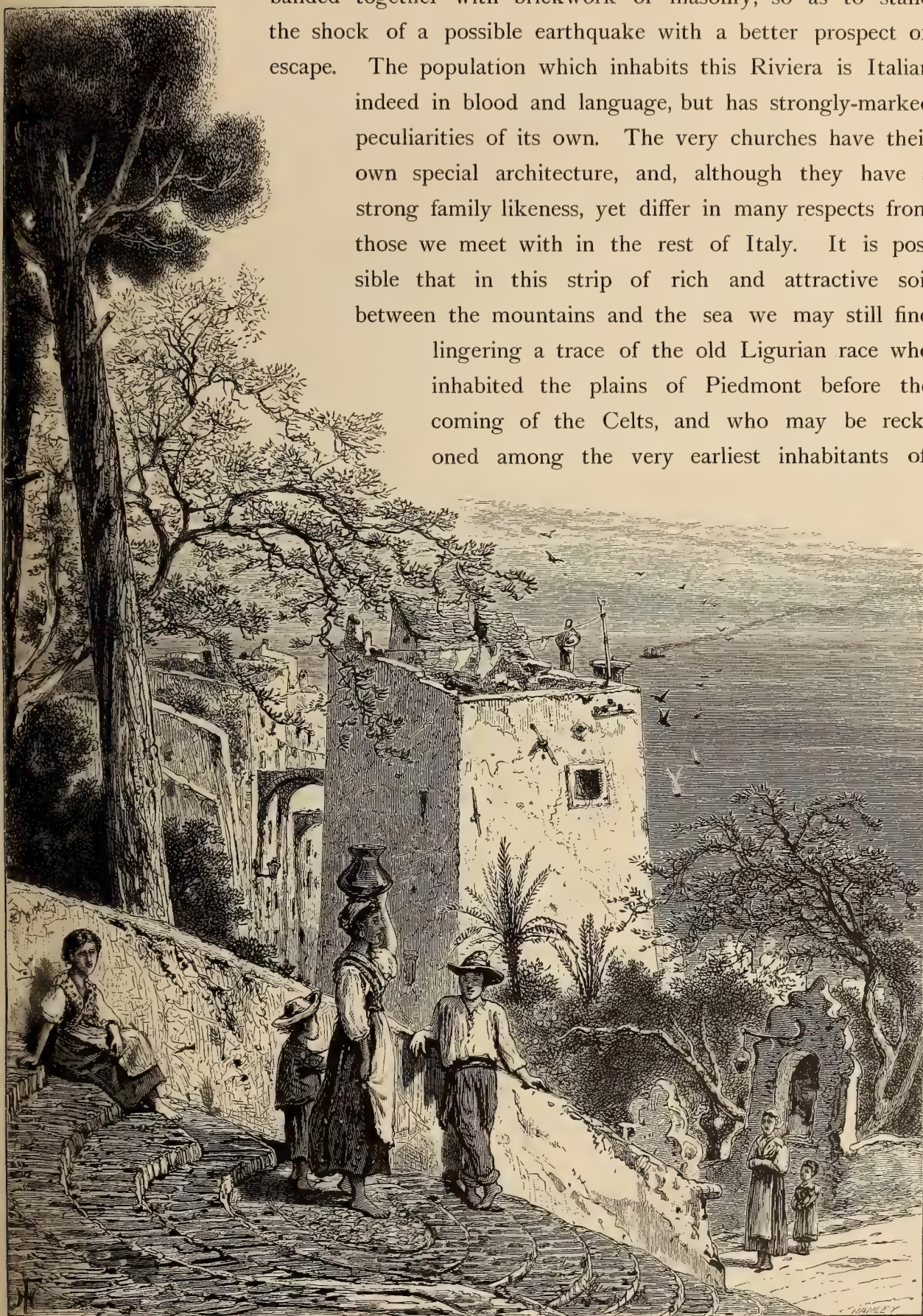


Distant View of San Remo.

sentation in our text. It is now as favorite a resort for winter tourists as any other town on the long Riviera, and every step of its seaboard has been immortalized in the fascinating pages of Ruffini's "St. Antonio." Leaving Bordighera behind us, we journey along the coast, and after a few miles arrive at San Remo. Here everything is Italian, and there is no trace of French immigration, except,

perhaps, in the splendor of the shops. Hotels are abundant as elsewhere, for this place is likewise the resort of invalids, and has the reputation of having the mildest climate on the coast. The town is picturesque enough, whether seen from the land or sea. It contains low, dark streets, houses painted in gay colors wherever the sun is likely to shine upon them, open *loggias*, and gardens on the roofs. The houses also are

banded together with brickwork or masonry, so as to stand the shock of a possible earthquake with a better prospect of escape. The population which inhabits this Riviera is Italian indeed in blood and language, but has strongly-marked peculiarities of its own. The very churches have their own special architecture, and, although they have a strong family likeness, yet differ in many respects from those we meet with in the rest of Italy. It is possible that in this strip of rich and attractive soil between the mountains and the sea we may still find lingering a trace of the old Ligurian race who inhabited the plains of Piedmont before the coming of the Celts, and who may be reckoned among the very earliest inhabitants of



From the Steps of the Madonna, San Remo.

Italy. When these industrious people travel to seek their fortunes, it is always with a hope of returning to their native land. On our first visit to San Remo we were shown a brand-new villa, with all the latest improvements of battlements, terraces, and donjon-keep, painted in the brightest colors, and built by a native of San Remo who had made his fortune in America, and was returning to spend the rest of his days by the shore of his beloved sea.

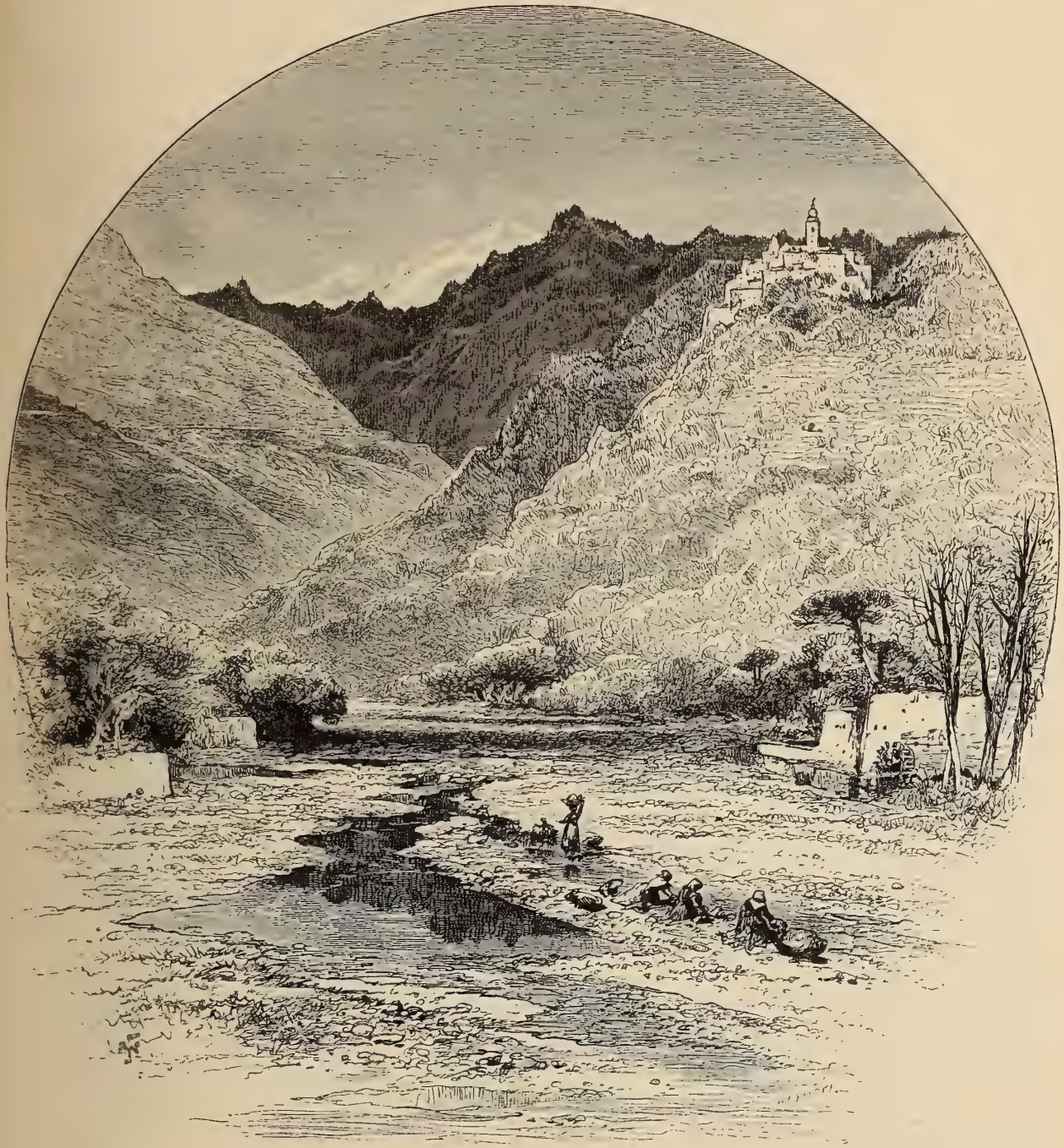
As we proceed eastward along the coast, the roads ascend and descend the various headlands which indent the shore, the highest and most prominent of which is the Capo Verde. On this stands the church of Madonna della Guardia (Our Lady of the Water-tower) high on its cliff, looking far out to sea. Its name recalls to us the church of Notre-Dame de la Garde, just above Marseilles, where the sailor lights his candle before the shrine as he prepares to go upon his voyage. How often have we climbed up the height on a windy day, in the teeth of the *mestral*, and seen the bronzed Mediterranean skipper make his offering, while near him some veiled and self-absorbed wife or mistress was praying for the safety of her absent loved one. We pass Arnis, with its rock chapel, and soon arrive at the torrent of the Taggia, dangerous and fickle as those we have before described, until we arrive at San Stefano al Mare on its surf-beaten shore, and San Lorenzo, with its tall campanile, on its own small promontory, backed by rounded hills. This, surely, is the scene which Tennyson describes in the "Daisy," which we have before quoted :

"How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell,
To meet the sun and sunny waters,
Which only heaved with a summer swell !

"What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue,
While here and there on sandy beaches
A milk-belled amaryllis blew !"

A few more turns will bring us in sight of Porto Maurizio, with its domes and towers backed by the Capo della Mele or Honey Cape, half-way between Genoa and Nice ; and soon after a valley opens, commanding a charming view of Bussana, picturesquely perched on a rock.

The harbor of Porto Maurizio is in full movement, crowded with Mediterranean coasting-boats, with lateen-sails, picturesque at sea and picturesque in harbor, filled with dark-eyed boys and swarthy men, and strange merchandise—samples of all the riches of the inland sea. There is a strange fascination in gazing at these rude craft, unaltered for countless generations—perhaps but little changed since the Tyrian traders first explored these bays, or since the Greek followed him at peril of his life. But we must



Bussana.

retrace our steps. We have left behind us the lovely scenery of the Taggia, the excursion to Our Lady of Lampedosa—the

“Tower, or high hill convent seen,
A light amid its olives green,
Where oleanders flushed the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread,
And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far up on a mountain-head.”

Italy is indeed inexhaustible in treasures, and perhaps none are more precious than these solitary retreats, dedicated to some especial attribute of the Virgin, enriched by the piety and munificence of succeeding years. We cannot tell where the charm lies



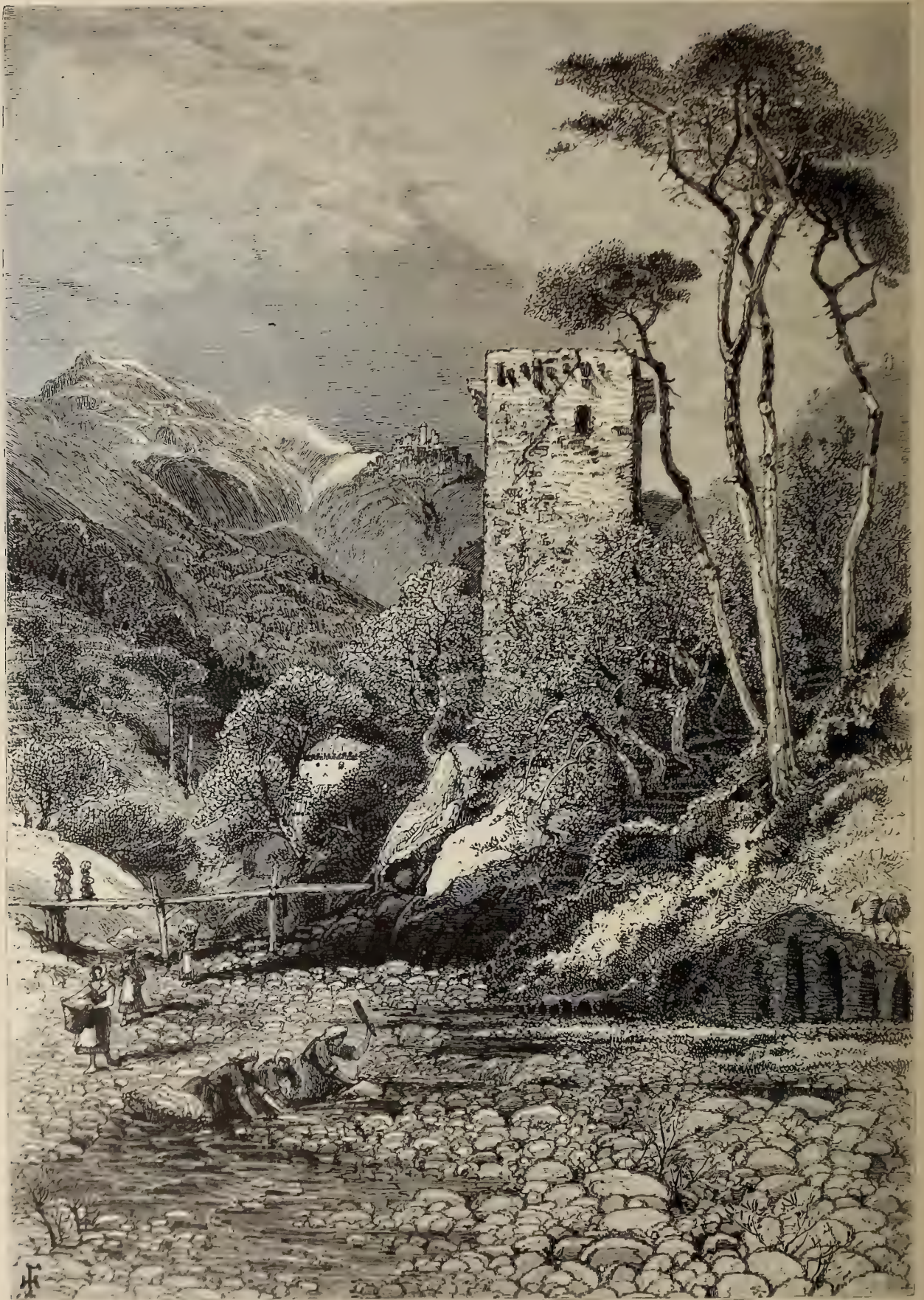
Taggia and San Stefano.

—whether in the arches of the approaching road, the *loggie* of the entrance, the towers which crown the edifice, the terraces which surround the church, or in the surroundings of Nature—the stone-pines, the cypresses, the ilexes and olives, the murmur of the torrent rushing below, or the gleam of the distant snows. Art and Nature are wedded together in harmony, and each would lose in loveliness without the other. Happy

indeed is the people whose taste is so harmonized that every effort of man, however humble, serves but to enhance and intensify the luxuriance of the framework in which God has set it!

A short drive from Porto Maurizio brings us to Oneglia, a very common stopping-place for tourists between Nice and Genoa. This is the birthplace of Andrea Doria, the Genoese admiral, the liberator of his country from the French, and the conqueror of the pirate Barbarossa. He refused to accept the sovereignty of the city which he had freed, and after a life spent in active service went to sea for the last time at the age of eighty-five. From Oneglia a road leads across the mountains to Turin. The road onward is full of loveliness; bay after bay is passed, each with its own peculiar beauty. We cross the valley of Diano, with its three little towns, Diano Marino extended in a long line by the sea-shore; we reach Cervo, nestling against its hill; we see on the left the haunted castle of Andorra, where the uneasy spirit of a murdered papal nuncio makes the surrounding country unhealthy for the expiation of its crime. At last the "Honey Cape" is reached and passed, and we trot into the town of Alassio. This town is said to have derived its name from the daughter of the Emperor Otho, who fled here with her chosen lover, and lived far from the haunts of men. The description of the entrance to this town, given by Dean Alford, in his "Letters from Abroad," is so characteristic of the other towns of the Riviera that we are sure our readers will pardon us for quoting it: "We found it convenient to divide our journey from Mentone to Genoa at a strange old sea-side town, Alassio. An English or American reader who has not been out of his own country, or has only seen French, German, and Swiss towns, can hardly form an idea of the country towns of North Italy. From the broad, straight road across the marsh and the gravelly, dry bed of the torrent, you suddenly enter the street through a dark gate armed with a disregarded notice that 'travelers must not enter the town, but drive round.' Your carriage bowls almost noiselessly along the flat paving-stones with which the street is covered, the driver dispersing the passers-by with sonorous cracks of his whip, and howls perfectly inimitable by an English larynx. The long perspective of the straight, narrow street is broken above by numerous bands of masonry uniting the houses—intended, I believe, to steady them in case of earthquake. The effect of these arches thrown irregularly over the way is strange and picturesque, especially when, as in the old city of San Remo, the streets wind up a steep acclivity.

"Suddenly your carriage stops before what you suppose, from indications of sound and sense, to be the vault of some vast stable. But it is your inn, and not improbably a most respectable and comfortable one. After some clamoring and patience, mine host or his deputy appears, vainly endeavoring to persuade his damp matches to light the candle which is to show you up to the first habitable floor. This proves generally to be the *second*, the ground-level being all stable and coach-house; the *first* floor,



NEAR SAN REMO.

kitchen and tap-room and house of the family. The staircase is always of stone; in the larger towns, of marble; and, whether stone or marble, not washed since the French general slept there on his way to the campaign of Italy, and probably not then! Arrived at the second landing, and having waited some time for the discovery of the key, you find yourself in large, airy, and generally clean rooms, now usually carpeted, and furnished (blessings on their inventor!) now always in Italy with iron bedsteads."

Albenga is a place of a very different importance to the majority of those which we pass upon the road. Its foundation dates from Roman times; it is the *capo luogo*, the head-place of the district to which it belongs. It has an ancient Gothic cathedral, and a baptistery which is supposed to stand upon the site of a heathen temple; it is girt with massive walls, and decorated with a crown of many towers. In old days it is said to have been the ally of Carthage; in the middle ages it gave refuge to many a baron of the party of the Guelphs. But for all this there is a compensation. The river overflows the neighborhood of the town, and generates unhealthy marshes, and the "Albenga face" is a common expression for those whose appearance excites the commiseration of their friends. A short distance from the town the long Roman bridge, built by the Emperor Honorius, now spans nothing but a dry meadow.

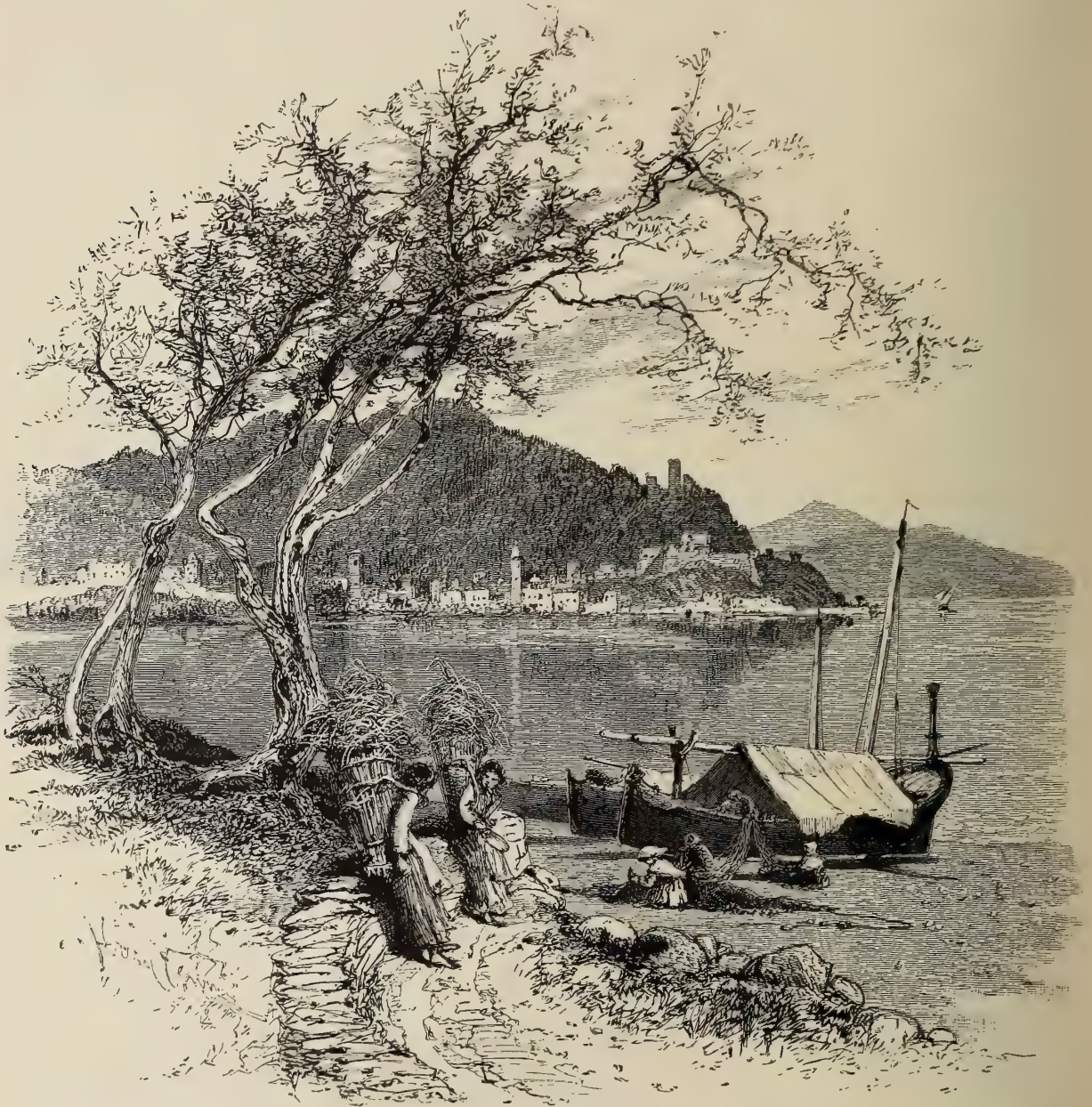
We hurry on past Loano, with its castle of the Dorias and its Carmelite convent, its recollections of the conspirator Fieschi and the victory of Massena over the Austrians; past Finale, with its tunnel and its

". . . . bays, the peacock's neck in hue,
Where here and there on sandy beaches
A milk-bellied amaryllis blew!"

At last we reach the town of Noli, with its walls and towers like Albenga. It, too, rivaled the independence of Genoa, and sustained the liberty of a free republic. Not far from this is Savona, the third town of the Riviera, second only to Genoa and Nice. It is undoubtedly of Ligurian origin, but in Roman times it was obscured by the little village of Vado, whose secure roadstead offered greater advantages to the Roman fleet than the more confined bay of Savona itself. Here Mago the Carthaginian brought the spoils of conquered Genoa, who revenged the insult many centuries later by destroying its trade and commerce. It boasts with reason of two great names—Julius II., of the family of Della Rovere, the warrior-pope, whose sepulchre was designed by Michael Angelo in such grand proportions that it could not be completed, and who now rests under a simple stone, while the great Moses which was to have adorned his monument glares down the aisle of a distant church; and Chiabrera, the sweet singer of the *seicento*, the imitator of Pindar and Anacreon. Here lived the exiled Pope Pius VII. during the period of the French domination, and placed a silver

crown on the head of the image of Our Lady of Mercy, whose sanctuary nestles among the neighboring hills.

After leaving Savona we have but a short stage to Genoa. Albisola contains the palace of the Della Rovere family. Celle boasts a picture of the archangel Michael painted by Perino del Vaga—an *ex voto*, or offering of gratitude for deliverance from



Noli, from the Coast.

the dangers of a storm. Shortly after this a novel scene bursts upon us. On a flat beach rise the ribs and hulls of ships in course of building; the noise of hammers is deafening, the smell of pitch overpowering; men and boys swarm through the open sides in active movement. Here is an open-air dock-yard, maintained by human labor, and not by machinery and steam. Such a sight may have been witnessed at this

place any time during the last five hundred years. It was activity of this sort which Dante saw in the arsenal at Venice, and which furnished him with a fitting image for the seething chasms of Malebolge:

“As in the arsenal of the Venetians
Boils in the winter the tenacious pitch
To smear their unsound vessels o’er again,
For sail they cannot; and instead thereof
One makes his vessel new, and one recalks
The ribs of that which many a voyage has made;
One hammers at the prow, one at the stern.
This one makes oars, and that one cordage twists;
Another mends the mainsail and the mizzen.”

Such a scene Columbus must often have gazed at as a boy, and feasted his imagination on the project of future voyages. Varazze is not only celebrated for its ship-building, but as the birthplace of Jacopo di Poragine, the compiler of the “Golden Legend.” How strangely do his name and that of the great discoverer of America combine! one looking wistfully at the departing fancies and imaginations of a dying faith, the other with hope and enthusiasm leading the way to unrevealed destinies of humanity. The thought of this later hero is with us as we pass along this portion of the coast; his spirit animates and mingles with every various phase of Nature. No one has described this better than Tennyson in the poem of “The Daisy,” which we have so often quoted:

“How young Columbus seemed to rove,
Yet present in his native grove,
Now watching high on mountain cornice
And steering now from a purple cove,
Now pacing mute by ocean’s rim;
Till in a narrow street and dim,
I stayed the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank, to him.”

Cogoletto is surrounded by rocks of serpentine, through which a noisy torrent rushes to the sea, and darkens it with its stain.

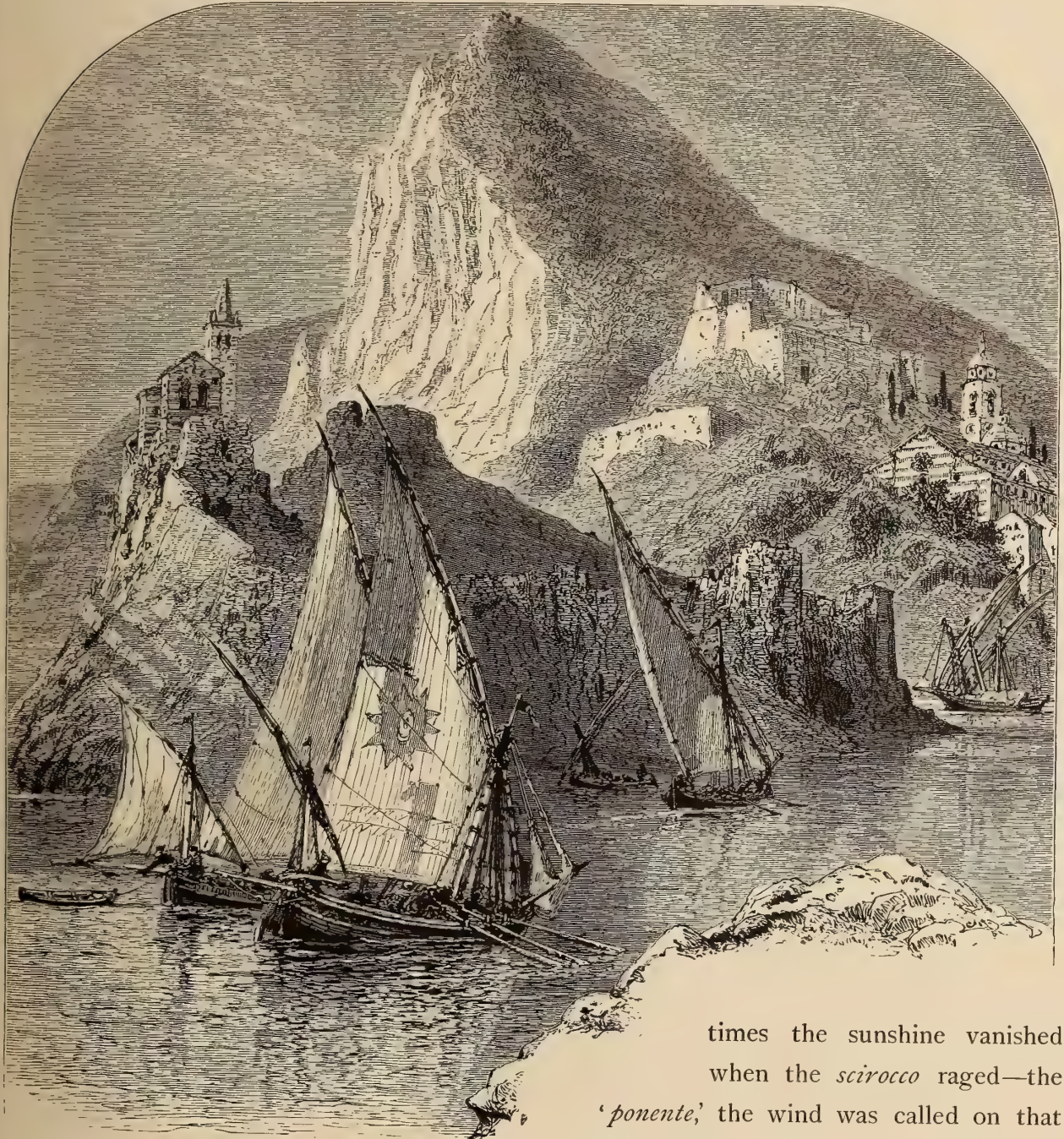
After passing the Fiume di Latte, or Milk River, we obtain a view of the *moles* and palaces of Genoa the Proud, stretching far along the distant shore. Beyond the town are seen the headlands of the Riviera di Levante, the “eastern coast,” scarcely less lovely than that which we have traversed, and full of memories. How often have we scaled the height of Rapallos; rested at Chiavari, by the shore of the river immortalized by Dante; gazed throughout a long sunset at the promontory of Sestri, topped with cypresses and stone-pines; journeyed each morning among the inland hills, rich

with maize and chestnuts; and hastened at evening down the precipitous road which leads to the landlocked bay of Spezia!

So lovely a spot is not often found, even in Italy. The marble mountains slope down precipitously to the sea; fold after fold of them appears on the horizon. Before you lies the landlocked bay, large enough to contain the navies of the world; in the distance rise the bare and scarred summits of the peaks of Carrara. Just off the land, in the midst of the blue waters, a fountain of pure fresh water bubbles up, from which the fleets of Italy will at some time or other supply themselves. How can we spend a pleasanter day than in cruising round the shore, and watching the fishermen and the bathers? When we are in the middle of the bay we see the little village of Lerici, with the simple villa where Shelley dwelt during the last months of his life. His wife has left us a delightful picture of this time: "In the wild but beautiful bay of Spezia the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent upon the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and, sitting beneath their shelter, wrote 'The Triumph of Life,' the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest he had ever known; his health even rapidly improved, and he never was better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and thus put the seal to my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favorable wind, and I remained awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was to engulf him. He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices toward his friend, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked, with Williams, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain: the sea, by its restless moaning, seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn: but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of those moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed. Our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with a strange horror our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall."

Again, there is this description in another place: "The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty. The blue extent of waters, the almost landlocked bay, the near

castle of Lerici shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged foot-path toward Lerici; the tideless sea, leaving no sands nor shingle—formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Some-



Spezia.

times the sunshine vanished when the *scirocco* raged—the ‘*ponente*,’ the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our first arrival surrounded the

bay with foam; the howling wind swept around our inclosed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of an Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints. The natives were wilder than the place. Our

near neighbors of Sant' Arengo were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach singing, or rather howling, the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks, and joining in their loud, wild chorus."

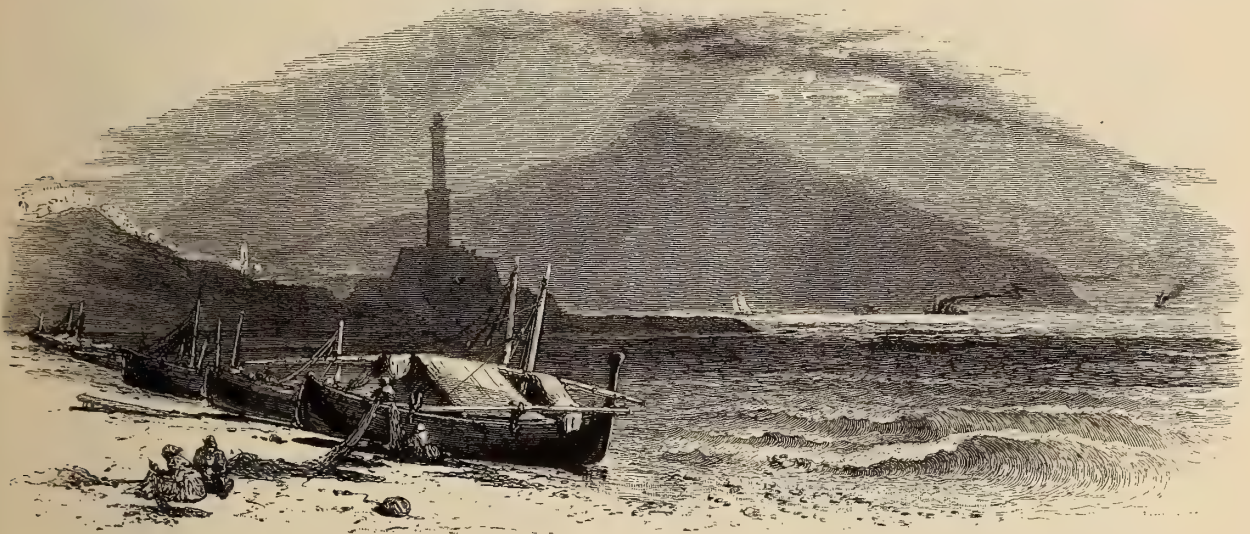
It was on this coast that the body of Shelley was thrown up, that it was consumed on the funeral-pile raised by the loving hands of Byron and Trelawney. His body was dispersed to the elemental fire to which it seemed to belong in life; his heart, the "heart of hearts," remained alone unconsumed.

The illustration of Spezia in our text is of the fishing-village of Porto Venere, the ancient harbor of Venus, at the entrance of the landlocked bay, and exposed to the fury of the waves. An old castle crowns the height, and below it is a church built of courses of black and white marble, like the cathedrals of Pisa and Genoa. The inhabitants are as wild and savage as those whom Shelley found at Lerici.

We must now describe the remainder of the road between Cogoletto and Genoa. The first place of importance is Voltri—a large town, rich with the manufacture of paper. Genoa paper was once as celebrated in Europe as Genoa velvet. A little farther on is Pegli, the site of some of the most luxurious villas on the coast. The Grimaldis, the Dorias, the Pallavicini, retired to this quiet shore to escape the smoke and wealth and noise of Genoa. One of these villas has been made into an hotel; another is a favorite haunt of tourists who love the grottoes and fountains of an Italian garden. However much we may lament the taste which directed the formation of this elaborate mimicry, we cannot but sympathize with the desire to create under the burning sun of Italy perpetual moisture and perpetual shade. The object of an Italian gardener of the middle ages was to arrange that, however precipitous the slope and however bare the rock, the wanderer should never be without the whispering of leaves and the sound of falling waters. Pegli is now the last resting-place of the winter tourist who lingers along this favored coast in search of sunshine. The pilgrimage begun at Hyères, continued at Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, ends at Pegli, and the early summer heats send the wanderer home through Genoa and Turin. Sestri di Ponente (so called to distinguish it from its far lovelier sister of the eastern coast) is almost a suburb of Genoa. Omnibuses ply along the dusty road, and surpass the speed of the creeping trains. San Pie d'Arena is part of Genoa itself, but we do not catch a sight of the glories of the city until we have passed the gate, and discovered the forest of masts which occupies the little port.

Here is the end "of our journey and our paper." We have passed through a district rich in individuality of life, and full of historical memories, but scarcely known until of late years the beauty of its climate and the improvement of communication drew the hard-worker and the invalid to seek refreshment upon its shores. Little is known of its early history, or of the origin of its inhabitants; but a very superficial

inspection will assure the traveler that they have not much in common with the other races of North Italy. Genoa is the queen of this region, and she exercises an effect on it not less than Venice over the subject towns in her dominion, where the tall and massive campanili, and the town-hall decorated with Gothic arches, recall the glories of the parent city. Genoa and Venice have much in common—both republics, both aristocracies, both commercial, both powerful maritime states; yet, while the Doge of Venice remains to us as the embodiment of stately and majestic preëminence, we scarcely remember, or have forgotten, that there was ever a Doge of Genoa. This cannot surely be because Shakespeare did not write of the Bark of St. George, or because Genoa has no Rialto. It must rather be because, while Genoa devoted herself solely to the pursuit of riches and magnificence, Venice fought the battle of Europe against barbarism, and recorded her triumphs in works of art which will live forever.



Near Genoa.

FONTAINEBLEAU.



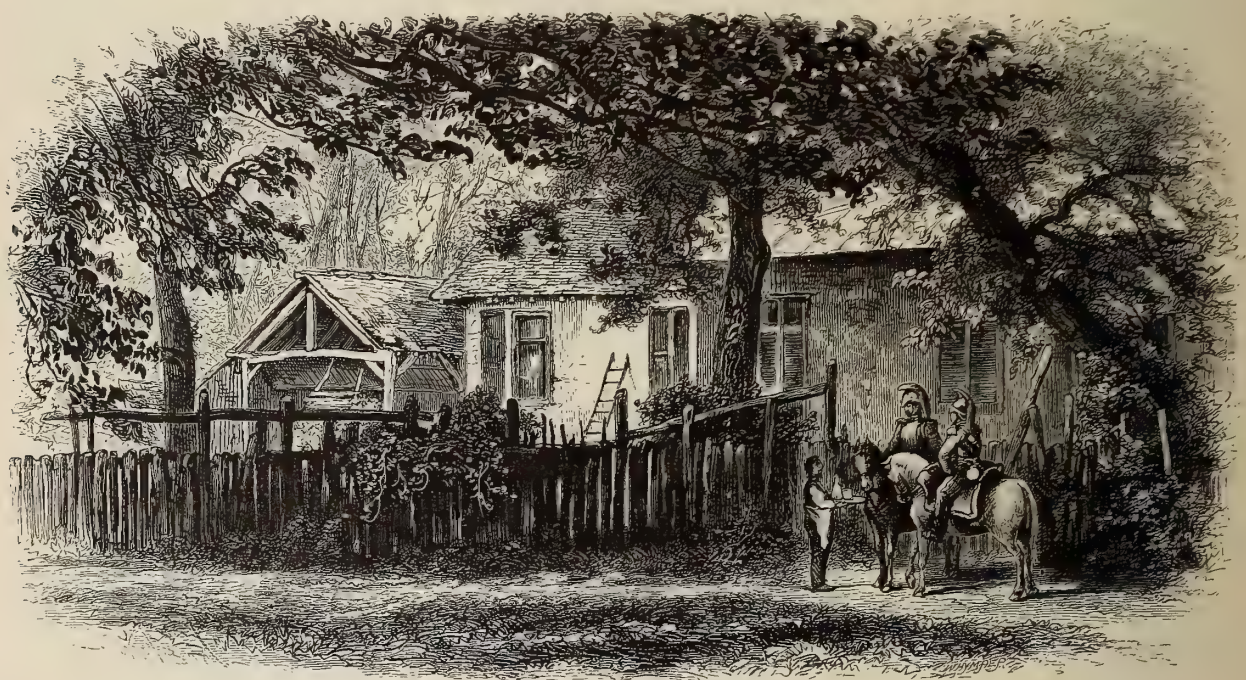
At Bas-Bréau.

A WEEK of good weather may, at any leafy time of the year, be healthily and pleasantly spent in seeing the beauties of Fontainebleau; and, though certainly not less than the period I have mentioned is necessary for this pleasant work—a fortnight or say ten days being more desirable—a single day will suffice for the purpose of scraping a passable acquaintance with the forest scenery, if all that is desired be a general impression of its character. It is hardly necessary to say that a hurried and comprehensive view cannot be taken by a pedestrian, though the proper enjoyment of the rambles which this noble forest affords can only fall to the lot of a determined walker as his fit and fair reward. If you

mean to see everything, and to see it within narrow limits of time, you must have recourse to a carriage; for though saddle-horses can be hired in the town of Fontainebleau, or at Melun, or elsewhere, still the frequent inducements to dismount and make sundry excursions on foot over rocks and devious meanderings, by which alone the finest prospects are to be gained, make the journey on horseback almost impracticable. No doubt something must be said of the town itself, which is a military station, and of its palace, the birthplace of Philippe le Bel, and the scene also of his death; the residence of Francis I., and, for a season, of the Emperor Charles V.; the refuge of Henrietta Maria when the cause of Charles I. had become hopeless; the deathplace of the Great Condé; and the spot where Louis XIV. signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Napoleon his abdication. It is a great, rambling edifice, this palace, in the taste mainly of the Renaissance, though referable to much earlier origin. In the actual construction of the vast range of buildings, insignificant in height, but covering an area equal to that of a walled town of the middle ages, brick and cement have been used, to the entire exclusion of stone; but the adornments in parts are of marble, as, for instance, the exterior statuary, which is abundant and artistic. All the panelings, trophies, and scroll-work on the outside, and much of the same ornamentation within—as, for instance, the floridly-decorated walls of the gallery of Francis I.—are modeled in stucco; and everywhere the Franciscan emblem, the salamander, is repeated. The pictures which Francis caused to be painted for the adornment of the gallery bearing his name are, or were, extravagant allegories; the first representing him as a sort of deity opening a temple of art and taste to a crowd of blind persons. Some of the designs in this series, ascribed to Primaticcio, were outrageous, not alone to taste, but to decency; for which good reason they were, by order of Catharine de' Medici, expunged or defaced. The apartments of the First Napoleon are near this gallery. His bedchamber remains pretty much as he left it; and in his official cabinet a small round table is shown as that on which his hand signed away its last nominal fragment of power—the power that had shaken the world.

The gardens of the palace of Fontainebleau are, I see, slightly noticed in some of the best and most authoritative of the English hand-books; but in my humble opinion this disparagement is not deserved. Their formal plan has been maintained in its integrity; the squares and rounds are mathematically correct; the lawns are level and smooth as billiard-tables, the fountains are in good order, the yew-trees trimmed into obelisks as solid as malachite, and the sanded paths as grateful to the foot as a carpeted floor. In the artificial ponds are ancient carp of portly size, that demean themselves with a levity incompatible with their years—said, in despite of piscatorial philosophy, to exceed in some instances two and even three hundred! These venerable fish are as tame as cats, and have looked, if all be true that is told of them, at many a king. For the present, our purpose is to take a little walk beyond those palace-

gates yonder, till we come to the rocks of Boulogny, by the avenue named after Madame de Maintenon. So, having found these rocks, we obtain an excellent foretaste of the savage beauty which coexists with all the countless artificialities of Fontainebleau. It is odd to have stepped so soon from off the flat-shaven grass-plots, and out of sound of the playful plashing of the legendary carp, to such wild loveliness of unreclaimed Nature as this. Yet hardly unreclaimed, for an enthusiast, well known to the *habitues* of Fontainebleau, worthy M. Denecourt, has made the civilization of these scenes a work of his latter life. He has arranged, mapped, systematized everything on this beautiful wilderness of forty-two thousand acres. The thanks of all who value those facilities which constitute the great difference between modern traveling and the mis-



Restaurant at Franchard.

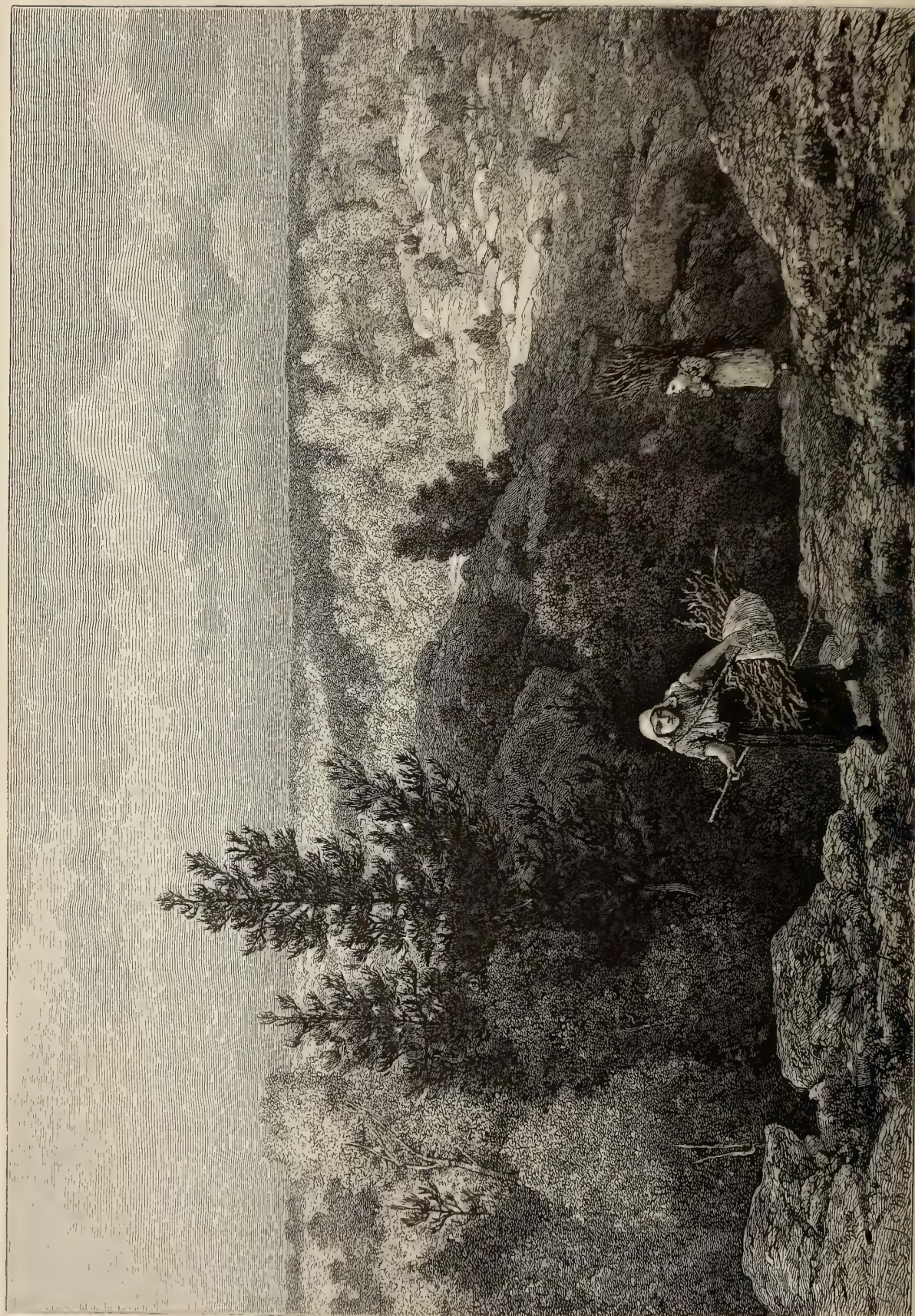
erable locomotion experienced by our grandfathers, in the course of being polished by what they were pleased to call the "Grand Tour," are due to the retired French officer whose name I have just done myself the honor of mentioning. There may be some uncompromising worshipers of Nature who would willingly dispense with the services of the most intelligent guide, and who probably repudiate the kind intentions of M. Denecourt, just as an archæologist pottering in the aisles of a Norman church might resent the approaches of an officious beadle. But, depend upon it, the beadle knows best. You may deem his perfunctory prattle tedious, as no doubt it is; but, if you will learn nothing else of him at the time, learn humility. Don't be too wise in your own conceit. Something he will be sure to tell you that you will be glad to carry away in the wallet of memory; something you might never have known in all your life had it not been for him. I will confess that when I saw, at and about the Rocher

Bouligny, red marks on the trees and rocks to my right hand, and blue marks on the trees and rocks to my left, letters here and figures there, and arrows pointing in this direction and in that, horrid intolerance of the beadle rose up in my heart, for which, knowing the benefit I have perforce received, I now stand in penitential acknowledgment of error, with the barest of feet and with head meekly uncovered. How does it hurt an oak to be labeled A or Z? What suffering can a neat little dab of blue possibly inflict upon the tenderest place in a lump of limestone rock? It is not a sentimental or poetical addition, granted; but neither does it ruin sentiment or poetry, except in the sickly eyes of a finicking fiddle-faddler, whose sense of the beautiful is so exquisitely nice that the slightest touch of commonplace will hurl it shrieking into the dread abysses of ugliness.

The grandeur of that gray titanic wall of rocks, heaped in imposing masses of all conceivable shapes, some curiously symmetrical, others as curiously grotesque, will not be soon forgotten by the traveler, let him rub his memory against what other wonders he may find on this wonderful earth. A coloring-brush less sparing than the modest implement inspired by M. Denecourt has been at work here—the brush of Nature, dipped in the hues of Nature's own inimitable palette. With orange, and saffron, and green, and tawny gold, and delicate silver tracery, the invisible hand has painted this gray surface—here smooth, here embossed in regular order like the scales of a fish, the coloring-material being moss and lichen of every varying tint. In this weird wonderland the several groups of massive stone have been named, fancifully or historically, for aught I can tell, after men who have lived on the earth and become known thereon. There is the “Grotte de Lord Byron,” for example; and there is the “Roche de Léonard de Vinci,” which latter, as I call to mind, is indicated by a formidable number 3. Grandier than any of its fellow-groups is the towering “Rocher du Bon-Paul,” at which we may well gaze in prolonged admiration before entering upon the embanked passage of the “Rocher de la Landelle,” opened a few years ago to avoid the steep and fatiguing declivity. Indeed, M. Denecourt, assisted by the subscriptions of the inhabitants of Fontainebleau, has cut many paths and tunnels in the forest, without altering its contour, which is more than he or any engineer, however ambitiously destructive of natural beauty, could easily succeed in doing.

We may next take it in our heads to visit Franchard, though no imperative reasons for adopting such order in our itinerary of the forest exist. As a matter of fact, however, the promenade to Franchard and its stupendous gorge is usually made as soon as any indicated by the guide-books.

There are not on this road any majestic growths of timber, but only a vast assemblage of insignificant boles; so that, if we had not taken that little walk to the Rocher Bouligny, we might begin by thinking the forest of Fontainebleau a rather monotonous tract of woodland, little deserving its extended fame. Still, the journey is a pleasant one;



GORGE FRANCHARD, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

and, if the peculiar clouds that checker the light in Corot's and Troyon's landscapes happen to be floating overhead, we shall see how the effects of pictures such as theirs are justified by Nature. We have reached Franchard before noticing any remarkable scenery, however, and we are within two minutes' walk of its gorge, without having detected any signs of a gorge or variation of the table-land overgrown with small trees where not intersected by roads leading in many directions. A covered stall, as for the sale of gilt gingerbread at an English country fair, stands on the tree-shaded green a little off the carriage-road, on the other side of which is a restaurant of rustic appearance, but of some little repute for skillful cooking and decent wine. Were it not for the cavalry-barracks of Fontainebleau, this forest restaurant would be a losing speculation; but it holds up its head by favor of military patronage, and of such stray custom, in a minor degree, as occasional excursion-parties afford. Indeed, it must have thriven to some extent, for it has added to its capacity of entertainment by the erection of a new building, which, if less picturesque than the old, is more commodious. The canvas-roofed stall of which I have made mention is pitched there, under the trees, for the sale of knickknacks, such as paper-knives, pen-handles, and cigar-cases, supposed to be made of the forest oak or juniper. You may tell the merchant in a blue blouse that you have had enough of these things, and have filled a hat-case and a couple of bags with what you have bought in the town of Fontainebleau. Those, he tells you, with a pitying expression of face, were made in Paris. These are the veritable production of forest industry. Ah, well! if it were not for the sentiment of the thing, there is no reason why Parisian manufactures should not be at least as good as the articles turned out by artisans who work mysteriously—for no one ever saw them at it—in the merry greenwood. There are the remains of a hermitage, traditionally assigned to the age of Philip Augustus, at Franchard; and, following our guide, a sunburnt old woman, as active as a girl, we soon find ourselves where Virgil's shepherd found Love—among the rocks. Such rocks they are, too, as will of a certainty engage our curious attention while we listen to the old dame's simple blendings of fact and fable. Monstrous heads, as quaint and goblin-like as the leering faces on a Gothic cathedral, but ten thousand times as large, have been wrought blindfold by Nature and time. Lizards and camels, weasels and whales, are traceable in these rock-forms more definitely far than in *Hamlet's* cloud. There is one mass which represents a gigantic tortoise, bigger than an elephant, and with the arched carapace cleanly detached from the side, so that you may look under it, between shell and body, and see daylight beyond. No sculptor has lived who could have wrought this marvel. Following our brisk though anile guide, whose eyes are as keen as a chamois-hunter's, and whose step seems scarcely less firm and elastic, we wind hither and thither, up and down, and round about among the rude masses of limestone, treading in a sand as fine as wheaten-flour, till we reach an eminence overlooking the gorge, and a splendid view for many miles away. Nothing

else in the wide forest will compare with this scene for grandeur and sublimity, though there may be many of a prettier sylvan character. Returning toward the ruined hermitage—which, by-the-way, was destroyed by command of Louis XIV.—we make acquaintance with the Weeping Rock, from which fall slowly, one by one, the tears that seem as if wrung by pity's tender force from its stony heart. More prosaic in its suggestiveness, a fungoid-looking mass of limestone, standing up from a table perched on a fern-covered mound of rock, bears the name of the Mushroom. Viewed at some



Rock at Franchard.

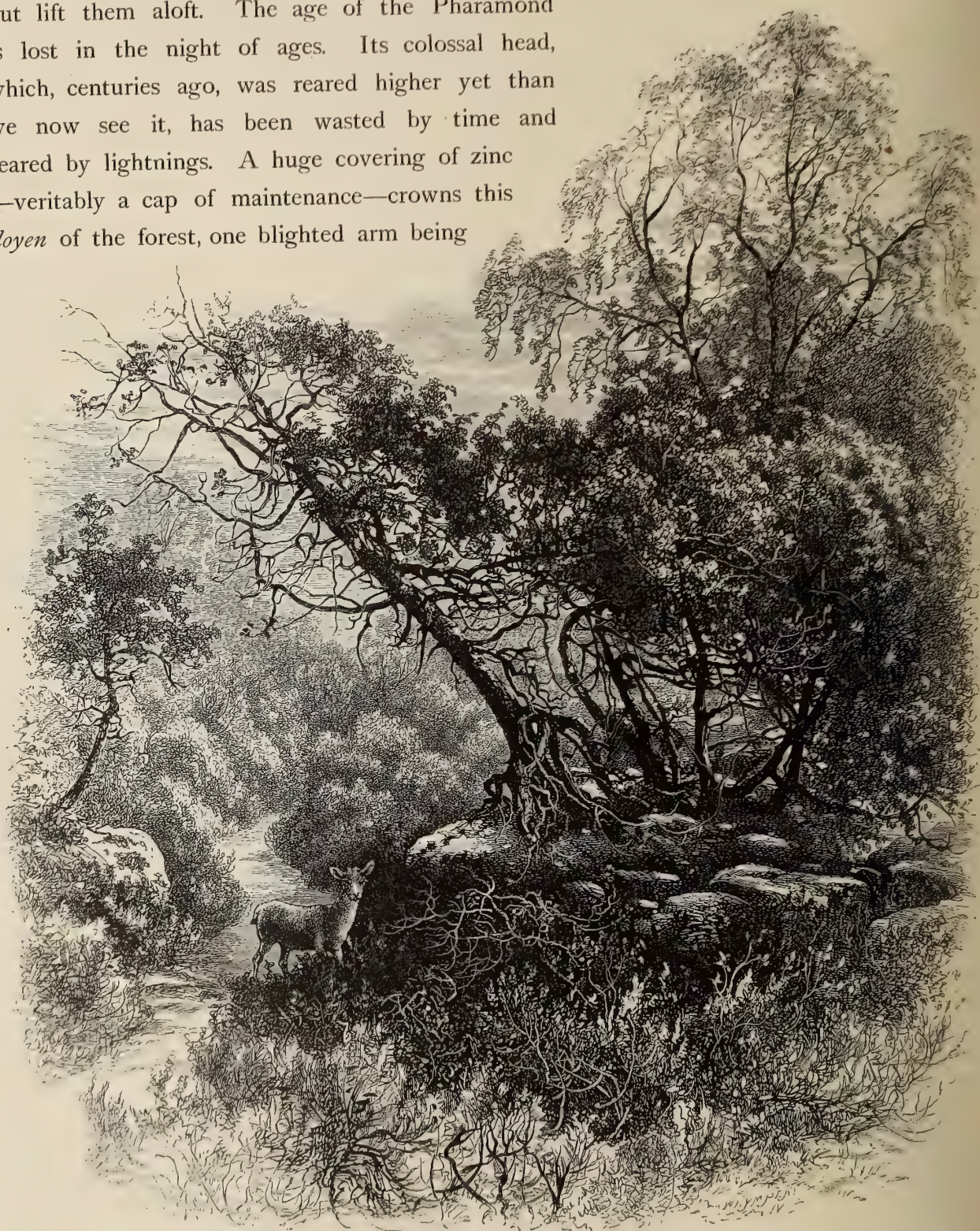
angles, it is an exceedingly curious object, the stem being split and bored, though with no other tools than wind and weather. The visitor who advances closely to the inspection of this strangely-shaped rock will find its height and bulk far more gigantic than at a distance they had seemed to be.

Whether we leave the noble gorge of Franchard with the intention of returning summarily to Fontainebleau, or whether we design to extend our promenade to the interesting village of Barbison, honored for half a century as the chosen abode of

artists, we may well include Apremont and its rocky defiles in the one day's trip. Visit the Gorges d'Apremont when we may, however, we shall certainly find these picturesque ranges quite as captivating in themselves and their surroundings as any part of the forest, even though the extent of view commanded from their highest point be less than that which absorbed our admiration at Franchard. The exploration of the Franchard and Apremont gorges is, in fact, one and the same thing, and neither the methodical guidance of M. Denecourt nor the chart which is sold at the libraries will clearly inform a stranger as to the ground he is treading when he inspects the movable rock, which, being perched on three feet, does not sway very perceptibly; or its neighboring marvel, the hanging rock, which seems to have been dropped into a vast hole, and to have been arrested by the contact of two blunt points with the sides of the shaft. So nearly large enough is the latter to allow the descent of the suspended weight of many tons, that it is not without some trepidation that the nervous traveler passes beneath the mass and looks up at its very slight points of attachment. Were these freaks of Nature performed by the tremendous agency of rushing waters in a remote age, when torrents poured where trickling rills are now but scarce? Probably, but by no means certainly, this may have been the cause. In M. Denecourt's fanciful itinerary the Druids give their name to certain spots; but so do many illustrious or celebrated men and women of modern epochs—emperors, kings, queens, and princesses; poets, historians, novelists, play-writers, musicians, actors, painters, sculptors, singers, and I know not who besides. There is nothing Druidical in Fontainebleau—nothing of the kind, that is to say, which would convince an antiquary. The "Cavern of the Brigands" may be aptly so named, for there is no doubt that Fontainebleau has been a place of many thieves; but for the most part the nomenclature is purely arbitrary and mostly modern. A less enthusiastic worshiper of art-heroism would have been content, perhaps, with the old legendary and picturesque names, such as Mont-Aigu, Gorge-du-Houx, Nid de l'Aigle, and Gorge-aux-Loups. But M. Denecourt is as thoroughly French as Victor Hugo himself or the elder Dumas in demonstrative homage of genius, and would improve the best charms of Nature by reflecting them in loved and honored faces. This is a very estimable feeling in its way, but it rather interferes with the point of view which a mere lover of Nature and Nature's solitude would like to preserve in threading the mazes of a forest.

As I have already intimated, the giants are few in comparison with the pygmies in this land of trees. Probably none of the largest oaks, not even the Pharamond, which is a notable object in our promenade of the Gorges d'Apremont, would answer in its girth to Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's arbitrary standard of an oak of the first class. But what it lacks in largeness of rotundity—and it is no mean example of stately timber even in this respect—it compensates in height. The loftiness of this and of other trees at Fontainebleau is amazing. The great authority I have just cited would

not recognize in any of the Fontainebleau oaks his *beau idéal* of that tree which in all ages has been a symbol of strength. They do not stretch forth their arms horizontally, but lift them aloft. The age of the Pharamond is lost in the night of ages. Its colossal head, which, centuries ago, was reared higher yet than we now see it, has been wasted by time and seared by lightnings. A huge covering of zinc—veritably a cap of maintenance—crowns this *doyen* of the forest, one blighted arm being



Forest-path at Franchard.

tossed high into the heavens, many cubits above the covered brows. Matching the Pharamond in grandeur is an enormous rock, called the Leviathan of Apremont; and it is in

the road between the two gorges of Apremont and Franchard that one of the female guardians of the place will induct us to the Bleeding Fountain, where the water, though cool, bright, and refreshing, is deeply stained, as with blood. There are but few springs in the forest, but the water which trickles so sparingly from those few is deliciously pure, and has, it is said, some special health-giving qualities. I have a particularly grateful recollection of the fountain at Mont-Chauvet as affording a draught that I would not have exchanged for a beaker of the finest champagne that ever tingled upon lip. In dry seasons Fontainebleau is a dry place. It has its little lakes and springs here and there, but there are depths of the forest stillness in which a drop of water cannot be found. Perhaps this will explain the oft-heard assertion that there are very few birds in the forest of Fontainebleau, and that its profound silence is unbroken by a trill or a note. This is true, and not true. When all the waters are dried from the sandy ground, the warblers of native wood-notes will abandon the arid places in favor of spots where they may moisten their little throats; but in the showery spring I know few sylvan retreats so musical as Fontainebleau. Thrush, linnet, nightingale, and finches of endless variety, seem to take pleasure in following the noiseless course of your chariot-wheels, or in cheering your foot-march with melody. The notes of the cuckoo are heard long before summer has set in; and, in short, this hunting-ground of the French kings is, for the greater part of the year, as full of noises and sweet sounds, that give delight and hurt not, as *Prospero's* magic isle.

On the edge of the forest, and first to greet a wayfarer who approaches Fontainebleau by the high-road from Paris, is a strange little village called Barbison. Artistically, this romantic spot, with its adjoining sylvan scenery of Bas-Bréau, may be said to have been discovered fifty years ago, by a party of young landscape-painters, who started, knapsack on back, for a long walk from the polite capital into the heart of rustic France. They, and other artists in succession, have colonized Barbison; and, indeed, very much of the landscape-art of France, which is growing more and more familiar to the English public, is animated with the peculiar beauties of the Fontainebleau scenery. And not alone have landscape-painters, like Troyon, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and Théodore and Philippe Rousseau, made Barbison their home. Masters in every branch of pictorial art have delighted in sojourning under the roof of Père Ganne, as the proprietor of the old *auberge* was affectionately called, or in one of the lowly dwellings near.

One of the four finest oaks of Fontainebleau is to be seen at Bas-Bréau, close to Barbison. This tree is sometimes called "le Briarée," its older and more significant name, and sometimes the "Bouquet de l'Empereur." Many of the trees in Fontainebleau Forest are remarkable for the multiplication, so to speak, of their stems; for the forks of the upward-springing branches are, in some instances, so near the ground that it is difficult, if not impossible, to say which is the true trunk of the tree. Thus, the

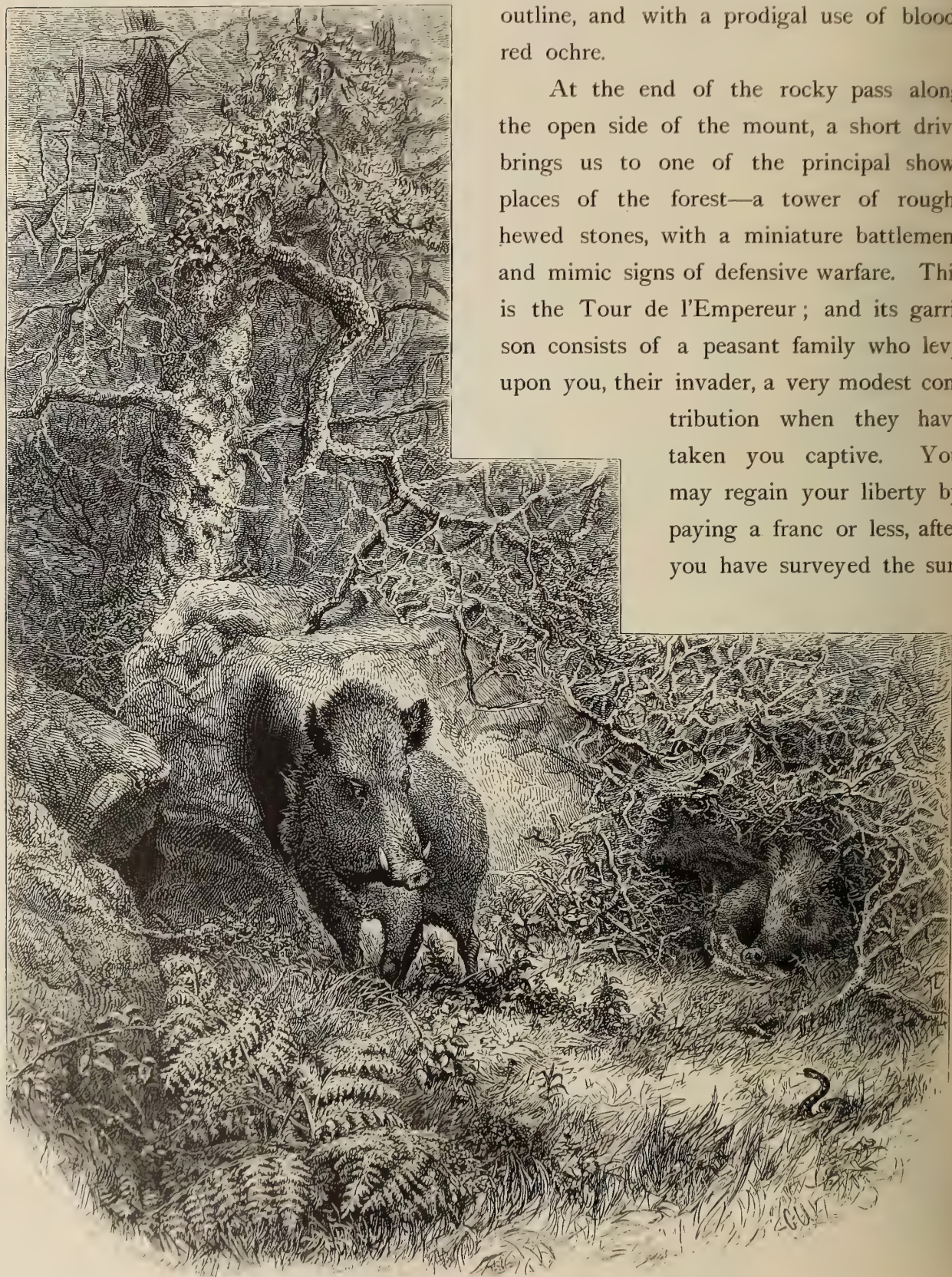
strange-looking oak at Nid de l'Aigle has no fewer than ten such pseudo-trunks, with scarcely any perceptible difference of size among them. You will see this wonderful tree in the course of a beautiful drive, commencing from Fontainebleau with the road named after Louis Philippe, which rises on a hill-side, bordered by black pines. After a noiseless journey this way and that, the maze being unraveled for you by M. Dene-court's red and blue marks on the tree-trunks, you come to a rocky region, and are bidden by your *cocher* to alight, and to climb a rough, winding path, in order to see the Salamander. You not only see this monstrous petrification, but many shapes besides, in which you may trace a fanciful resemblance to almost any and every thing you please; and you will notice, also, that some of the oaks are more like those of English growth, being stunted in height, ample of circumference, and much gnarled and knotted. Lizards and innocent green snakes, against whose life a churlish ignorance sets its cruel face, move in the carpet of brown leaves that the vanishing years have strewed. You will have to get down more than once from your *voiture*, if you would see all that is worth seeing on this route, leading to Mont d'Ussy. Trees growing out from the fissures of immense rocks seem rather as if these titanic masses had been hurled upon them, crushing and pinning them down, so that the distorted trunks writhe and the bossy limbs are twisted as in torment. Such nightmare shapes as are thus wrought on the rugged sides of Mont d'Ussy are almost without fellows in any wood or wilderness I have ever seen. An ascending road which has been cut through the rocks, and which is one of the steepest in the forest, leads to the pine-crowned summit of Mont d'Ussy. Savage, gloomy, Salvator-Rosa-like scenery is this; but in the spring and summer months it is relieved by the varied and delicate beauty of the foliage which mingles with the rocky masses shelving down on either side toward the winding and sandy road. Strange is it to see, when we have gained the table-land above, and are in the vicinity of the cross of Augas, so much formal handiwork: macadam roads set out at right angles, and neatly kerbed with cubes of limestone; young trees planted at regular intervals on either hand, as in a boulevard. Proceeding on a level you come to a dip, and have before you a long, straight road as far as you can see—a road extending beyond the scenery of the forest. But you travel along it for only a little distance before turning off to the right hand, through a thick growth of elms and pines intermingled, and make a *détour* on foot which will afford you an expansive prospect from the rocky shelf along which you hold your way. The panorama which spreads out from the forest at your feet to the horizon is finely diversified, and you will enjoy it the more as it relieves you from a feeling of disappointment not unnatural after having made the ascent of the Mont d'Ussy road, and having found so flat an expanse of pine-grown table-land. The rocky path has been trod by many tourists before you, and they have left their names on grotto-sides, as in the visiting-book of the hotel. "Les Chevaliers du Chaos" have elaborately chronicled their



OAKS AT NID D'AIGLE, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

presence in 1863, by a truculent device in colored chalks upon a smooth slab of the limestone rock. A bowl, presumably significant of poison, a pistol, and a dagger, are drawn with more boldness than skill of outline, and with a prodigal use of blood-red ochre.

At the end of the rocky pass along the open side of the mount, a short drive brings us to one of the principal show-places of the forest—a tower of rough-hewn stones, with a miniature battlement and mimic signs of defensive warfare. This is the Tour de l'Empereur; and its garrison consists of a peasant family who levy upon you, their invader, a very modest contribution when they have taken you captive. You may regain your liberty by paying a franc or less, after you have surveyed the sur-

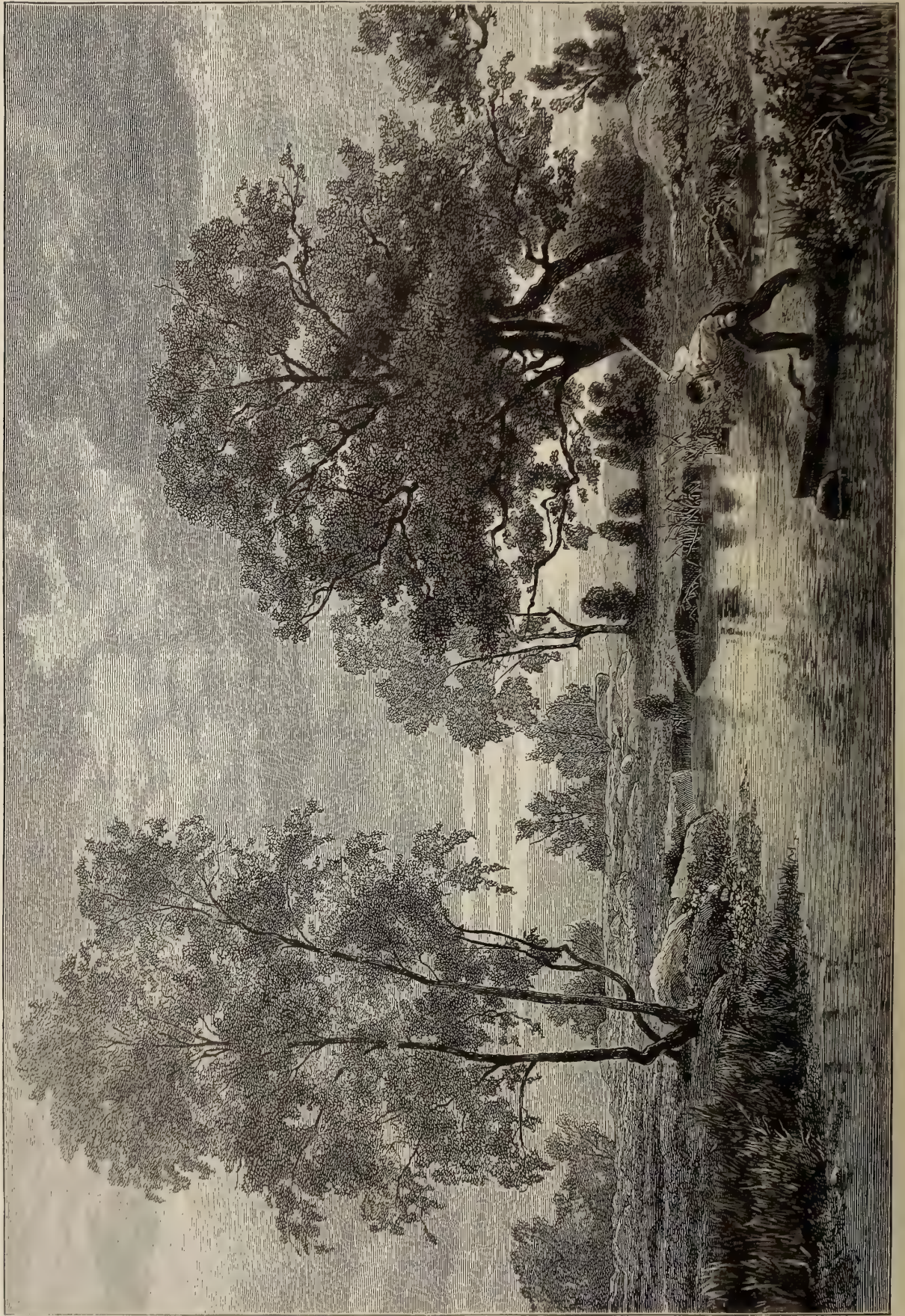


A Lair in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

rounding country through a telescope, which the commandant of the fortress, a good-looking young wood-cutter in a blue blouse, shifts for you from side to side. The points of view are many, are of considerable interest, and range over a large area of magnificent country, extending on one side to the vineyards of Burgundy. Let us take them in order. On the Melun side we may sweep with our telescope Villejuif, Corbeil, on the Seine, with its adjoining village of cotton-manufactures, Essonne; the Tour de Montlhéry, terror of the kings of France in feudal times; Brie-comte Robert and Savigny-le-Temple. The next outlook is in the direction beyond Brie, over the table-land crossed by the magnificent viaduct of the Lyons Railway; and then comes the Burgundy view, most attractive of all, for the wood-cutter's glass is powerful enough to show us the city of Sens, with its ancient cathedral, parent of the choir of Canterbury; the lovely scenery of Montereau, stained as it is in the eyes of the historian with the blood of many wars; the Tour de Villecerf, and many spots no less memorable than picturesque.

There have been many destructive outbreaks of fire in the forest of Fontainebleau; and the holiday-makers who resort chiefly to this quarter, which closely abuts on the town, are cautioned by placard against the careless act, so common among smokers, of throwing flame about them. The most disastrous of those forest-fires happened early in the present year, and has laid waste many acres, near Mont-Aigu, whitening the trunks of many hundreds of trees, and leaving their branches all charred and black and barren. It is a vile and selfish practice, by which men thus endanger houses, harvest-fields, heath, and woodland, besides the lives of children and innocent women, whose manner of dress unfortunately increases the peril. From such cause, has the forest of Fontainebleau, like many another forest, suffered at various times.

One of the prettiest and most readily accessible spots which a sojourner in Barbison will quickly photograph on the sensitive-plate of his memory, either in a course of picnics or by familiar help of solitary perambulations, is Belle Croix, a wild and picturesque plateau, rocky in some parts, and in others overgrown with bushes, the covert of those beasts of the chase which, greatly diminished in numbers, are yet to be found in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. The ruined oak of Clovis will be seen near the road which, from its making the entire circuit of the forest, is called the Route Ronde. This majestic tree is one of the four most ancient in these royal hunting-grounds, dating, with tolerable approach to certainty, from the reign of Henry IV. Near Belle Croix is the largest of the few small lakes of which mention has been made; and the best opportunities of seeing the scattered deer which still haunt the forest, in small herds or in groups of two or three, will here be afforded. The *sans-culottes*, who viewed with detestation any semblance of those pastimes which were the peculiar prerogative of royalty and the *noblesse*, made fierce slaughter of these dappled citizens of the woods. It was not so easy, however, to exterminate the tribe



MARE NEAR BELLE CROIX, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

of savage swine with which the woods of Central France and Burgundy are overrun; and a fine boar may now and then be found in Fontainebleau. The lairs of these brawny brutes are chiefly in the rocky and broken ground of the forest, where grow the oaks from which drops their favorite food.

Taken altogether, and with any small drawbacks which are not peculiar to this district alone, Fontainebleau is a charming place; and a never-ending surprise is that, being within so short a journey of Paris, solitude should still be a charm left to the royal forest and town. But the seclusion is gradually suffering from the encroachments of modern luxury. Ornamental houses are springing up, in whole rows, on the road from the railway-station to the town, and the value of land is so well understood by that thrifty and acquisitive personage, the French peasant, that he is buying up every rood he can bring within the compass of his hoarded capital. On the Barbison side, the proprietor of the famous artistic *auberge* has bought all the ground close up to the forest. Not necessarily, let us hope, will Fontainebleau be spoiled for the simple and the poor, for the seeker of health and calm repose, away from the world's din, false delights, labors that are vain, and cares that avail not.



Viaduct on the Lyons Railway, Fontainebleau.

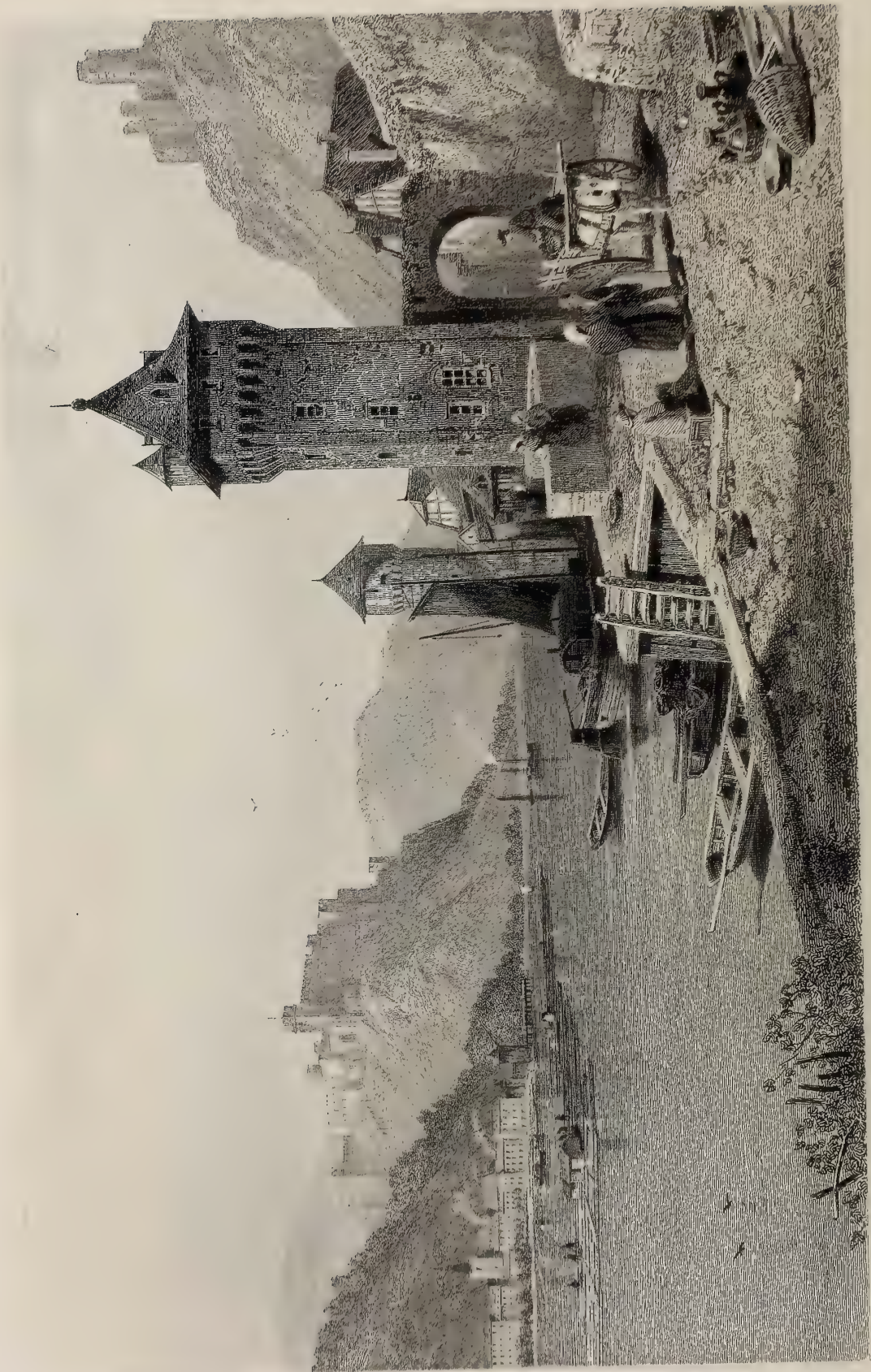
THE RHINE.



The Terrace, Heidelberg Castle.

THE famous castle of Heidelberg is one of the points to which every traveler in the Rhine district looks forward with especial interest and excitement. Besides the great beauty of its position, the place is rich in historical associations; and this is a combination which never fails in effect. We have not here to "invent" the traditions or recollections which, as Sir Walter Scott once remarked, is so easy a process. Heidelberg possesses only too great a store of them.

Heidelberg, as all the world knows, is on the Neckar; but so near the junction of that river with the Rhine that it is fairly numbered among the chief sights of the Rhenish tour. But those who wish for the full delight of a first impression should not approach it by the Rhine. It is better to descend upon it from Frankfort and

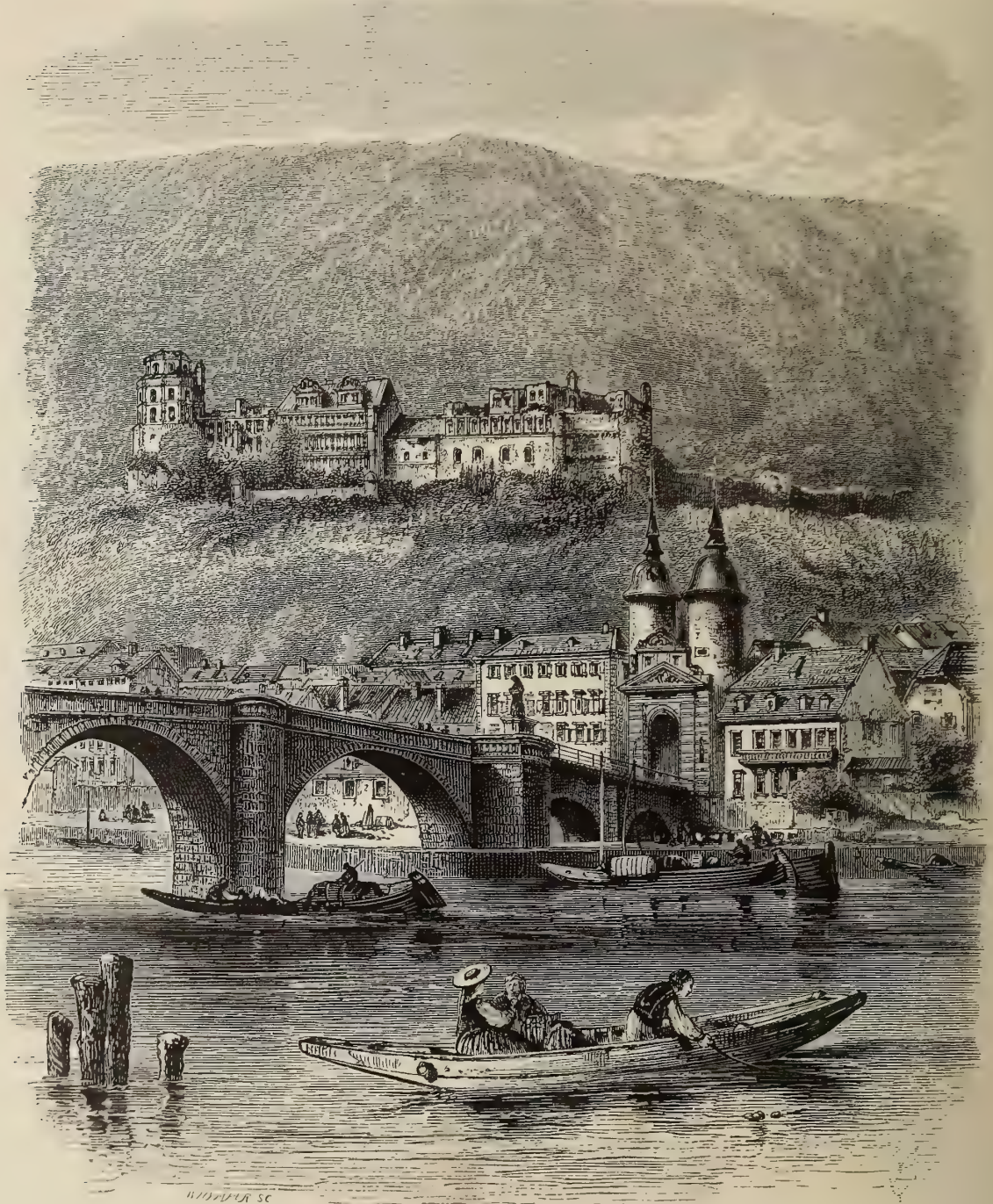


W. Green on the Rhine

Darmstadt, through the Odenwald, with its stories of the wild hunter, and its towering hills of granite; or by the beautiful Bergstrasse which skirts the hills, and overlooks a vast extent of cultivated country, with the Vosges in the far distance; or, better still, perhaps, the tourist may descend the Neckar from Heilbronn, passing the castle of Hornberg, where Götz of the Iron Hand died, in 1562, and where his armor still hangs on the wall; and so gliding by the lovely valley of Eberbach, and under the four castles of the Landschadens at Neckarsteinach—the *Raubritter*, or “robber-knights,” whose name, “the bane of the land,” sufficiently tells that the passage of the river in former days was hardly so safe as at present. Thus, between wooded hills and tall cliffs of red sandstone, Heidelberg will be reached through scenery with which the picturesque old town is far more in keeping than it is with the broad, rich levels of the Rhine in this part of its course.

Heidelberg stands on the left bank of the quiet, still-flowing Neckar—a stream which winds and curves greatly as it journeys toward the Rhine from its sources among the hills of the Swartzwald. The town occupies a narrow ledge or terrace between the river and the rock on which stands the castle; but here there are few traces of former splendor; and, indeed, it would hardly be reasonable to expect many relics of the past in a town which has been “five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes, thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage.” The very causes which brought about the ancient prosperity of Heidelberg brought also on the place all this unenviable distinction. The castle was the palace and court of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. Thus, Heidelberg was necessarily rendered prominent during the struggle of the Thirty Years’ War; and later, when Louis XIV. let loose the troops of Turenne, of Melac, and of Chamilly, on the unfortunate Palatinate. In 1622 the town was taken by the ferocious Tilly, after a siege which lasted a month. It had then been bombarded, and Tilly allowed his soldiers to ravage it as they pleased for three days after its fall. The castle, into which the garrison had retreated, held out for some time; but the commander, an Englishman named Hubert, was shot, and the fortress was speedily surrendered. The library of the elector was one of the most valuable in Europe. Tilly used the books and manuscripts for littering his horses—a fate which befell more than one such collection in the course of the struggle. The French General Melac, who took Heidelberg in 1688, was by no means inferior to Tilly in savage cruelty—as, indeed, the desolation of the Palatinate, under the direction of Louis XIV., was a work of barbarism far exceeding in kind and extent anything that had occurred during the Thirty Years’ War. The first French raid occurred in 1674. The unhappy elector could then see from his castle the outbursts of flame and smoke which rose from the burning villages, and marked the onward progress of the French army. This he was unable to meet in the field; but he sent a cartel to Marshal Turenne, challenging him to single combat. The marshal declined, though not uncourteously. A second French

army crossed the Rhine in 1685; and it was during this struggle, in the campaign of 1688, that Melac took and burnt Heidelberg. There was a third siege and capture by the French, under Marshal de Lorges, in 1693. The castle, into which many of the



Heidelberg, from the River.

townspeople had fled for refuge, was betrayed by its governor; and Heidelberg will never forget the terrors of the sack which followed. French troops were never allowed greater license. It is hardly possible to exaggerate their cruelty, especially toward the Protestants, whom it was their business to destroy. The castle was at this time

shattered and ruined; but not so entirely as to prevent a restoration, which was completed in 1720. But it was marked for ill fortune. In 1764 the great octagon tower was struck by lightning; the flames spread; the castle was reduced to a mass of roofless walls, and has never since been rebuilt or inhabited.

With a glance at the university (founded in 1386, and one of the most ancient in Germany), in the library of which are some important manuscripts; at the church of the Holy Ghost, once rich in the monuments of the electors, all destroyed by the French in 1793; and at the church of St. Peter, on the door of which Jerome of Prague fastened his famous paper of theses, and where is the tomb of the beautiful and learned Olympia Morata—we pass upward to the castle, “girt,” in the words of Bulwer, “by its massive walls and hanging terraces, round which from place to place clings the dwarfed and various foliage; while high at the rear rises the huge mountain, covered, save at its extreme summit, with dark trees, and concealing in its mysterious breast the shadowy beings of the legendary world. Toward the ruins, and up a steep ascent, you may see a few scattered sheep thinly studding the broken ground. Aloft, above the ramparts, rises, desolate and huge, the palace of the Electors of the Palatinate. In its broken walls you may trace the tokens of the lightning that blasted its ancient pomp, but still leaves in the vast extent of pile a fitting monument to the memory of Charlemagne.” How far the great Emperor Karl was connected with Heidelberg is not very evident, although his figure appears among those of the ancestors of the Elector Friedrich IV. on the superb façade of his building. But the great mass of ruin is so varied and extensive, and recalls such distinct periods of time, that we may allow ourselves, without violent remonstrance, to be carried back to the eighth or ninth century. Climbing upward from the Neckar, and at last entering the great court, we are confronted by a marvelous scene. The architectural details may be in questionable taste, and of doubtful propriety; but the picturesque and impressive effect of the whole is unrivaled. The castle grew from age to age, the oldest portion being a recessed tower on the northeast side, the work of the Elector Rudolph at the very beginning of the fourteenth century. Of the later masses of the building, the finest is no doubt the so-called “Ritter Saal”—the “Knight’s Hall”—built by Otto Henry between 1556 and 1559. Then comes the “Friedrichsbau,” built in 1607. Both these are rich in sculpture and in statues—heroes of sacred and profane history, and ancestors of the reigning house of Bavaria, who look out from their niches over the clusters of greenery that fill the court, and contrast well with the warm sandstone of the ruin. Outside the great court, and adjoining a massive tower, which dates from 1533, is the “English building,” prepared for the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who married the Elector Friedrich V., afterward King of Bohemia. “Let me rather,” she exclaimed, when her husband hesitated to accept that luckless crown, “eat dry bread at a king’s table than feast at the board of an elector.” Her fate was to eat dry bread. A triumphal arch, the pillars of which

are entwined with ivy-leaves, is still called the Elizabethan-Pforte. It led to the garden laid out by the elector for his wife.

From the terrace on the east of the castle there is a grand view of the beautiful plain through which the Neckar, issuing from its vine-clad valley, winds toward its junction with the Rhine. But the views from the gardens and terraces, from the hill which rises behind the castle, and, indeed, from every point of vantage in the neighborhood, are so varied and so beautiful that it is hard for the stranger to tear himself from them. And if he become wearied by his wanderings, he may



Biberach.

(although the great tun of Heidelberg is empty) refresh himself with the pleasant, sparkling wine of the Neckar—or, in due season, with the cherries of Dossenheim, which find their way from the Neckar to the Thames, and may be bought in Covent Garden.

We must quit Heidelberg at last, however; and, passing down with the river, we join the Rhine a little below Mannheim. But here the great German stream is hardly beautiful. From Mannheim to Mentz it winds through a rich, level country, where the interest is in association rather than in scenery. So we pass Worms, with its Romanesque Domkirche, its recollections of the Emperor Karl the Great, and its monument to Luther; Erfelden, where Gustavus Adolphus crossed the Rhine, while his Swedish troops sang psalms; and Oppenheim, where the beautiful, half-ruined church of St. Catherine is overlooked by the completely-ruined castle of Landskron; and speedily

reach the venerable city of Mentz, now bristling with fortifications. Even here, however, we must not linger. Our special pursuit is the picturesque; and, with a glance at this cradle of the printer's art; at the cathedral—a good example of that true Rhenish style—and at the monument, erected in the fourteenth century, of St. Boniface—the Englishman who, in the eighth century, became the “Apostle of Germany,” and the first Archbishop of Mentz—we glide onward to Biberach, where is a château which was long a summer residence of the Duke of Nassau, with gardens famous for their great chestnut-trees. Here we pass into the true picturesque of the Rhine; the legends on either bank are as numerous as the castles; and here we enter the Rheingau, the country of vineyards and of noble wine, whereof Father Claus, in Longfellow's poem, preserves the true tradition:

“At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine.”

These were the wines loved of the canons of Mentz, whose vineyards were the best in the district, and who, when the pope reproved them for their luxurious living, wrote back, “We have more wine than is needed for the mass, but hardly enough to turn our mills with.”

Vineyards spread themselves on the right bank of the river, and many a small island lies in the midst of the stream between Biberach and Bingen. The scene is far more striking when looked down upon from some of the heights above the Rhine than from the river itself. It is not so romantic as it becomes below Bingen; but it is bright and cheerful, and, from the higher ground, anything but tame. On the right bank is Eltville, with its lofty watch-tower, part of a castle built by the archbishops of Mentz, who often retired here among their vineyards (the whole Rheingau was given to them by one of the Karlings). And then come names which are familiar enough, and remind us at once of the “Land of Bacchus” we are traversing: Steinberg, on the hill of Eberbach, at some distance from the river; Johannisberg, the famous château of Prince Metternich, where the grapes are so precious that even those which fall are carefully picked off the ground; and Rüdesheim, where, says tradition, the vines were brought from Burgundy by the great Emperor Karl, who saw from his palace at Ingelheim that the snow melted on these heights sooner than elsewhere. Beautiful is the “woody scene” from the terrace of Johannisberg; and far more beautiful the heights of the Niederwald, rising at the back of Rüdesheim, and passing into the taller ridges of the Taunus. The temple, a small building on the Niederwald heights, commands a view up the Rhine, “with all the happy islets in its embrace,” and with the hills of the Odenwald on the left, which Bulwer describes

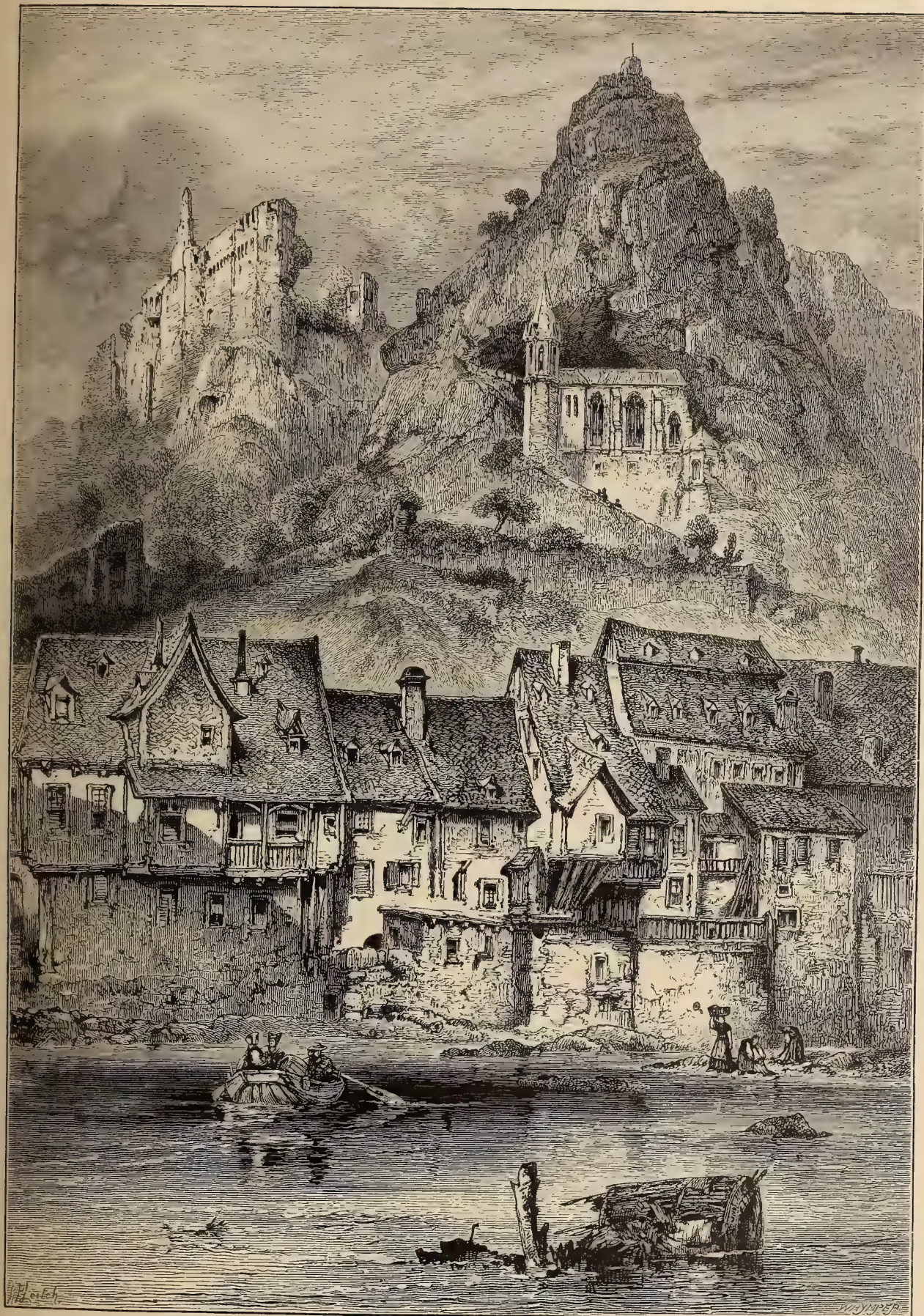
as "one of the noblest landscapes of earth." The thick forest is of beech and oak; and through it, from the temple, we may climb to a higher point, where the view is yet wilder and grander. The Rhine, under Johannisberg, attains its greatest breadth,



View from Oberstein.

spreading itself to about double the width which it has below Rüdesheim. From Mentz it has been attended by the water of the Main, of a dull-red color, which keeps itself quite distinct from the clear green of the Rhine itself. At Bingen it is joined by the Nahe, of a dull brown; and the three rivers do not mix until they reach the pool of the Lurlei.

Before reaching Bingen, however, we quit the Rhine, and, making a dash toward the southwest, reach the valley of the Nahe at Oberstein. Such cross-country flights



OBERSTEIN.

as these are the especial privilege of travelers in search of the picturesque; and Oberstein is a great point of attraction. In our descent of the Rhine we have, as yet, encountered no such grand, rocky scenery as meets us here on the Nahe. The strange position of Oberstein, shut in toward the river by its high-peaked rocks and cliffs, is well shown in our illustration. Dirt is invaluable to artists; and the little town has been pronounced "one of the dirtiest which it is possible to conceive." But its old wooden buildings, grimed by the neglect of years, afford admirable color, quaint outlines, and excellent effects of light; all set forth by the background of porphyry hills, tree-tufted and castle-crested. The cliffs of the Nahe are both of porphyry and amygdaloid, and abound in agates (these are quarried above Idar), some of which are very beautiful. But it is amusing to find that, as the native crystals and agates are less abundant than in former years, stones of similar character are brought to Oberstein from the East Indies and from Brazil, and are polished here. The little water-wheels which turn and flash among the small streams that descend to the Nahe, are used to move the grinding-stones of the polishers. These works and the railway to Saarbrück, which winds up the valley, crossing and recrossing the river, give life to the district, and have somewhat interfered with its secluded, old-world character. But the grand hills remain; and the rocks had, after all, been mastered here before the days of the railway. The church seen in our illustration half-way up the "tor" above the houses is built in a cavity which was purposely hollowed from the rock. It is approached by stairs cut in the rock; and the natural rock forms part of the roof and one side of the building. Nature, however, has here reasserted herself; and the church seems almost part of the crag in which it is imbedded. The castle on the brother "tor" is a much-shattered ruin, but very well placed for the artist's purposes. It belongs to the far-off duchy of Oldenburg. The very summit of the church-rock is marked by a tower (shown in a distinct illustration), from which there is a striking view over the narrow, cliff-bordered valley of the Nahe, some of the finest scenery in which occurs between this point and the castle of Daun, nearly twenty miles lower down. Cliffs, wild hill-sides, castles, and villages picturesque in ancient dirt, succeed each other as the tourist flies onward in the railway-train (which he should not do), or as he paces the quiet river-bank, and diverges as inclination or the attraction of some more distant scene may persuade him. So he will pass Daun (where the castle-ruins are grand), and reach at last Sobernheim, a venerable town of no very great interest, although here, too, are bits of domestic architecture far too delightful to be hastily passed, and very provocative of pencil and sketch-book. Mr. Ruskin tells us that admiration of ruin and decay indicates a somewhat unhealthy taste. It may be feared that such admiration will in no case be decreased by an exploration of the valley of the Nahe.

But everywhere there are traces of ruin and decay in Nature herself. The

superb precipices of red porphyry at Münster-am-Stein, not far above Kreuznach, indicates the weather-wear of unnumbered ages no less strongly than the castle which crests it marks the destructive work of what is comparatively yesterday. The combined beauty and grandeur of the scene are well shown in the engraving. The rock rises



House at Sobernheim.

sheer from the water to a height of four hundred and twenty feet; and the whole is such a combination of trees, rock, wild-fell, and water, as belongs only to a granitic, primitive region. The eagle's-nest castle on the summit of the precipice is that of Rheingrafenstein, an old stronghold of the Rhinegraves, destroyed by the French in 1689. We may forget all about railways as we climb to this point through the coppice at the back; or as we mount to the neighboring "goose" peak (the Gans), which

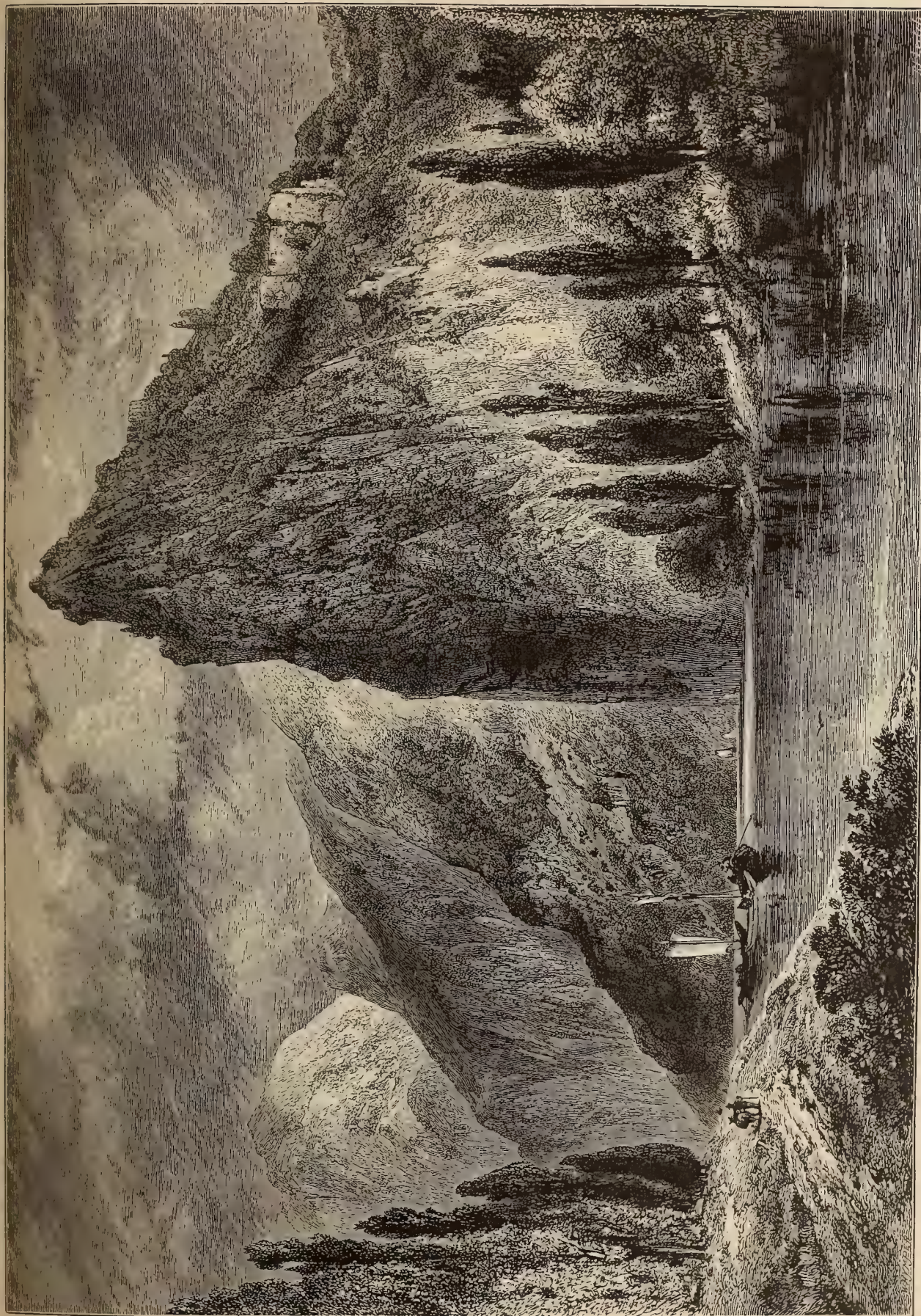
commands a wide view of the Nahe Valley. Here the Alsenz joins the Nahe; and at the junction rises the castle of Ebernburg, the fortress of Franz of Sickingen, in which he sheltered Melanchthon and Bucer, and where Ulric von Hutten wrote many of his works. Franz was a "robber-knight," who besieged the cities of Mentz and of Trier, and held his own, throughout his life, against the emperor. The early Reformers of Germany were his friends and companions, and his stronghold was often of good service to them.

The great salt-works above Kreuznach press somewhat closely on the wild grandeur of Münster-am-Stein. Kreuznach itself is a bustling town, with *Kurhaus*, and *Brunnen*, and brine-baths, and all the accompaniments of a much-frequented watering-place. The country round it is pleasant, and at a distance of about twelve miles the Nahe falls into the Rhine, a little below Bingen.

Thus we embark once more on the Rhine, passing into the great river between the heights of the Rochusberg on the right and the Rupertsberg on the left. The "Rochus Chapelle," or chapel of St. Roch, is placed on the summit of his "berg;" and, if the tourist should be present at the festival of St. Roch (August 16th), he will witness one of the most picturesque gatherings of the Rhine-country. Thousands of pilgrims assemble here to pay their vows and to make their offerings to the saint, who is the patron to be invoked against plague and pestilence. For more than a quarter of a century while the French, after the Revolution, were in possession of the Rhine, this festival was intermitted; and Goethe, who was present at the first "revival," in 1814, gives, in his "*Reise am Rhein*," an animated description of the joyous festivity by which it was marked. The great poet afterward presented to the chapel the altar-piece which still decorates the interior. The terrace of the chapel overhangs the Rhine, and looks up and down the river; and the walk from Bingen by the Scharlachkopf affords a wide panorama, up the Nahe and across the Rhine to the Niederwald. The visitor sees the country through which he has already passed, and much of that toward which he is hastening. But all these charms are lost to him who merely passes along the river in a steamboat.

On the Rupertsberg are the ruins of a convent, once ruled by the famous Hildegard, whose prophecies were of no small weight in her lifetime, and whose tomb here was a well-known place of pilgrimage. She was as zealous a preacher of the Crusade as her friend Bernard of Clairvaux; and, imitating Moses on the mount of Horeb, she went alone, it is said, to the highest peak of the Taunus, the Brunhildstein, and there, with her arms outstretched, continued in prayer for the success of the Crusade until she fell senseless to the ground.

Below Bingen the river becomes the true "castellated Rhine." Here begins the narrow gorge of the Rhine, cut through a chain of mountains running nearly at right angles to the stream. It may be that the river burst through a great mountain-wall



MUNSTER-AM-STEIN.

which opposed its progress at Bingen; and it is certain that a wall of rock runs obliquely across at this place, and has been broken through artificially at what is known as the "Binger Loch," or "Hole of Bingen." The deepest part of this channel lies under the castle of Ehrenfels, built by the archbishops of Mentz early in the thirteenth century. It was stormed in the Thirty Years' War; but its destruction,



View from Bingen.

like so much else in this country, is due to the French in 1689. It rises very picturesquely above the river, while vineyards creep up to it from below, and the folding hills make a fitting background. Archbishop Hatto's name is connected with Ehrenfels, but not more justly than with the quaint Mäusethurm, or Mouse Tower, on its island in the river below. Every one visits the Mäusethurm, and every one knows

how the cruel archbishop, in a time of terrible scarcity, induced the famishing people of Bingen, who wearied him with their importunities, to enter a great barn :

“ Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.”

So he went back to Ehrenfels, “ and sat down to supper merrily.” But that night was his last. A vast army of rats issued from the smoking barn. The bishop, in terror, fled to his river-tower. But there was no escape for him. The rats swam the river, climbed the walls, and crept by thousands in at the windows and loop-holes. Then—

“ All at once to the bishop they go.
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do justice on him.”

There are quaint pictures in some old German books which show us the rats scaling the tower, on the top of which appears the archbishop, with cope, mitre, and pastoral staff, while a couple of huge rats have made good their lodging on his shoulders. The story is “ in print,” and, if not “ in choice Italian,” yet in the choicest High German. And yet, as far as Bishop Hatto is concerned, it is but the irony of Fate. He was by no means a hard-hearted or cruel prelate; and the tower, which is much later than his time, was built for collecting tolls from the vessels that passed up and down the Rhine. The same story is told of other bishops and of other rats. It is widely scattered, and occurs in Switzerland, in Sweden, in Poland, and elsewhere. Mr. Baring-Gould, who has collected many of these parallel stories, suggests that the “ myth points to sacrifices of chieftains and princes in times of famine”—of course in heathen days—“ and that the manner of offering the sacrifice was the exposure of the victim to rats.” Those who are curious in the matter may refer to his “ Myths of the Middle Ages.”

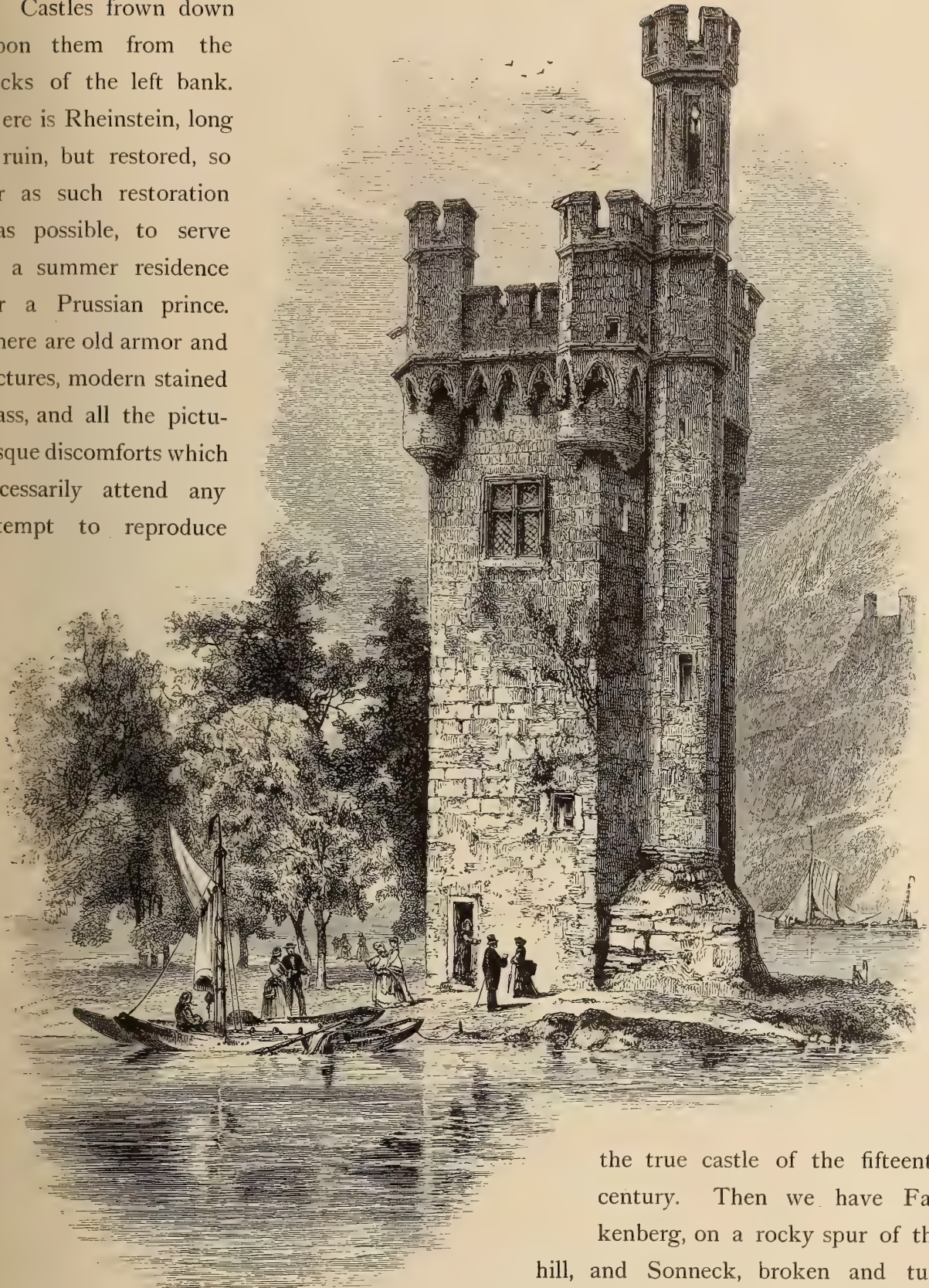
On the right bank of the river, a little beyond the Mouse Tower, is the village of Assmanshausen, famous as the place where the best, and for a long time the only, red wine of the Rhine is made. The vine was brought here from Burgundy, and is a distinct variety from the Riesling, the ordinary vine of the Rheingau. The Assmanshausen vineyards are niched into the sides of the steep hills which rise about and behind the village, and occupy narrow terraces, supported by walls of masonry. The effect is often curious, and undoubtedly suggests an enormous amount of laborious perseverance; but in truth neither a Rhenish nor a Burgundian vineyard is so picturesque

*Ehrenfels.*

as an English hop-ground, when the season is tolerably far advanced, and the field lies pleasantly. Both are uncertain crops, and the vine especially demands constant and careful attention. It should be remarked that the turn in the river which begins somewhat below Mentz, so that the Rhine

thenceforward flows from east to west, is highly favorable to the growth of the vine, and it is to this that the Rheingau is indebted for its riches. The rays of the mid-day sun fall direct on the right bank of the river, to which all the better vineyards are confined.

Castles frown down upon them from the rocks of the left bank. Here is Rheinstein, long a ruin, but restored, so far as such restoration was possible, to serve as a summer residence for a Prussian prince. There are old armor and pictures, modern stained glass, and all the picturesque discomforts which necessarily attend any attempt to reproduce



The Mouse Tower.

the true castle of the fifteenth century. Then we have Falkenberg, on a rocky spur of the hill, and Sonneck, broken and turreted. Rheinstein is more strikingly placed than the others, rising as it

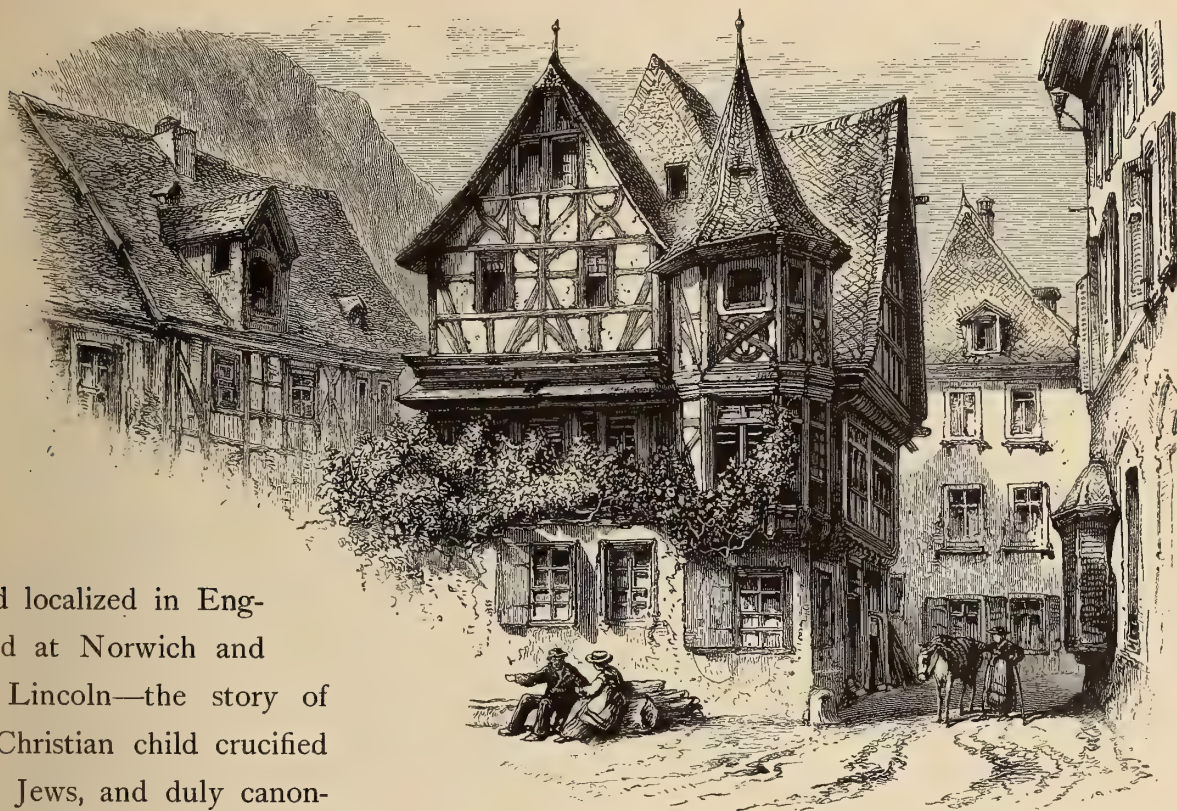
does on the crest of a rock which hangs closely over the river, barely leaving room for a narrow road at its base. Here for many ages was a "Jew's toll," and every Jew who

passed was compelled to pay a certain sum. Whether the tradition is correct which asserts that little dogs were kept at hand, trained to seize on the Jews among the crowd of travelers, may well be doubted; and the story of the beautiful Gerda of Rheinstein, the "fairest maiden from Constance to the sea," who loved the brave Sir Kuno, and who was made happy at last, in spite of an imperious father and a traitorous suitor, is not perhaps much more to be credited. St. Clement's Church, among its spreading walnut-trees close to the river, has been restored, like the castle of Rheinstein, which towers above it. The legend tells us that a fair and wealthy maiden in the Sauerthal was once carried off by the fierce lord of Rheinstein. On the river a great storm arose, and the maiden vowed that, should she be saved from her double peril, she would build a church in honor of St. Clement on the projecting point of land toward which the boat was driving. St. Clement himself appeared, walking on the waves. The maiden seized his hand, and was safely landed. The boat, with its evil load, was submerged, and the church was duly built. Nearly all these castles were in truth robber-towers, and their owners levied black-mail at their will on all who passed within sight of them. Of course these *Raubritter* quarreled fiercely among themselves, and the destruction of their strongholds, under sentence of the Diet of the empire, at the end of the thirteenth century, was thus rendered far more easy. They were then, for the most part, stormed and laid in ruin by the forces of the League of the Rhine.

The Rheingau ends at the town of Lorch, on the right bank, and at the mouth of the picturesque Wisperthal, which deserves exploration. It cannot be too often said that the mere ascent or descent of the Rhine gives little idea of the real beauty of the country. Of course the narrow gorge of the river is sufficiently grand; but the traveler to be envied is he who can wander quietly from point to point along the banks, passing at his will up such valleys as that of the Wisper, and dreaming his own dreams in the woods and on the rocky heights. He will not, perhaps, tarry long at Lorch, old town as it is, with a Burghaus, a twelfth-century church, and an elaborately-carved altar-piece; but he should certainly climb the Kedrich Mountain, at the back of the town, with the "devil's ladder" toward its summit. This is a favorite home of the "earth-men"—dwarfs who guard the treasures hid in the rocky heart of the hill. They are sometimes heard hammering deep under ground; but their hoards of gold and silver are no more exposed to mortal eyes, although Lorch abounds in legends which indicate that in former days it was not very difficult to obtain a glimpse of them.

We pass more castles—Fürstenberg and Nollingen—before we reach Bacharach, with its antique walls and picturesque towers. This place was for a considerable period the great wine-market of the Rheingau; but the etymology which makes Bacharach to signify "*Bacchi ara*," the "altar of Bacchus," has long been exploded, although that name has been given to a rock in the bed of the river, between the

low, green island opposite the town and the right bank. This rock is, it is true, in one sense a Bacchic memorial. It is generally covered with water, but, when it makes its appearance early in the summer, a dry season is sure to follow, and the vintage will be good. There are some quaint old half-timbered houses in the town of Bacharach, as an illustration shows; but the view from the ruined walls of Stahleck, behind the town, and the graceful fragment of the church of St. Werner, are more attractive than anything in the place itself. Stahleck, standing well on its rock, was a castle of the Electors Palatine, and possibly occupies the site of a Roman fort. St. Werner's Church commemorates the Rhenish version of a story found scattered over Europe,



Thatched Houses at Bacharach.

and localized in England at Norwich and at Lincoln—the story of a Christian child crucified by Jews, and duly canonized after the miraculous discovery of the body. Here, according to

the legend, the body of the child Werner was thrown into the Rhine, at Oberwesel, and then ascended, against the current, to Bacharach, where it was flung on shore at the feet of an old woman who had sold the child (a native of Bacharach) to the Jews of Oberwesel. The shrine of St. Werner in the church was as favorite a place of pilgrimage as that of “sweet St. Hugh” at Lincoln, or of St. William at Norwich. There is another church here, that of St. Peter, which is even more interesting to the architectural antiquary, though it has no such wild tradition attached to it.

Still downward with the stream; and, in a narrow bend, among green hills and coombes which recall the English Dart, there rises, on a rock in mid-current, the picturesque “Pfaltz” or palace, built, it is said, by the Emperor Louis the Bavarian.

some time before 1326. But the rock of the Pfaltz (the proper name is "Pfaltz-grafenstein" or "Palatine's rock") was famous long before it became a fortress. In the year 840, the Emperor Louis the Pious, son of the great Karl, retired here to die; desiring that a "thatched lodge, or leafy hut, should be prepared, such as had served him while hunting in the forest," and so, "lying on his couch, lulled by the music of the gurgling waters," he breathed his last. The existing castle is only to be entered by a ladder. The door is closed by a portcullis; and there is a well, supplied from a source far deeper than the bed of the Rhine. The quaint roofing of the principal tower, and perhaps the peaked summits which break the line of the walls, are later than the rest of the building, which, in troubled times, and before the days of cannon, was a place of great security. In its dungeons important prisoners were secured; and to its upper chambers the Countess Palatine, with her *sage femme* and her doctors, retired for safety when about to add to the numbers of her noble house.

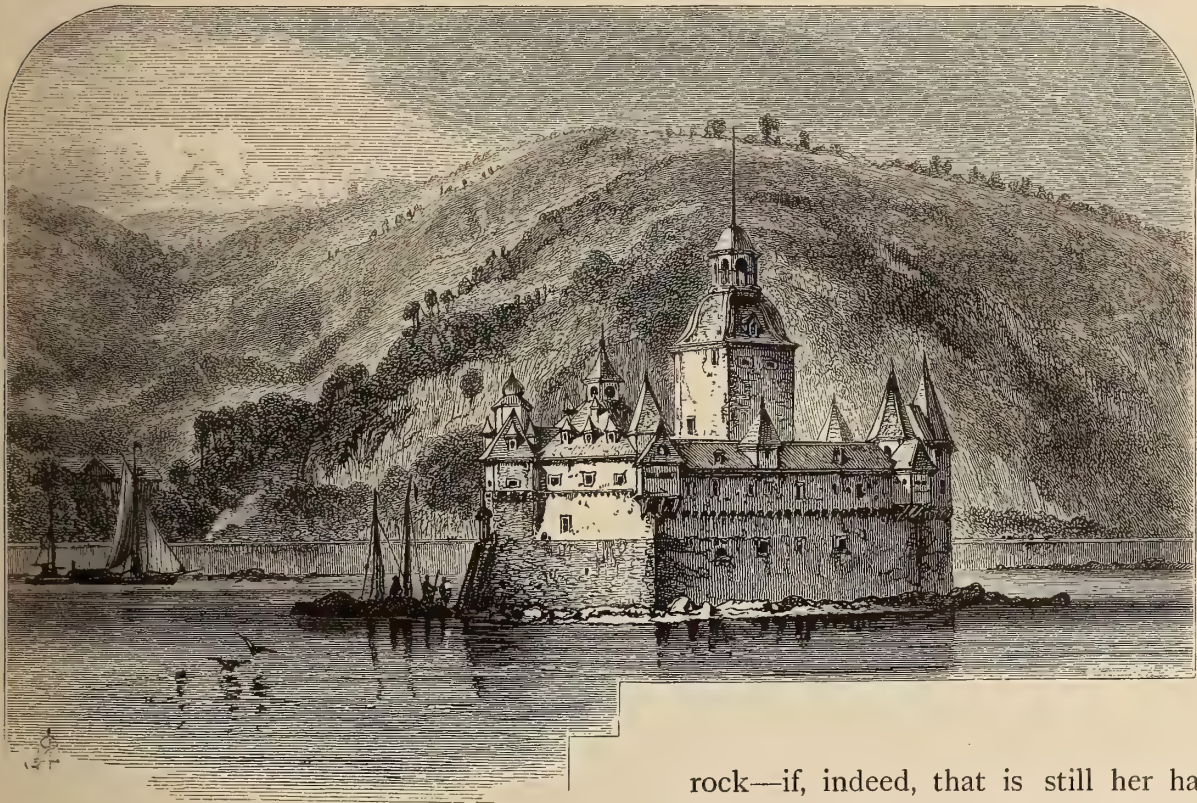
The Pfaltz lies opposite the town of Caub; and it was at this spot that Blücher's army crossed the river by means of a pontoon-bridge, on New-Year's-night, 1814. As the troops first caught sight of the Rhine from the heights above Caub, "they knelt and shouted, 'The Rhine! the Rhine!' as with the heart and voice of one man." The words had formed the burden of a hundred songs before that day, and have been used for more than a hundred since; but no crossing of the Rhine has been more triumphant or more impressive:

" 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
One glance at their array."

On the left bank of the river we pass the ruined castle of Schönberg, with its legend of the "Sieben Jungfrauen," the seven fair maidens who, for their hard-hearted indifference to the suitors who sighed for them, were transformed by the water-spirit of the Loreleyberg into the seven small rocks which rise, nearly in the middle of the Rhine, between Schönberg and the famous cliff of the Loreley. Schönberg itself (Marshal Schomberg, the hero of the Boyne, was the descendant of a family named from this place) is one of the most shattered of the Rhine castles. It looks down upon the very picturesque town of Oberwesel rising just above the junction of the little river Wesel with the Rhine. Oberwesel is charming, with its quaint towers "which time has mouldered into beauty," its weather-stained walls and houses, set off by trees and tufted brushwood, and its venerable churches, lifting themselves high above the lower buildings—to say nothing of the narrow, rocky gorge through which the Rhine flows quietly under the town. The two churches are of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, and contain much beautiful art-work. As for the walls and towers of the little town, they were first raised, it is said, by the Karlings in the ninth century, taking the place, it may be, of the earlier defenses of a Roman station. But

all that we now look upon is of much later date. Close to the Rhine stands the Ochsenthurm, the round tower shown in our illustration. It was designed at once for defense and as a "toll-tower," one of the numerous similar erections with which the banks of the Rhine are studded. In earlier days the many lords of the country had each the power of collecting toll; and a traveler up or down the river was then exposed to far greater vexations than the cross-grained miller of Melrose, in Sir Walter's story, could bring to bear on all who sought to cross the Tweed by his toll-bridge.

A sharp reach of the stream below Oberwesel brings us in sight of the Loreleyberg, and, of course, within the power of the beautiful but unkindly spirit of the



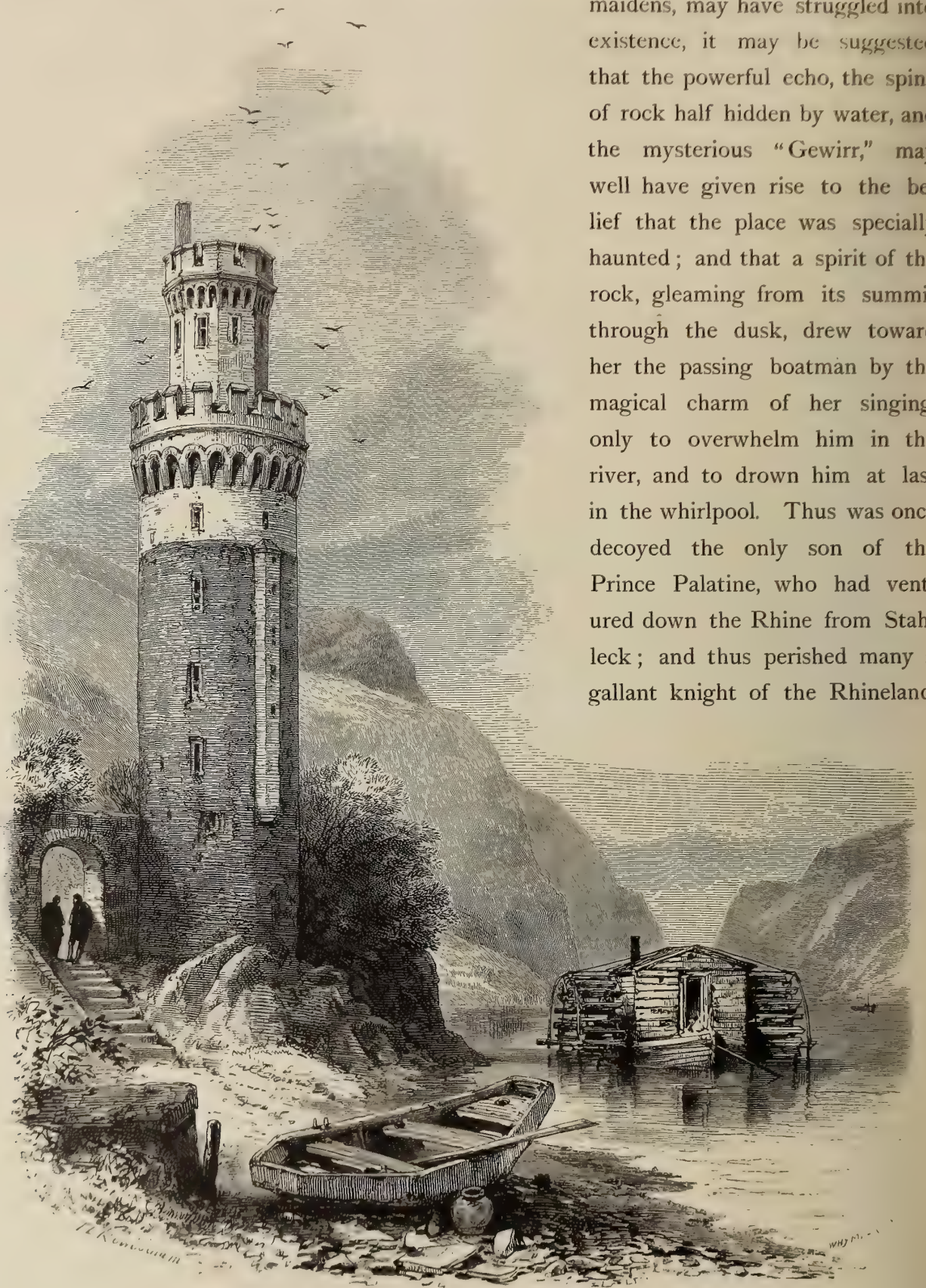
The Pfalz Castle.

rock—if, indeed, that is still her habitation. But alas! a railway-tunnel has pierced the black, precipitous cliff of the

Loreley; and it may be supposed that nixes and water-maidens have been compelled to betake themselves to less troubled waters, and to rocks of which the echoes are awakened by fewer bands of German students. The echo of the Loreley is said to repeat sounds at least fifteen times; and the railway-whistle is flung back just as impartially as the burden of a Rhine-song. The cliff, which rises abruptly from the river, has lost none of its old grandeur; but the ancient accompaniments of the scene, the whirlpool of the "Gewirr," a little lower down the river, and the sunken rocks over which the stream dashed in its course, have disappeared. Gunpowder has destroyed the rocks of the rapid, and with them the whirlpool has also passed away. These were real dangers:

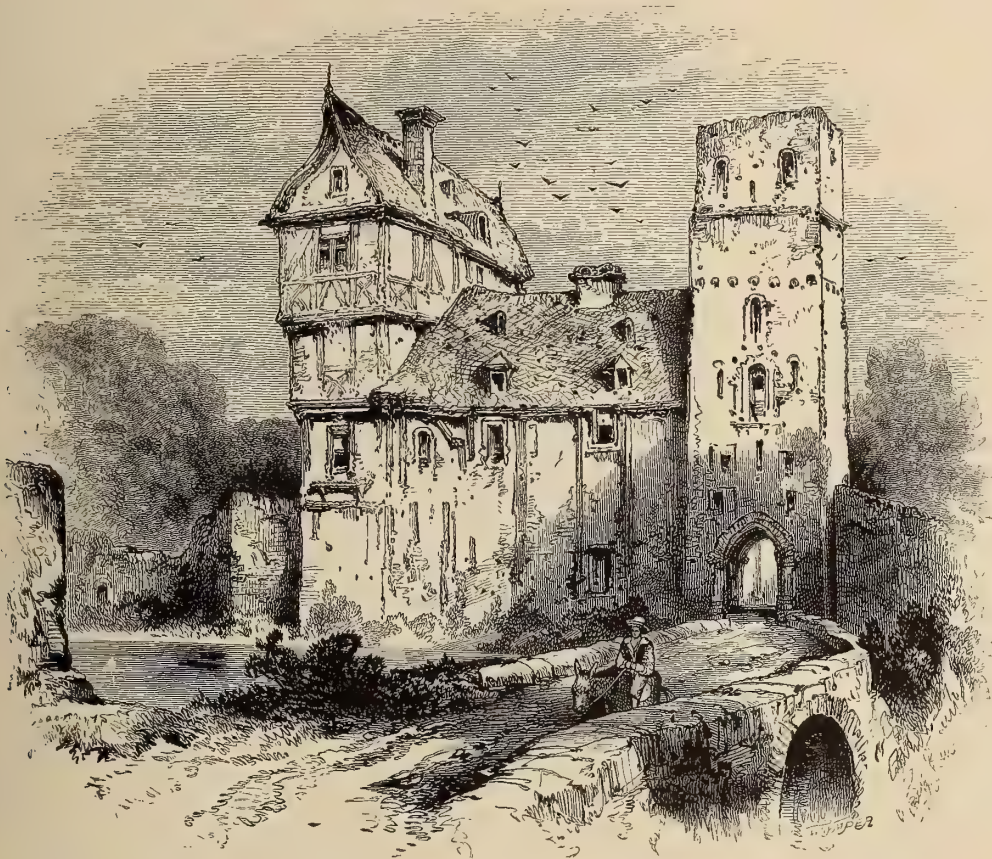
and, although it does not perhaps become us to philosophize on the Rhine, or to hint at any theory of development by which kobolds, dwarfs, white ladies, or water-

maidens, may have struggled into existence, it may be suggested that the powerful echo, the spine of rock half hidden by water, and the mysterious "Gewirr," may well have given rise to the belief that the place was specially haunted; and that a spirit of the rock, gleaming from its summit through the dusk, drew toward her the passing boatman by the magical charm of her singing, only to overwhelm him in the river, and to drown him at last in the whirlpool. Thus was once decoyed the only son of the Prince Palatine, who had ventured down the Rhine from Stahleck; and thus perished many a gallant knight of the Rhineland.



Tower at Oberwesel.

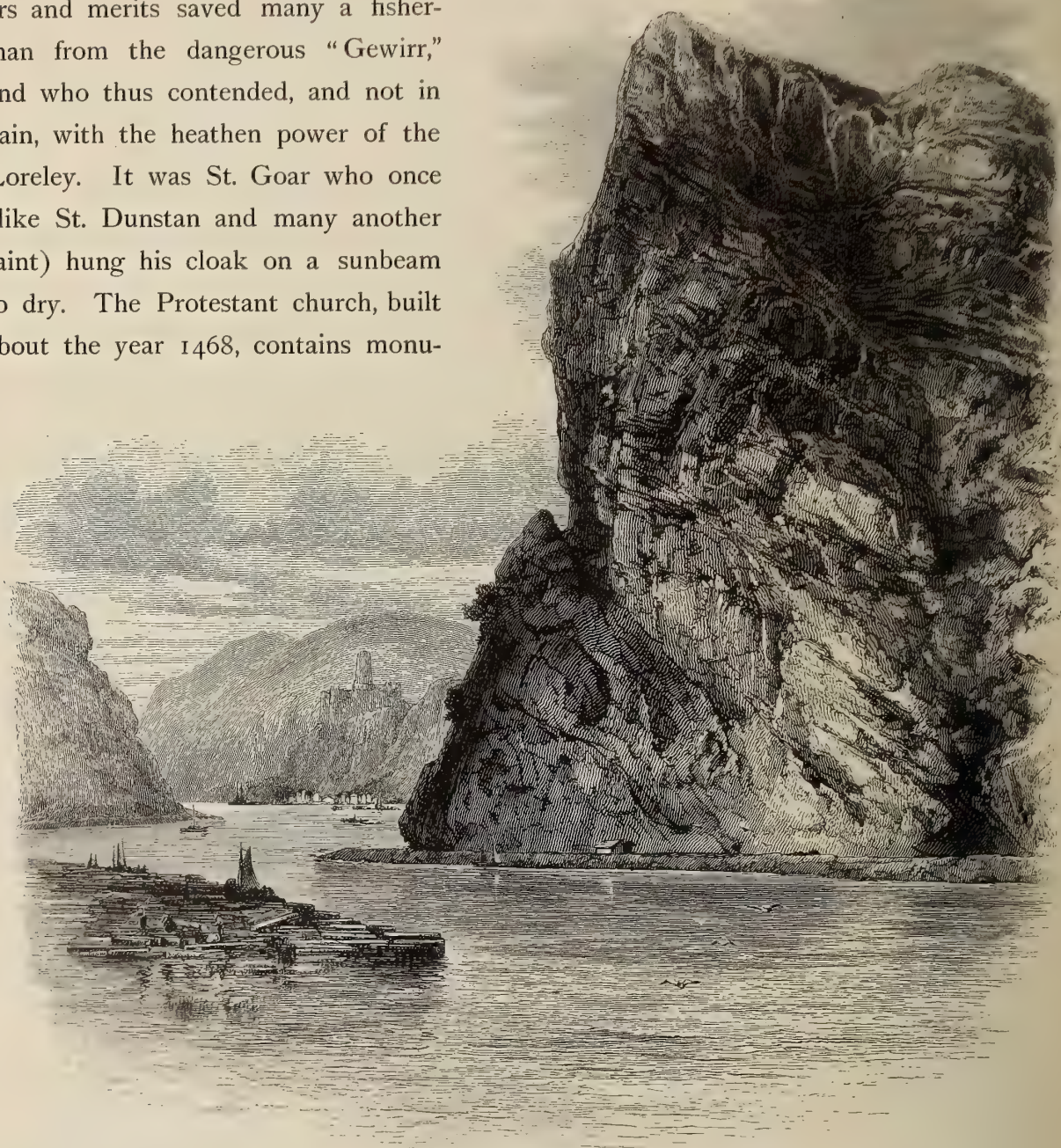
The rock of the Loreley is a species of black basalt. It may be climbed from St. Goarhausen; and it is worth while to look down on the windings of the Rhine from this lofty station. St. Goarhausen has a very picturesque round tower, shown in our illustration; and on the hill behind the little town rises the Castle of the Cat, or, as it should be named when receiving its full dignity, the Castle of the Katzenellenbogen, its former possessors. Farther down the river, below St. Goar, is the Castle of the Mouse, built by an Archbishop of Trier; but this was one of the *majores mures*—a “rat” of no small power and strength of teeth. The cat trembled before it; and, in spite of sundry attempts, could never succeed in mastering it.



Old House at Oberwesel.

The so-called Sweitzer Thel (Swiss Valley) opens behind St. Goarhausen, and is descended by a stream which falls in small cascades between lofty rock-walls. Some way up this valley is the castle of Reichenberg, the ruins of which have considerable interest for the antiquary, since, after more than one destruction, the place was rebuilt soon after 1302 by Baldwin of Trier, in a fashion which he had brought home from the East. The present ruin of the castle is due to Tilly and the Thirty Years' War. From the village of Patersberg, which may be passed in returning, a very grand view of the castle of Rheinfels is to be obtained. Indeed, some of the finest scenery of the Rhine lies in this immediate neighborhood. The rocks are grand, and the tourist

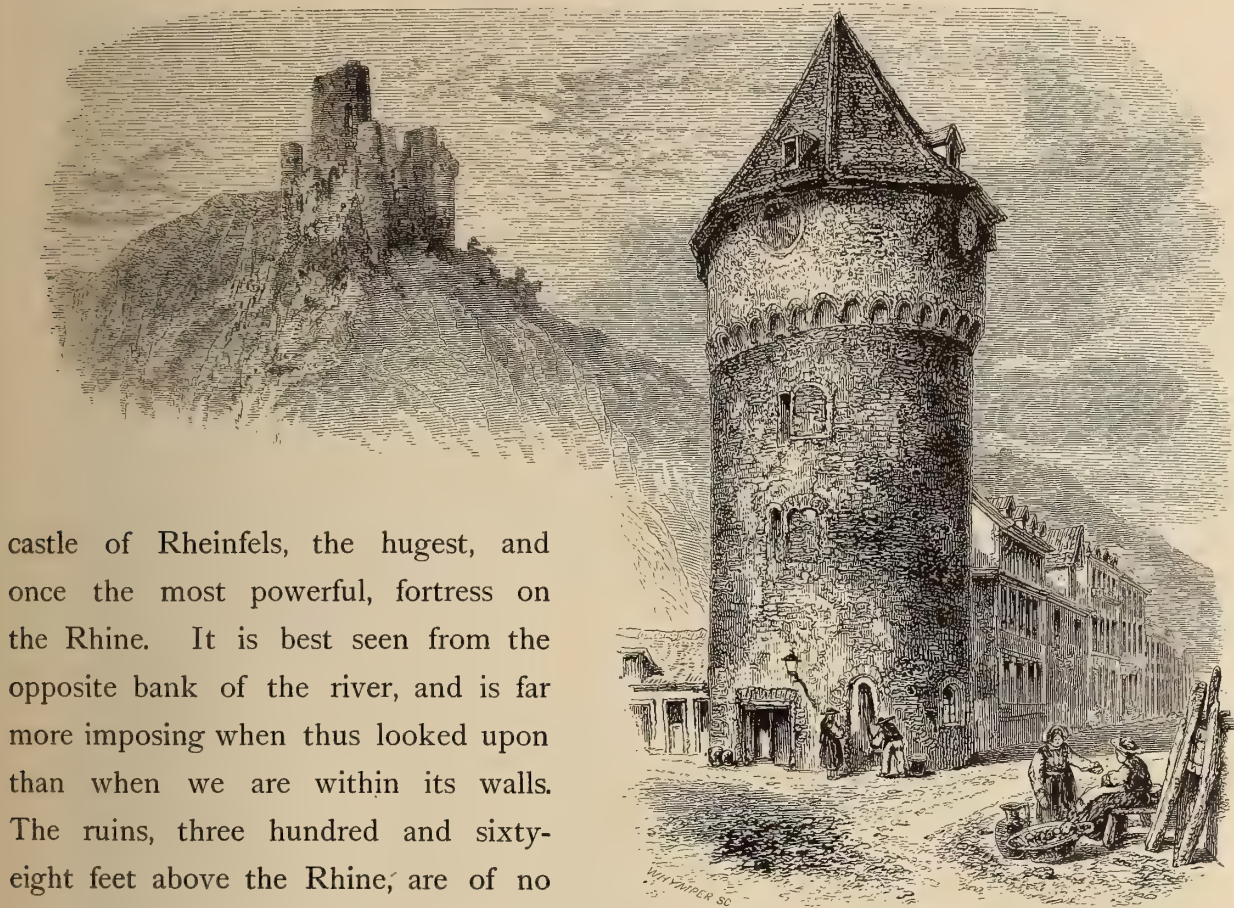
may take up his abode in the "Lily," the pleasant hostelry of St. Goar, for as many days as he may have at command, certain that each one may be well spent. St. Goar is an excellent centre. In the church is the rude image of the hermit saint, a preacher of Christianity in this country in the sixth century, whose prayers and merits saved many a fisherman from the dangerous "Gewirr," and who thus contended, and not in vain, with the heathen power of the Loreley. It was St. Goar who once (like St. Dunstan and many another saint) hung his cloak on a sunbeam to dry. The Protestant church, built about the year 1468, contains monu-



The Loreley Rock.

ments of the Landgrave Philip and his countess. A flaw in the altar is said to have been made by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, who, indignant at the damage done to the church by the Spaniards, violently struck the altar with his sword. The crypt, on the east side, once held the bones of St. Goar.

A curious old custom, called the *Hänseln*, or "Initiation," which prevailed here till the beginning of the steamboat traffic in 1827, is said to have dated from the time of Charlemagne. Every traveler visiting the town for the first time was attached to a ring fixed in the wall of the custom-house, and compelled to submit to the water or the wine ordeal. If he selected the former, he received a good ducking; if the latter, the more agreeable alternative consisted in drinking a goblet of wine to the memory of Charlemagne and to the reigning prince. High above the little town towers the great



Tower at Goarhausen.

castle of Rheinfels, the hugest, and once the most powerful, fortress on the Rhine. It is best seen from the opposite bank of the river, and is far more imposing when thus looked upon than when we are within its walls. The ruins, three hundred and sixty-eight feet above the Rhine, are of no great interest, and the view from them is not extensive. The history of the

place, however, deserves notice. The site was first occupied as a monastery. Then it was seized by Count Diether, of Katzenellenbogen, in the middle of the thirteenth century, and a strong castle took the place of the peaceful convent. The castle became a *Raubnest*, ruling all the neighborhood, until the burghers of the Rhine towns took arms against it, and besieged it for fifteen months, but in vain. But a greater confederation of Rhenish and German towns was the result of this unsuccessful attempt. Their troops stormed and dismantled not only the castle of Rheinfels, but many another such stronghold, and the robbers of the Rhine were made to feel that there was a "might" more powerful than their own. Afterward, Rheinfels passed into the hands of the Landgrave of Hesse, who converted it into a modern fortress. It was besieged, but

to no purpose, by the French in 1692, and again in the Revolutionary War of 1794, when it was taken by the French army, and the walls and towers were blown up. It remains the hugest, but not the most picturesque or most attractive, ruin on the banks of the Rhine. And yet there are times when the "vast dismantled ruins" assume a dignity which it would be hard to excel—when "the lightning darts through the



Rheinfels.

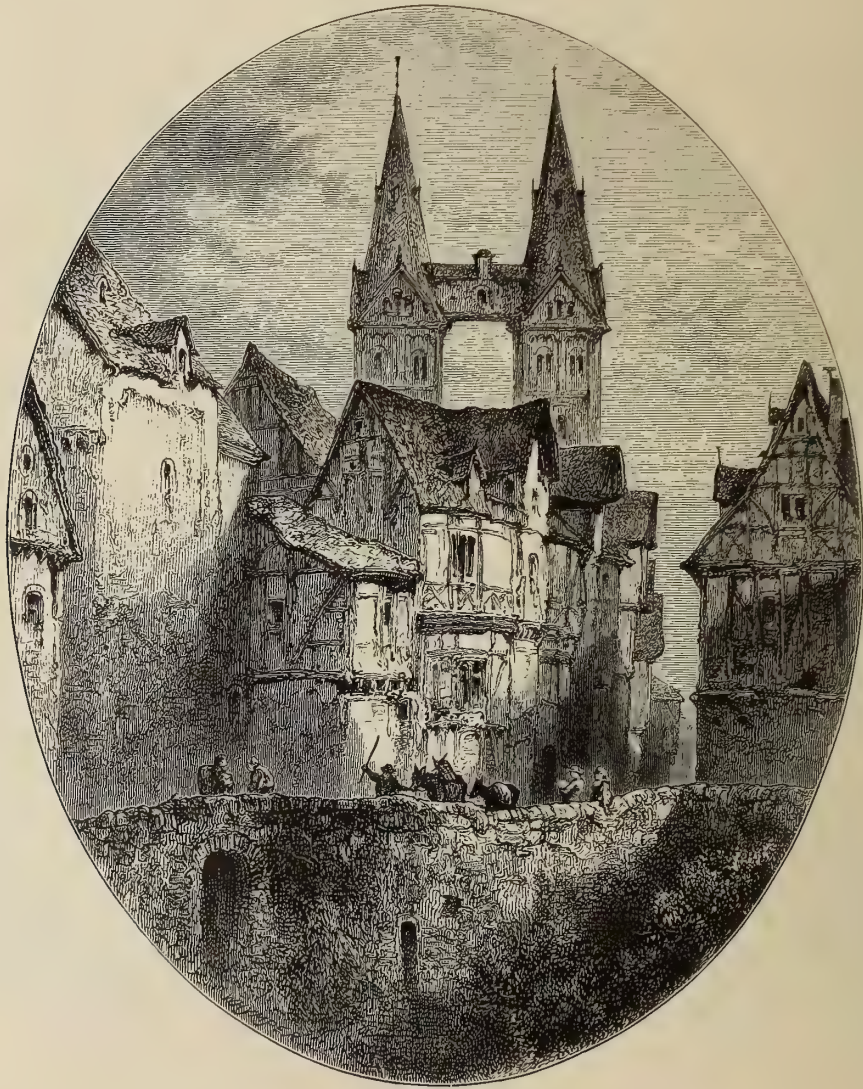
shattered casements and broken arches, and brightens the gloomy trees that here and there clothe the rocks and toss to the angry wind. . . . A storm upon the Rhine," to continue the words of Bulwer, "has a grandeur it is vain to paint. Its rocks, its foliage, the feudal ruins that everywhere rise from the lofty heights, speaking in characters of stern decay of many a former battle against time and tempest, the broad and

rapid course of the legendary river, all harmonize with the elementary strife, and you feel that to see the Rhine only in sunshine is to be unconscious of its most majestic aspects."

Below Rheinfels we enter the country of dwarfs and gnomes: a land of silver and lead mines, worked from at least the Roman period, and whose riches were probably known long before the first legionaries appeared on the Rhine. Ehrental on the right bank, and Werlau on the left, abound in stories of the mine-spirits, who resign their treasures, but unwillingly, and who seem to be as fickle and capricious in their intercourse with mortals as their brethren of the pine-woods and of the hill-streams. Sometimes they will assist a persecuted maiden—like her of Ehrental, who was oppressed by a cruel master of the mines there. His consent was necessary to her marriage, but he refused it until she could bring him a bridal robe and a shroud spun from nettles grown on the graves of her father and mother. She sat by the green mounds in despair; but the mine-spirits helped her, made the nettles spring up in a night, and spun the garments themselves, one of which, of course, served for the bride's dress, and the other for the shroud of the wicked master. The dwarfs are not always thus helpful. They mislead by strange knockings and noises the workers in the mines, where they sometimes show themselves in fiery shapes, such as have not been altogether exorcised by any modern safety-lamp. Ehrental is a wild valley, and its desolation is strongly contrasted with the gardens and foliage of Welmich, higher up the stream on the same side. Here the ruins of the "Mouse" Castle, already mentioned, rise on the mountain behind the village, which "glasses its roofs and solitary tower upon the wave" of the Rhine.

Many of the towns on the left bank of the Rhine are of Roman foundation, and have been developed from the castles, or *castra*, built for the protection of the imperial frontier. Thus Boppard, the next place of any importance which we approach, was the Roman Baudobriga, and the walls of the original fortress, a square of true Roman masonry, remain in the heart of the town, while the outer walls are mediæval, and date from a time when Boppard had become an imperial city, and Diets of the empire were occasionally held in it. It is curious to compare the "core" of Boppard with such a Roman *castrum* as our own Richborough, left solitary and deserted on the green shore of the once wide estuary. In both cases the venerable walls remain. Both were frontier fortresses; but at Richborough the tide of life has retreated altogether: at Boppard it flowed steadily onward, and the old *castrum* became the centre of a picturesque and once famous mediæval town. The great church is thoroughly Romanesque, and dates from the first years of the thirteenth century. The Templehof recalls the Knights Templars of Boppard, who were the first to mount the breach at the storming of Ptolemais in the third Crusade; and many a quaint old house in the dark, narrow streets will delight the artist and the antiquary. A very pretty

valley, the Mühlthal, opens to the Rhine at Boppart; and at some distance, but easily reached, is the Fleckerts Hohe, a hill rising to about sixteen hundred and sixty-three feet, and famous for the panoramic view which it commands. From a hill nearer Boppart the windings of the Rhine are caught in four different places, and the scene is known as the "four lakes." But the Fleckerts Hohe prospect, though the river is but indistinctly seen, is far more extensive. It ranges to the Siebengebirge, and is well worth seeking.



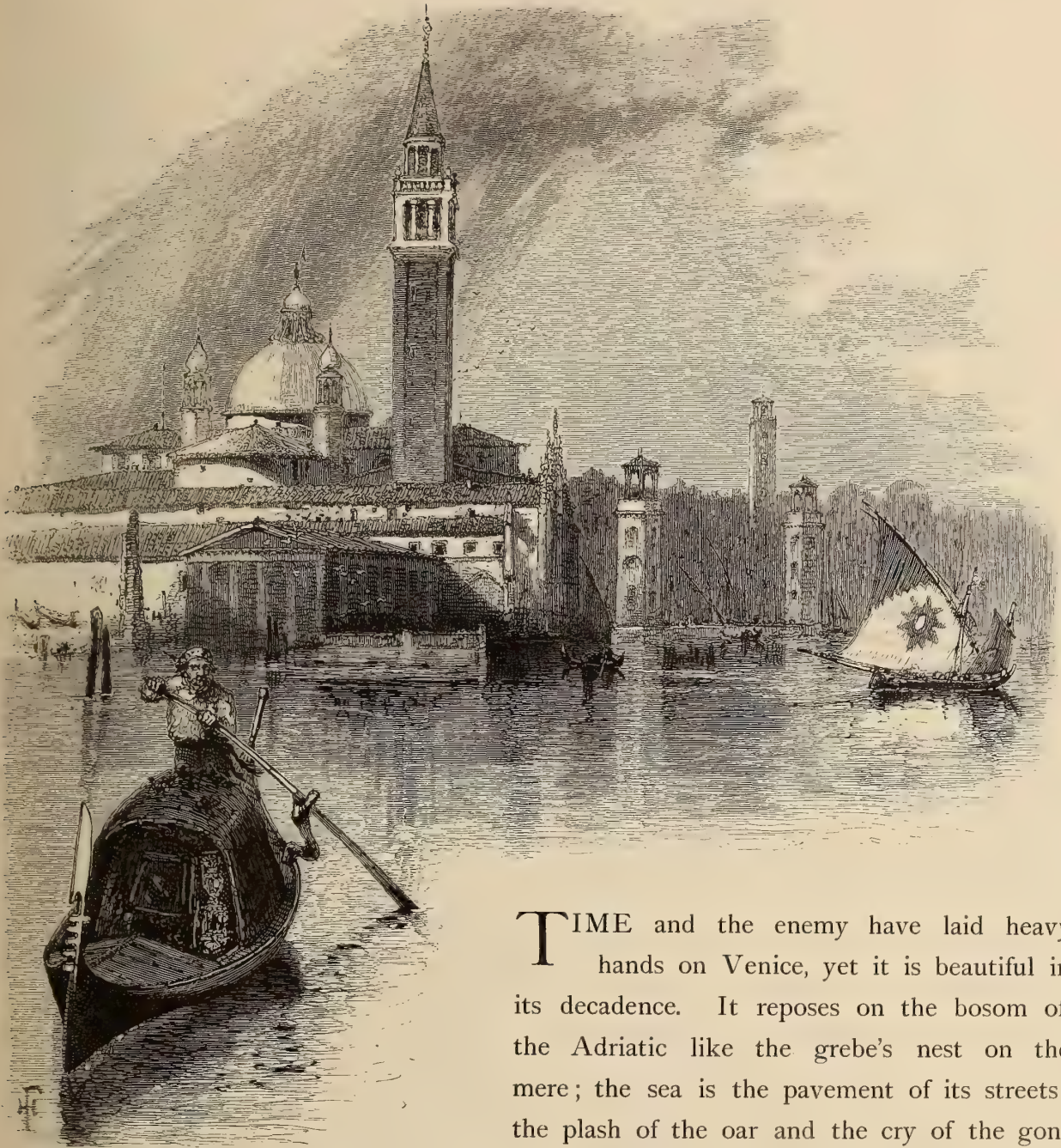
Boppart.



ANNE REISSOZ LEZIE

Venice.

VENICE.



St. Giorgio Maggiore.

TIME and the enemy have laid heavy hands on Venice, yet it is beautiful in its decadence. It reposes on the bosom of the Adriatic like the grebe's nest on the mere; the sea is the pavement of its streets; the splash of the oar and the cry of the gondolier replace the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of wheels. It is the quietest, the

quaintest, the most picturesque, and almost the most interesting city in Southern Europe. Its salient features are caught exactly in these few words of the most eloquent of modern authors, who has made the stones of Venice his own. Mr. Ruskin says the Lombard and the Arab, "opposite in their character and mission, came from the North and from the South, the glacier-torrent and the lava-stream:

they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman Empire: and the very centre of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead water of the opposite eddies, charged with embayed fragments of the Roman wreck, is Venice."

It is this which makes Venice so unique. Not only is there the strangeness of a town without dust, without the roar of traffic, built, not on seven hills, but "on her hundred isles;"—not only is there a city still full of the memories of ancient glories and the remains of a time when she was, to quote the words of the old French ambassador, "*la plus triomphante cité que j'aye veue, et qui plus fait d'honneur à ambassadeurs et estrangiers, et qui plus saignement se gouverne, et où le service de Dieu est le plus sollempnellement fait*"—but also the architecture is so rich, so varied, so strange, that the first sensation which is caused in the stranger's mind is that of puzzled amazement: one feels almost in a dream in such a varied wealth of materials and such a diversity of architectural influences.

The history of this European Tyre cannot be better sketched than in the words of Mr. Ruskin: "The state of Venice existed thirteen hundred and seventy-six years, from the first establishment of a consular government on the island of the Rialto to the moment when the general-in-chief of the French Army of Italy pronounced the Venetian Republic a thing of the past; of this period, two hundred and seventy-six years were passed in nominal subjection to the cities of old Venetia, especially to Padua, and in an agitated form of democracy, of which the executive appears to have been intrusted to tribunes, chosen, one by the inhabitants of each of the principal islands. For six hundred years, during which the power of Venice was continually on the increase, her government was an elective monarchy, her king or doge possessing, in early times at least, as much independent authority as any other European sovereign, but an authority gradually subjected to limitation, and shortened almost daily of its prerogatives, while it increased in spectral and incapable magnificence. The final government of the nobles, under the image of a king, lasted for five hundred years, during which Venice reaped the fruits of her former energies, consumed them, and expired."

Some spark of life seems now to reanimate its corpse. Even under the hated Austrian rule its commerce distinctly revived, and now that the long-deferred aspiration of its citizens is granted, and Venice is an integral part of a free and united Italy, there is hope that the Lion of St. Mark will recover something of its ancient glories, and the ruin of its time-worn palaces be stayed. But after so many years of neglect and oppression she needs, like the whole of Italy, a wise ruler and repairer of the broken places. Far from her palaces and churches be the sacrilegious hands of the modern restorer!

If you are in haste, or cumbered with baggage, the railway will take you high on a long row of arches across the broad lagoon to Venice itself, thence an "omnibus"



OFF THE RIALTO.

gondola at once introduces you to a new method of locomotion, and shows that henceforth you must call a boat instead of a cab. But Venice may still be approached in more primitive fashion by dismounting at Mestre, the last station on the mainland, and hiring therefrom a gondola to Venice. It is a journey well worth the making, because in the slow gliding along the tortuous canal—through a land like a Cambridge-shire fen, but with such a sunlight and such a background as one never sees from the waters of the Ouse, we are able to realize what a strange place of refuge it was on which, fifteen centuries since, a crowd of harried fugitives settled down like a flock of sea-mews on the reedy shoal off the embouchure of the Adige.

Once more we must quote from the same author, because his words reproduce so far more excellently than we could hope to do the impressions produced by this approach to Venice: "In front, nothing to be seen but a long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the color of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon—feebly defined against the afternoon sky—the alps of Bassano. Forward still: the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions. . . . The fort of Malghera—another turn and another perspective of canal, but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast—it widens; the rank grass of the banks sinks lower and lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it on the right, but a few years past, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malamocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dock-yard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it—this is the railway-bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of these dismal arches there rises out of the wide water a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church—it is Venice."

Suppose, then, we have entered the town—as a matter of course, before long we find ourselves in the Grand Canal. Go where we will, somehow or other our gondola seems sooner or later to find its way into it, and no wonder—it is what the Rue de Rivoli is to Paris—the Corso to Rome—Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Pall Mall, all in one, to London. It winds like a great S through the city, with one end at the railway-station and the other at the Doge's Palace, in front of which it runs into the wider sound that cuts off La Giudecca, with its attendant islet of San Giorgio Maggiore, from the main group of the islands of Venice. We glide along past the Renaissance church of the Barefooted Friars, and a palace or two in the same style,

till we reach on the right one of the oldest buildings in Venice, the Fondaco dei Turchi, its façade consisting of a double row of stilted, round-headed arches, supported by plain marble columns with noble capitals. It was in a terrible state when we saw it; since then it has been restored, and we hope they have not made it worse than it was before. Palaces become more frequent as we near the Rialto, most of them buildings of the Renaissance, except the gorgeous Cà d'Oro, once a noble example of the rich but quaint Venetian-Gothic, now terribly injured by barbarous treatment and injudicious restoration. And now the Rialto is in sight; long the sole link



The Rialto.

between the eastern and western half of Venice. Like the Ponte Vecchio at Florence—like, though on a smaller scale, to Old London

Bridge—it is a row of shops as well as mere roadway. Built near the end of the sixteenth century, it spans the Grand Canal with a noble arch nearly four-and-twenty yards wide, and is still, as it was in the days of Shakespeare, one of the busiest spots in Venice. Perhaps the greater merchants are not to be found there as when “news on the Rialto” was the equivalent for “news on 'Change;” and bankrupt Antonio “dare scarce show his head on the Rialto, a beggar that was used to come so smug upon the mart.” But there are Shylocks still, and the costumes of many a land besides that of Israel are to be seen about its marts. These are well worth a halt and an early

morning ramble. On one bank is the Fish-Market, where not a few forms strange to the northern eye may be seen among the baskets, and now and then a huge tunny or a sturgeon, king of fishes, is stretched upon the stalls. Of odors more agreeable is the Fruit-Market, in the Campo San Giacomo, on the other side of the bridge. That is something to see—and more than see—on a September morning: what bunches of grapes, sweet with the sugar of the vine, big almost as the clusters of Eshcol, which used to adorn the Sunday picture-books of an age less realistic than the present! What piles of peaches, rolled about as recklessly as apples (and sometimes, it must be confessed, notwithstanding their beauty, almost as hard)! What baskets of figs: green and purple, little and big, balls of semi-liquid sirup, half-melted sugar, dissolving in the mouth, bursting with their ripeness, with rinds that slip off at a touch of the finger; and then the water-melons: these great globes which hide such a tender heart under a rugged skin. Who that has eaten these can help sympathizing with the Hebrew wanderers, when in the thirsty desert they remembered the fish which they did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic? They could have refreshed themselves at the Rialto; for hard by are all these vegetables and many more—gourds of various kinds, with rinds smooth and rinds rough, cabbages, and artichokes, scarlet capsicums, and great, purple-bellied fruit of the egg-plant, contributions of all sorts from the gardens of the mainland.

Let us descend again to our gondola, which has been meanwhile moored to one of the neighboring posts. These are as marked a feature of the canal as lamp-posts are of other cities, and are often far more picturesque. Formerly they marked the palaces of the nobles, and were painted with the heraldic colors of the owners. The gondola itself, the cab of Venice, ought not to have been left so long without a few words of description. These, however, need not be many, since, as might be expected, it figures in several of the sketches. Its outlines are something between those of a canoe and a model of an ancient Scandinavian galley. A small cabin, with glazed sides and ends, is constructed in the middle. The color is black, relieved with a little gilding, which accordingly gives it a rather unpleasantly suggestive resemblance to a hearse. The bow and stern are covered in with a wooden floor, with cross-strips to afford a firm footing to the rower. If there is but one gondolier, he stands aft, looking forward, and propelling and steering the boat at once with a sort of punting stroke difficult to describe, the oar being supported on a sort of projecting crooked rowlock, called a *jòscola*. It is well worth while traversing some of the narrower canals, were it only to see the wonderful skill with which these men turn sharp corners, almost grazing the walls, or pass one another in some narrow channel; on approaching the former, a sharp but not unmusical cry—“*Stàlè, ah stàlè!*” or, “*Prèmiè ah prèmiè!*” according to the direction—is uttered to warn any one on the other side to



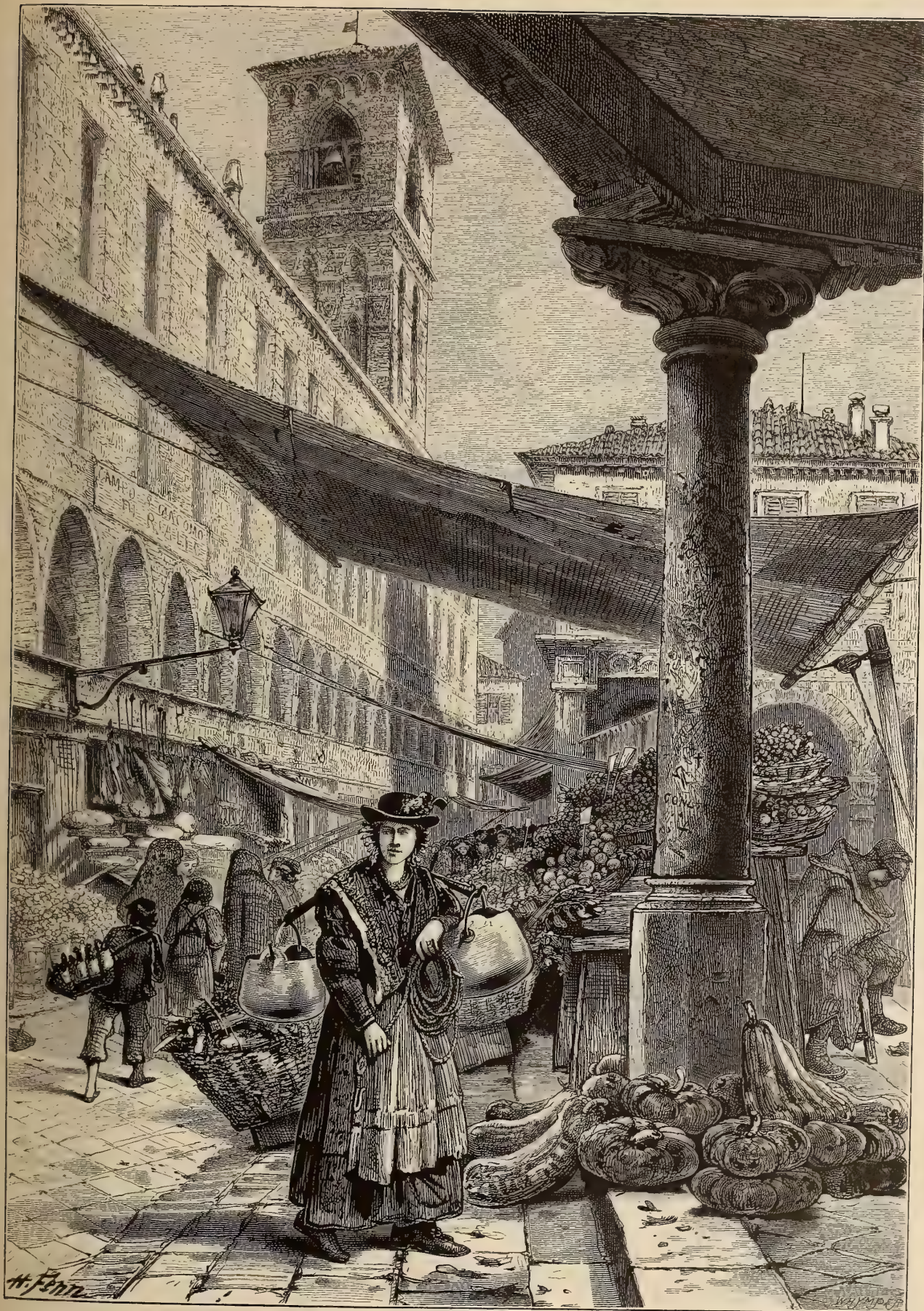
VEGETABLE-MARKET ON THE GRAND CANAL, NEAR THE RIALTO.

look out and turn the right way. No more pleasant means of locomotion could be devised. Life in a gondola is life in its laziest form.

The fishing-boats, also, may be noticed now, as we shall probably see some of them at anchor as we descend the canal. Accompanying sketches afford a good general idea of their often picturesque forms. Their great double lateen-sails give them a suggestive resemblance to butterflies, and their masts are often crowded with extremely picturesque groups of religious emblems, a little shrine with a small saint, and sometimes a small lamp in his honor. The "penates," instead of being kept on the deck, as in the old Roman ships, are here "mast-headed;" let us hope there is no significance in the change.

We glide along through a street richly and strikingly irregular in character and design. Palaces and commonplace houses stand side by side; Venetian-Gothic, and Renaissance, venerable fragments of early date, almost crumbling into ruins, and spick-and-span modern structures, not the least venerable, all stucco, paint, and sham, are jumbled together. The richest of the Gothic palaces is the Cà d'Oro, the Golden House, which is even more superb in design than the Palazzo Cavalli, but it has suffered terribly from time and restoration, and, when we saw it, was still further marred by the immediate proximity of a peculiarly offensive specimen of the tea-garden type of house, all paint and falsehood—one of those structures which delight the soul of the modern Italian *bourgeois*, and would justify the strongest language from any right-minded artist. Two other examples of these most characteristic of the buildings of Venice are given in these pages; one reputed—upon what authority we know not—to be the house of Desdemona. Shakespeare's Desdemona, it will be remembered, was the heroine of an Italian story by one Giraldi Cinthio, who derived the incidents of his romance, Verplanck believes, from "real events preserved in the traditionary or judicial history of Venice." But with regard to these houses of the best period of Venetian-Gothic, it has often struck us how admirably suited they would be for our modern towns. As the sketches in these pages show, they admit of great variety in design and enrichment, together with a general uniformity of outline, rendering them very suitable for street architecture; while the window-arcades, besides being wonderfully graceful and beautiful, afford ample light and air, and yet allow of very simple arrangements for blinds and curtains. The best specimens, also, of the Renaissance architecture may be seen along the canal; but we confess we never could feel much interest in any work of this epoch, and in Venice, with such noble works of earlier date always before one's eyes, it was more than ever difficult to pay any attention to the work of a decadent age and a pagan Christianity.

The canal widens as we sweep along: an expanse of blue water, bounded by low-lying islands, begins to open out in front; on our right rises the fine dome of Our Lady of Safety, built to commemorate the cessation of the plague about the middle of



RIALTO FRUIT-MARKET.

the seventeenth century, beyond which the island tapers to a point at the Dogana delle Mare; beyond this, across a stretch of water, is the church of St. George the Great, looking down on a crowd of shipping; to our left the shore curves along by the Mint Royal Gardens, by the noble façade of the Ducal Palace, the very centre of Venetian history, and so by the busy Riva degli Schiavoni, till the trees of the Public Gardens seem to rise out of the water.

Our boat stops at some low steps—plenty of volunteer hands are thrust out to help us land—for seekers of odd coppers are no less common in Venice than elsewhere, and landing-places in all countries are among those where loafers “most do congregate;” supposing we are still moderately sure of foot, we thrust them aside impatiently, for the water of the canal is commonly calm as a lake, and standing upon the Piazzetta—murmuring a little at the hard fate of man, to be most worried by the human mosquito where he would most fain be left to his thoughts—before us are the ancient granite columns, brought from some classic ruin in Syria, full seven and a half



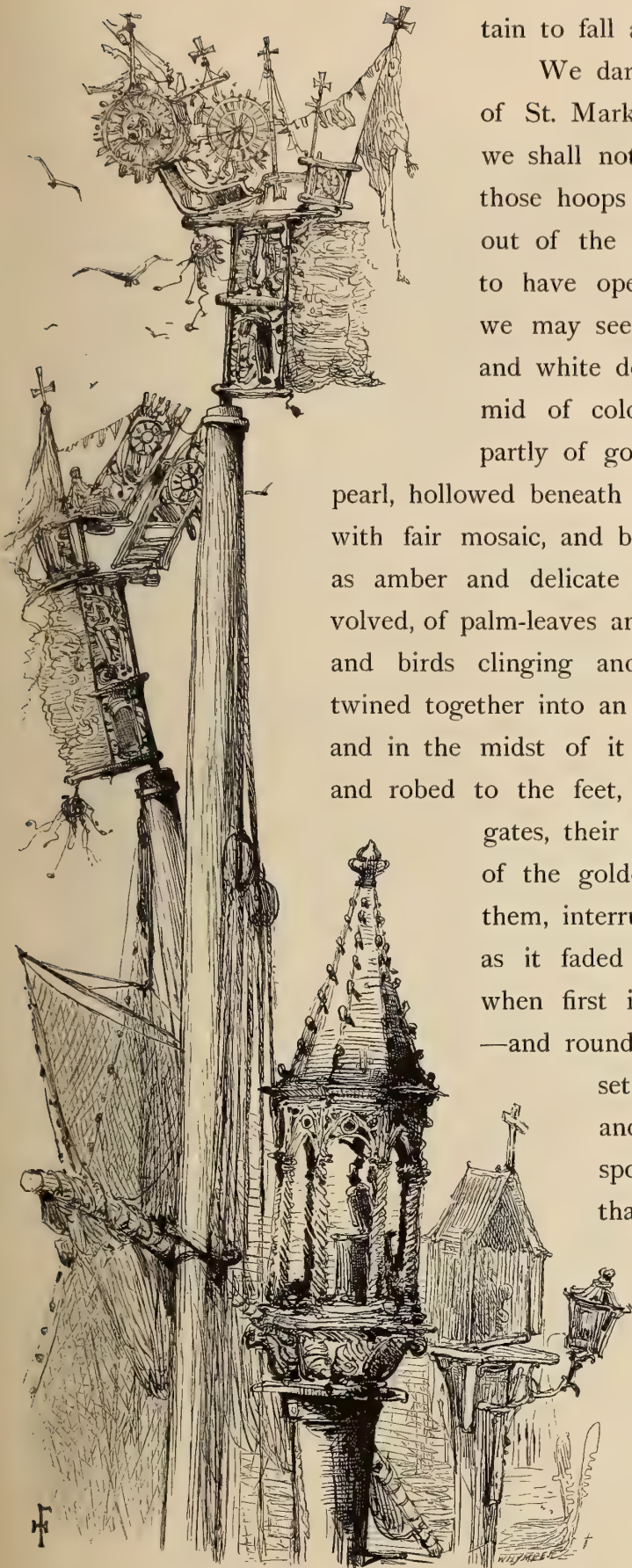
Venetian Butterfly-Boat.

centuries since, bearing, the one the winged lion of St. Mark; the other, the image of St. Theodore standing on a crocodile, the republic's ancient patron, deposed to make room for the evangelist. To the left is the Royal Library, considered one of the finest structures of its date in Italy; beyond is the great Campanile, its pointed summit towering into the sky, more than a hundred yards above the pavement; to the right, the noble façade of the Ducal Palace. A little farther on opens the Piazza, the Great Place, bounded on three sides by fine marble houses, resting on an arcade, as in the Palais Royal of Paris; on the fourth by the Cathedral. Pass by the sculptured base of the Campanile into the shadow of the Arcade, pass the shops and the *cafés*—the flower-girls, and the venders of shell-ornaments—do not halt till you reach the western end, and there rest awhile to gaze upon the scene, for it is well worth your study. Nothing that we have seen, in a fairly large experience, has produced such an impression on us as this one view. We saw it first on a brilliant afternoon, when the marble, and gold, and mosaics of St. Mark's were flooded with the light of the summer sun, and shall never forget the sensation, half of delight, half of bewilderment, which it produced. We can express it best by saying that the scene appeared too strange and beautiful to

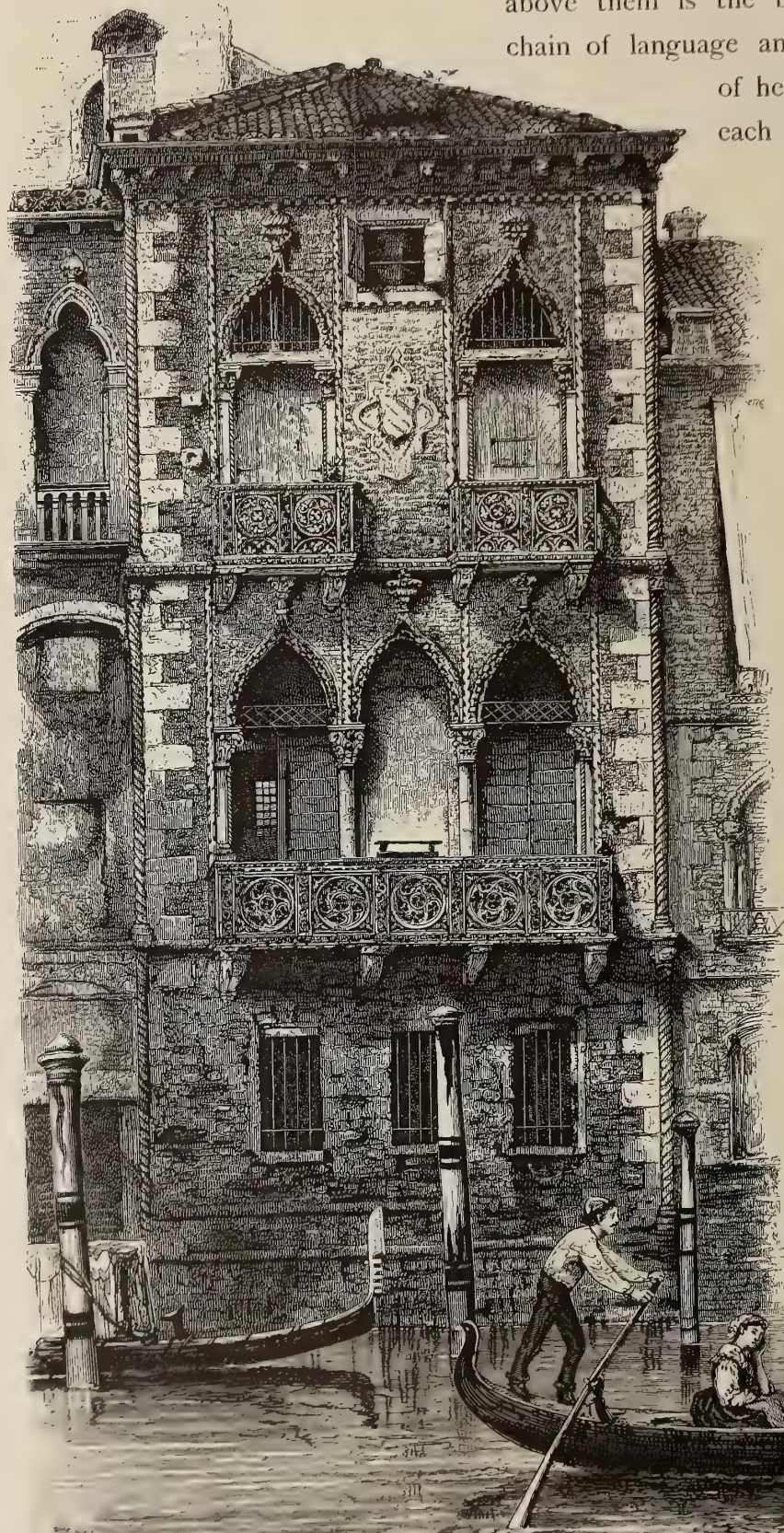
be real, and we could not help expecting the curtain to fall and hide it from our eyes.

We dare not attempt to describe the façade of St. Mark's, for a master-hand has done it, and we shall not scruple to use his words: "Beyond those hoops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into fine, great, vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of birds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves behind them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago—and round the walls of the porches there are

set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss;' the shadow, as it steals back from them, reveals line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sands; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical

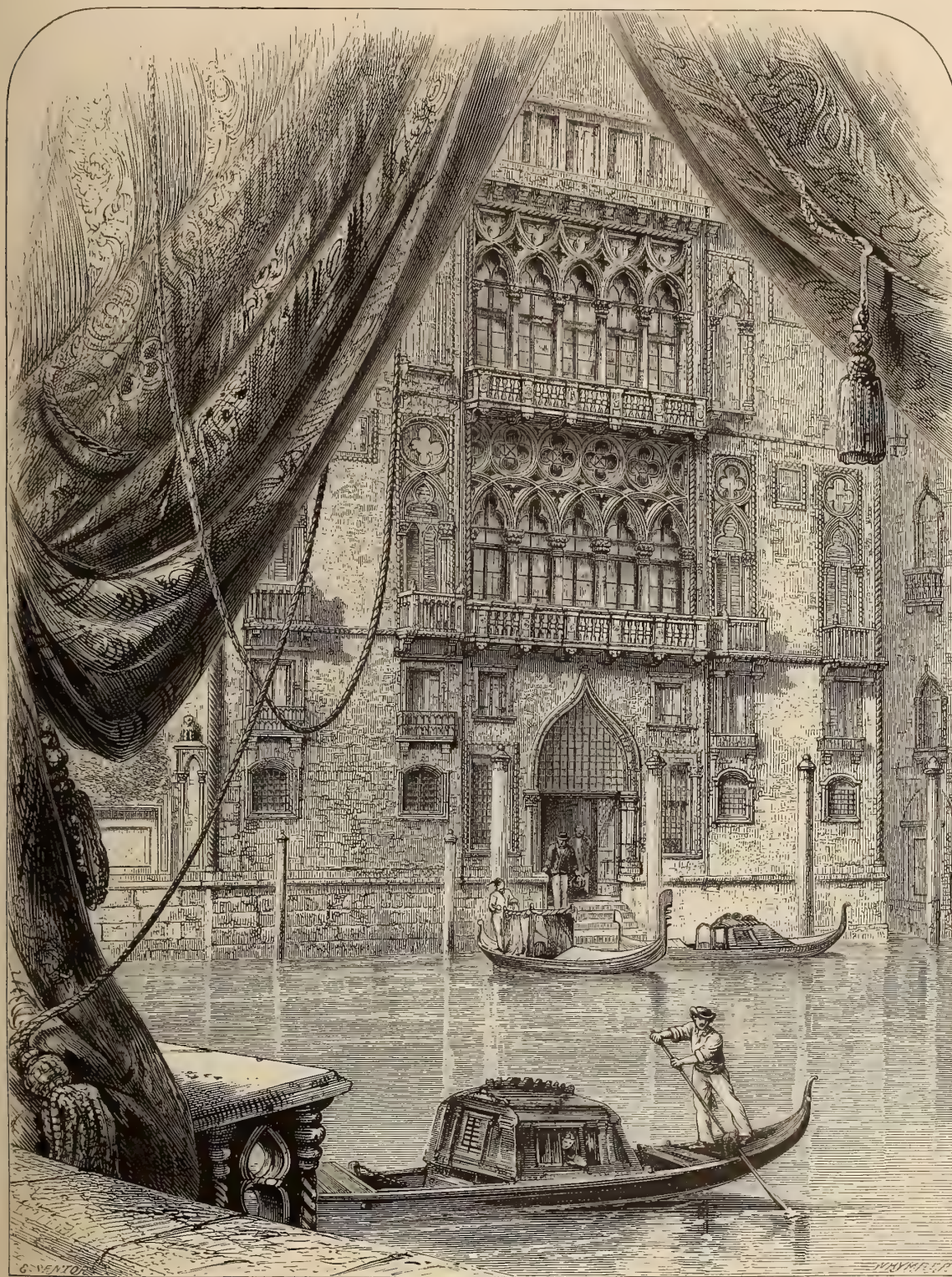


Masts of Fishing-Boats.

*Desdemona's House.*

signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross, and above them is the broad archivolt, a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the signs of heaven and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these is another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them

with coral and amethyst." To those who have not seen St. Mark's, part of this description will seem almost too much of a rhapsody ; yet one who has been under its magic



Palazzo Cavalli.

spell will feel that this prose poem has caught the true spirit of the building ; the swell of the sea is upon it ; the glamour of the distant East is present in its strange design

and swelling domes; in its columns are rare rocks and remnants of foreign conquest. These horses of gilded bronze already mentioned have had a checkered history. Whether they are of Greek origin is now, we believe, more than doubted; but it is held that they once surmounted the triumphal arch of Nero, and afterward that of Trajan, in the Forum at Rome. Constantine the Great, who incorporated many portions of the latter into his own, which still stands hard by the Coliseum, removed these horses to Constantinople, whence they were transported to Venice by the Doge Dandolo, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Napoleon I., while executing his mission of imparting the blessings of liberty, and making free with property, carried them off to Paris in 1797, where they crowned the summit of the Triumphal Arch, in the Place de Carrousel; but, in the general disgorging of stolen goods which was the result of the Belgian campaign, they were recovered by the Emperor of Austria, and restored to their former position.

Before entering the shadow of the central porch, we must cast one more glance around. The Piazza is rather empty by day, but busy enough at night, when Venice is there on the lounge, strolling up and down, or sitting at the little tables about the doors of the numerous *cafés*, listening to the strains of a band, to the songs and music of itinerant minstrels, or chaffing flower-girls, and cheapening with venders of shell ornaments and peddlers of all kinds. Still, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the pavement near the Cathedral, on the north side, is for a brief period alive, but with flocks of pigeons, which come fluttering down in dozens—almost in hundreds—to be fed. These are the descendants, it is said, of certain carrier-pigeons, by means of which Dandolo, during the siege of Candia, in the thirteenth century, received important messages from the island, and finally communicated the news of his success to Venice. The descendants of these birds—like the sacred geese of Rome—have since been maintained at the public expense, and their dinner-hour is two o'clock, or rather fourteen o'clock, for the bell in the Torre dell' Orologio, hard by, strikes from one to twenty-four. Notice too, three great masts rising from ornamental pedestals in front of St. Mark's, set up at the beginning of the sixteenth century, to bear the banners of the kingdom of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea—memorials of their subjugation to the Republic of St. Mark. Notice, too, the magnificent Campanile, with its carved base and bronze doors; the lofty tower, so simple in its line, yet so stately in its effect, and finally, the not very satisfactory, but still generally effective, short spire, the latest part of the building, completed at the end of the sixteenth century. The mode of ascent in the tower is curious: a passage, in the form of an inclined plane, is constructed in the thickness of the walls, and winds up to the top so gently that it is reported that Napoleon I. rode his horse up. It is needless to say that the view from the summit is magnificent.

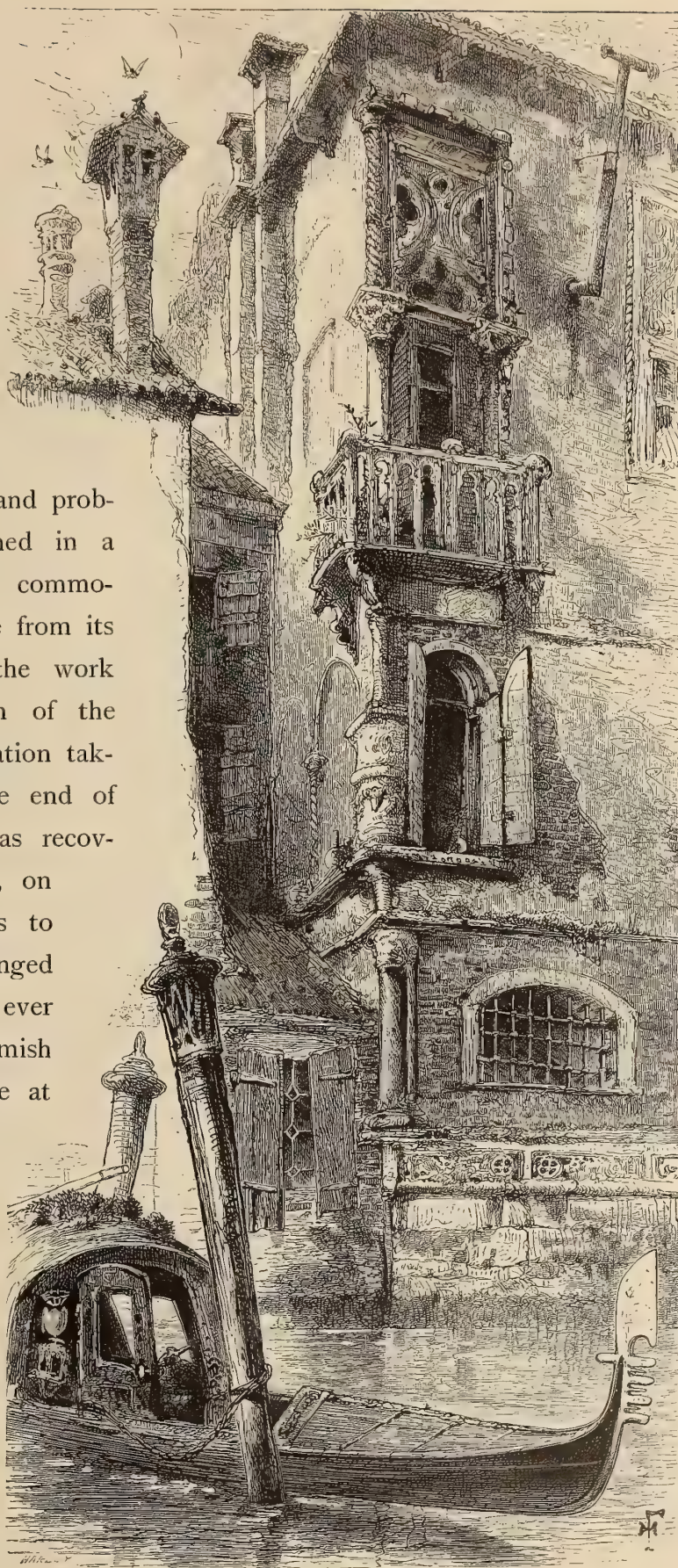
St. Mark's is the Chapel Royal of ancient Venice, developed, as at the old palace



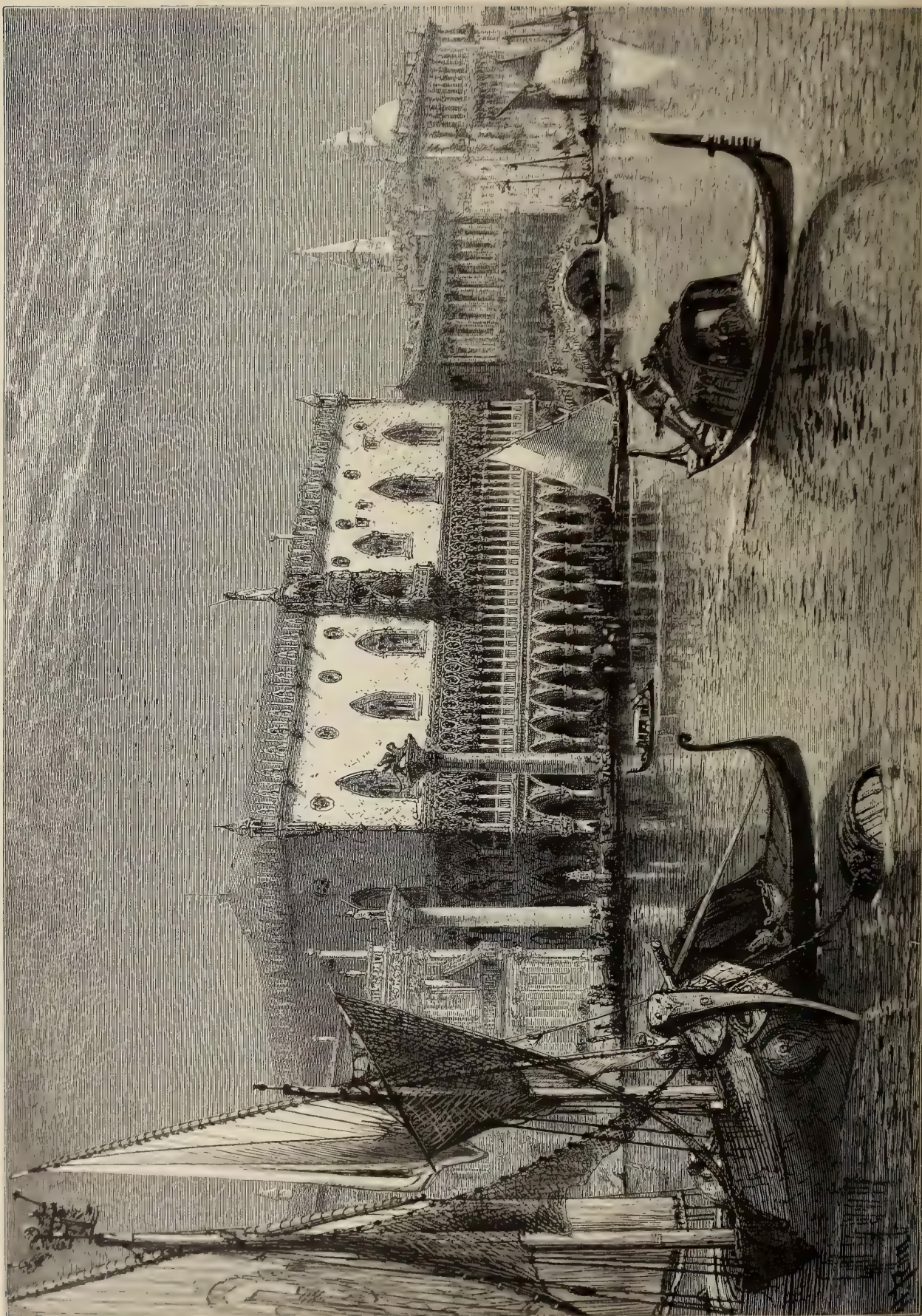
H. FANNING

Fishing boats in the Bay of Japan.

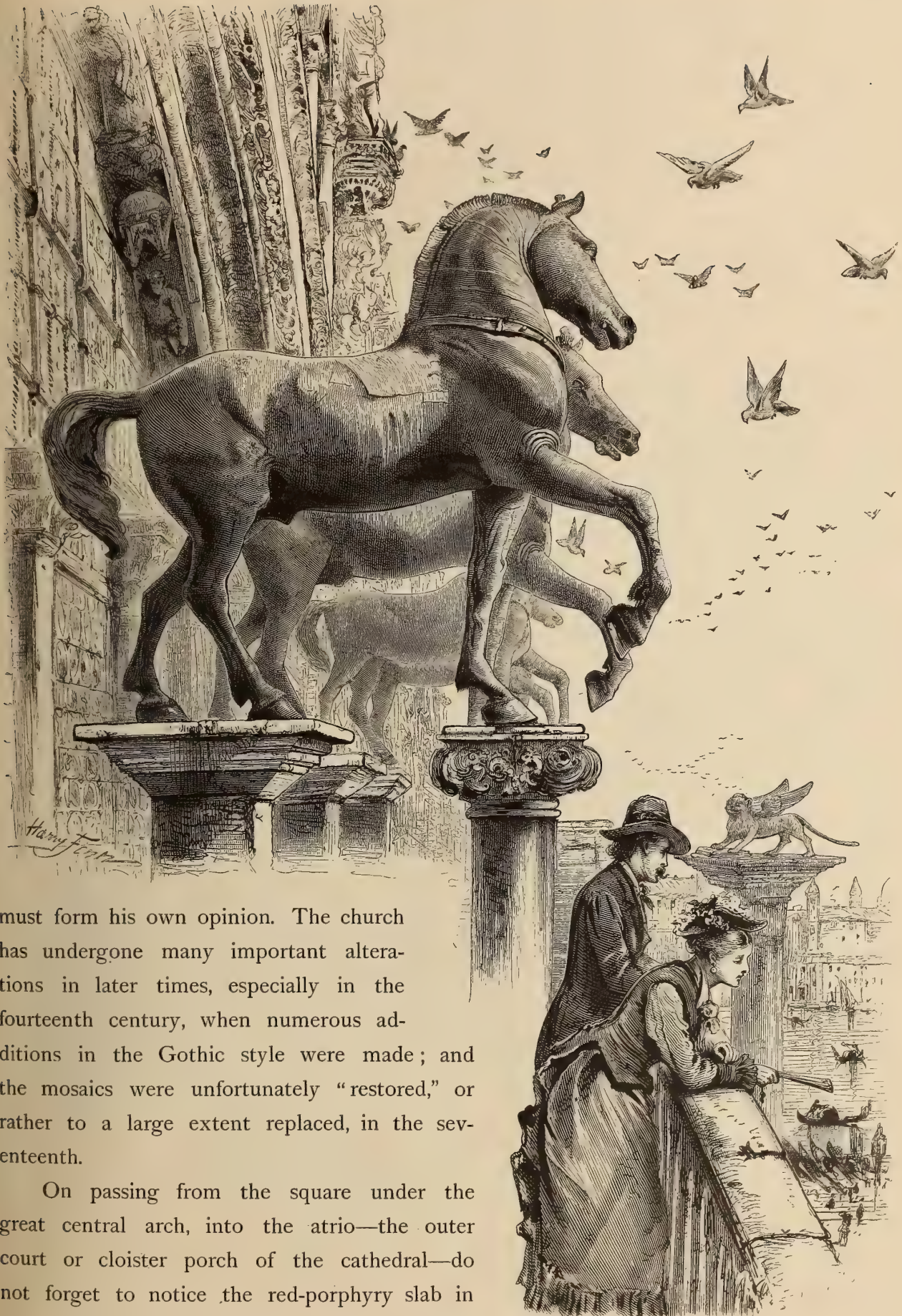
of Westminster, into a cathedral. The first church on this site appears to have been built early in the ninth century, simultaneously with the first Ducal Palace. The glory of this soon eclipsed that of all other churches in the city, for it received—even before it was quite completed—no less a treasure than the body of St. Mark himself. About a century and a half later the church, and probably the inestimable relics, perished in a conflagration during some civic commotions. The former gradually rose from its ruins on a far grander scale, the work occupying a considerable portion of the eleventh century, and the consecration taking place a few years before the end of this period; the latter treasure was recovered, or more probably replaced, on this occasion, “by what appears to have been one of the best arranged and most successful impostures ever attempted by the clergy of the Romish Church.” While the people were at prayers in the church, the marbles of a pillar were observed to shake; they fell asunder and disclosed a bronze chest, in which the body of the evangelist was laid. A mosaic still remains in the church, showing that the main facts of the tale are true; though as to the identity of the relics, and the means by which the pillar burst asunder, the reader



Camel Palace.



DUCAL PALACE.



must form his own opinion. The church has undergone many important alterations in later times, especially in the fourteenth century, when numerous additions in the Gothic style were made; and the mosaics were unfortunately "restored," or rather to a large extent replaced, in the seventeenth.

On passing from the square under the great central arch, into the atrio—the outer court or cloister porch of the cathedral—do not forget to notice the red-porphry slab in the floor; it marks the spot where occurred

Horses of St. Mark's.

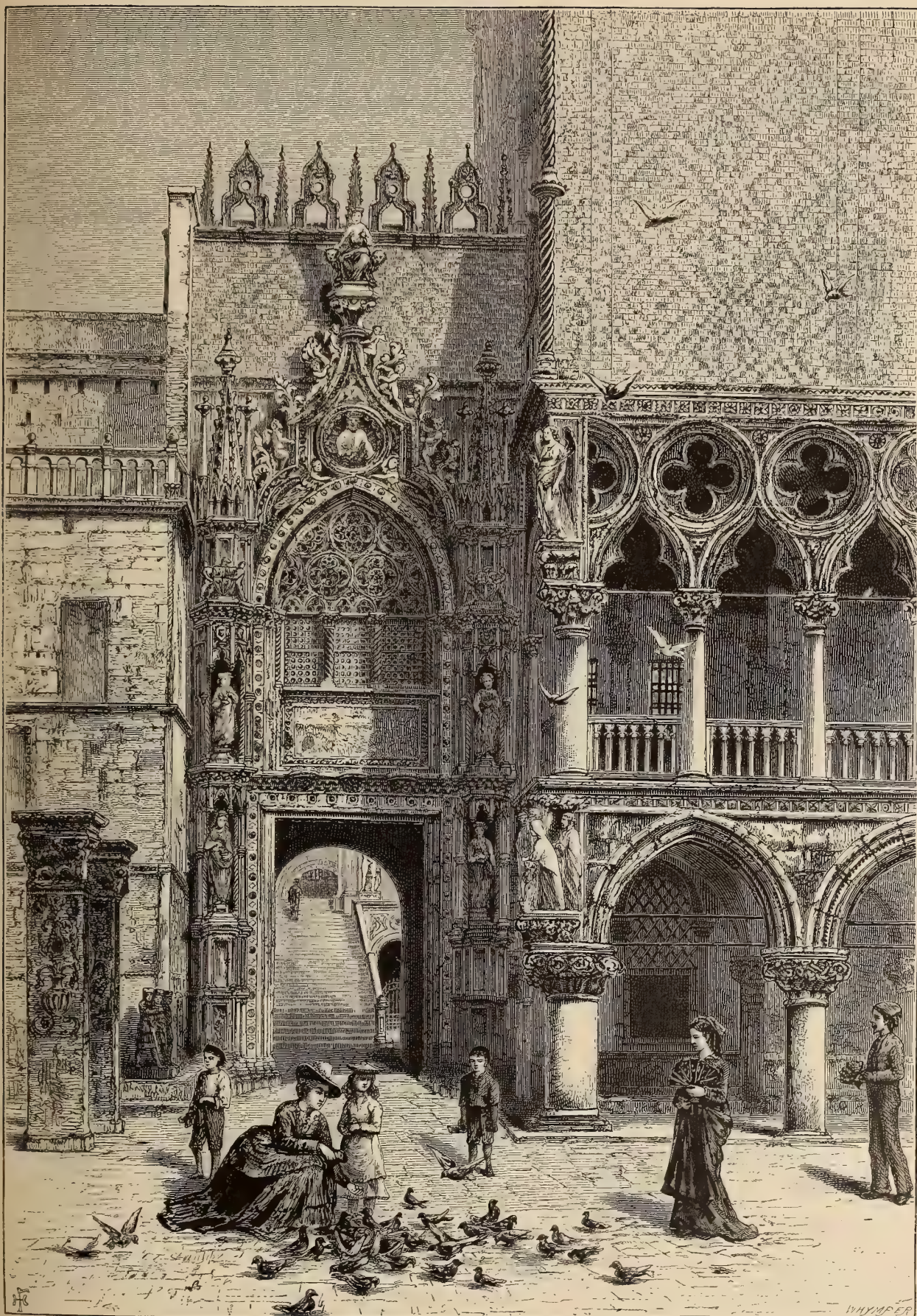
one of the most important scenes in the history of Venice and of mediæval Europe. To quote the words of the author of "Italy:"

". . . . In that temple-porch
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains)
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud pontiff.—Thus at last consoled
For flight, disguise, and many an aguish shake
On his stone pillow."

As the tradition runs, the emperor, as he knelt, growled half aloud, "*Non tibi sed Petro*," to which the pope retorted, "*et mihi et Petro*;" and further quoted Scripture to his own advantage by repeating, as he placed his foot on his prostrate foe, "*conculcabis super leonem et draconem*," a quotation from the ninety-first Psalm, "The (young) lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet." Venice, however, was in general not so obedient a child of the papacy as it proved itself on this occasion; for, as a rule, it held its own stoutly against the encroachments of the Roman pontiff, and even excluded ecclesiastics from its councils. Their quarrels were not unfrequent, and an interdict was even fulminated by Clement V. against the doge and people, in which, with the usual ecclesiastical fecundity in abuse, they were compared to Dathan and Abiram, Absalom and Lucifer!

One might quote from the guide-book the number of columns of costly stones, the number of square yards of mosaics, of gilding and bronze, but this would give little idea of the impressiveness of St. Mark's. Striking as is the exterior, the interior is, if possible, yet more so. You lift the heavy curtain, and stand on a floor of coarse mosaic, undulating as if it were a sea. At first, when contrasted with the glare of the sunlight without, the interior seems almost dark, but, as the eye becomes accustomed to the subdued light, the walls and roof are seen to gleam with gold and glare with mosaics; choice marbles form the columns, rich carving adorns the capitals, the bishop's throne is placed in the eastern apse beyond the high altar, under which are guarded no less treasures than the relics of St. Mark himself.

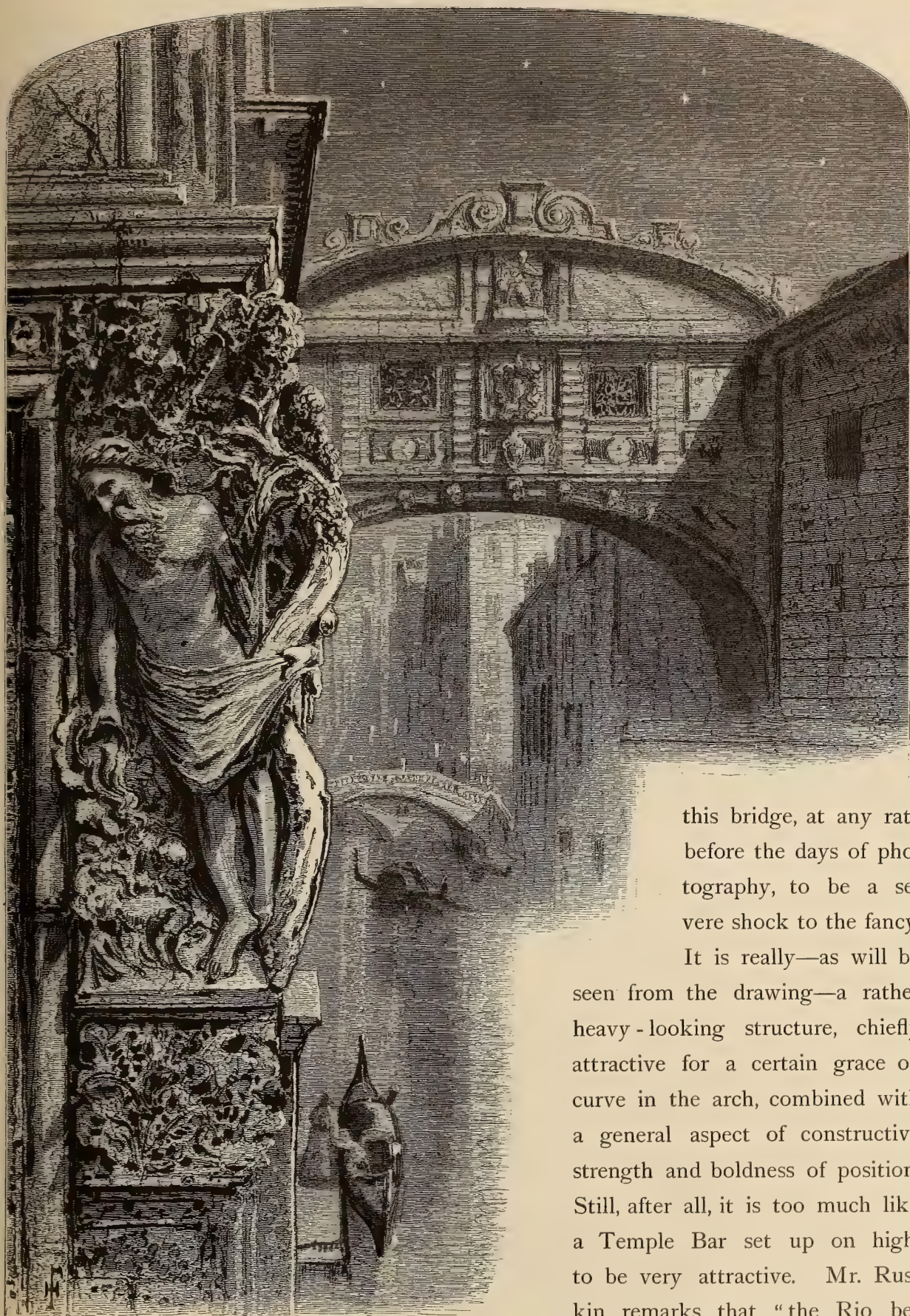
Returning into the Piazza of St. Mark, we pass along the façade of the cathedral to the Doge's Palace. This is a structure in its way hardly less remarkable than the Cathedral; and, notwithstanding injuries and injudicious restorations, one of the finest examples of domestic architecture in the Italian-Gothic style. In form it is an irregular quadrangle, occupying the space between St. Mark's and the lagoon, and bounded on the eastern side by a canal. The sides facing the piazzetta and the quay are the older. The two lower stories are flanked on either side by grand open galleries or cloisters, which may be seen in the sketch; while the highest and loftiest, which contains the state



ENTRANCE TO DOGES' PALACE.

chambers, occupies the whole thickness of the building, and is lighted by large, pointed arches. All is built of marble—that in the arcades of the lower half being white—that in the upper, white and pale red, arranged in lozenge-pattern. According to Mr. Ruskin, the eastern end of the sea-face is earlier in date than the rest. He states that the first palace erected on this site was in the year 813, immediately after the Venetians had decided to fix the seat of government on the Rialto Island. Beyond the fact that it stood on some part of the present site, and had a face toward the Piazzetta, we know little or nothing of it. This building, with various alterations and important additions, remained till the first year of the fourteenth century, when the present Gothic palace was begun. Its erection was probably due to the important changes made in the number and position of the senate, called the *Serrar del Consiglio*, which, according to Mr. Ruskin, caused at last the downfall of Venice. Then the building made an epoch in history. "As the Byzantine palace was in its foundation coeval with the state, so the Gothic palace was in its foundation coeval with that of the aristocratic power." The work then begun proceeded gradually, round the square—the sea-façade being probably completed in 1423, when the *Salle del gran Consiglio* was finished. This done, the rulers of Venice appear to have got thoroughly satiated of architects' and contractors' bills (and no wonder, if the ancient resembled the modern race); accordingly, they decided that the Piazzetta façade of the old palace should remain, and that whoever proposed to rebuild it should be fined a thousand ducats. A spirited doge, however, Mocenigo, after part of this had been injured, together with St. Mark's, by a fire, paid down the money in the council-chamber, and made the proposition. It was carried by acclamation, the money being taken as the doge's subscription to the work. "On the 27th of March (1424), the first hammer was lifted up against the old palace of Ziani. That hammer-stroke was the first act of the period properly called the Renaissance. It was the knell of the architecture of Venice, and of Venice herself." The Piazzetta façade, however, was constructed in the style of the part already completed. Still, the great entrance, the *Porta della Caxta*, shown in our sketch, indicates very strongly the influence of the later style. The architect was evidently thinking in a tongue which was foreign to him. Though the hands may be there of the bold, free Esau, the voice of the soft supplanter breaks through into the whole. Through the door in our sketch is seen the famous Giant's Staircase; this, with all the façade looking upon the canal, was rebuilt about forty years later, after a great fire. In this respect the building has been unfortunate; for another conflagration, about a century later, all but destroyed the noble sea-façade, so that the project of entirely rebuilding it was seriously discussed, but was happily rejected. At this time the prisons, which had hitherto been in rooms at the top of the palace, were removed to the other side, and the famous Bridge of Sighs was built, "a palace and a prison on each hand."

We are afraid that the poetic sound of the name has often caused the first sight of



The Bridge of Sighs.

this bridge, at any rate before the days of photography, to be a severe shock to the fancy.

It is really—as will be seen from the drawing—a rather heavy-looking structure, chiefly attractive for a certain grace of curve in the arch, combined with a general aspect of constructive strength and boldness of position. Still, after all, it is too much like a Temple Bar set up on high, to be very attractive. Mr. Ruskin remarks that “the Rio beneath is one of the principal

thoroughfares of the city," so the "bridge and its canal together occupy in the mind of a Venetian very much the position of Fleet Street and Temple Bar in that of a Londoner—at least at the time when Temple Bar was occasionally decorated with human heads."

But we must not yet be led away from the Ducal Palace. The stranger will be in no hurry to quit the court-yard, small, but surrounded by grand buildings, and rich in historic memories. On the highest step of the Giant's Staircase—over which the colossal figures of Mars and Neptune, emblems of the ancient reputation of Venice, keep watch and ward—the ducal cap was placed on the head of the new doge; there fell Marino Faliero, "decapitated for his crimes," whose place among the portraits of the doges is vacant, with a deep black veil flung over the record of his doom. There, too, is the golden staircase, once only to be trodden by the illustrious feet of the *nobili* inscribed in the "golden book." There is the far-famed Bocca de Leone, those jaws of the lion, into which the informer's hand, in the worst days of Venice, secretly slipped the deathful slander. There is the well in the courtyard, round which the women linger, with their copper buckets swung on a cross-pole, to chatter and gossip, as they did round the wells of Palestine three thousand years ago. We may fancy Shylock furtively glancing up at the corridors and cursing the second Daniel come to judgment; and Othello passing proudly across the pavement. The state apartments contain the portraits of the doges, among which is the memorable inscription mentioned above, and some of Tintoretto's noblest works, with several by Paolo Veronese, and a few from the hand of Titian. To see the last author, however, in his full strength, the collection at the Academy must be visited.

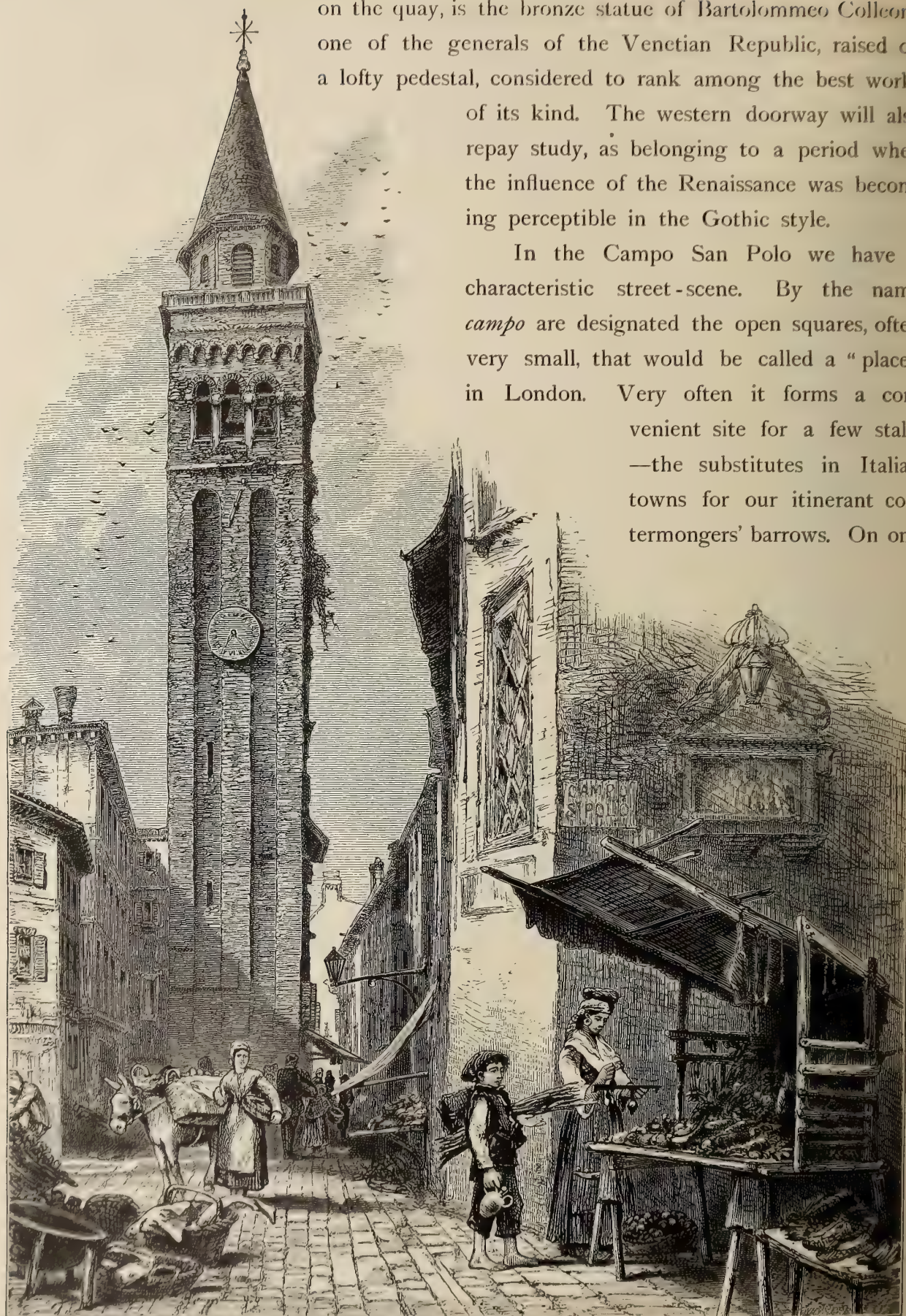
We must linger no longer in the palace, but betake ourselves to other parts of the city. From the home of the doges during life let us pass to their resting-places in death—the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, the grandest in the city next to St. Mark's, and the Westminster Abbey of Venetian history. The church, which is a fine specimen of Italian-Gothic, once contained one of the noblest works of Titian, "The Death of Peter Martyr." This, unhappily, perished in a fire which destroyed one of the side-chapels, about ten years since. The tombs are interesting as showing the gradual change in Venetian art. Mr. Ruskin, who has no mercy on the sins of the Renaissance (and they deserve but little), hits off this with peculiar felicity: "The conceit so often noticed as having been borrowed from the Pisan school, of angels withdrawing the curtains of the couch to look down upon the dead, was brought forward with increasing prominence by every succeeding sculptor; but, as we draw nearer to the Renaissance period, we find that the angels become of less importance, and the curtains of more. With the Pisans the curtains are introduced as a motive for the angels; with the Renaissance sculptors the angels are introduced merely as a motive for the curtains, which become every day more huge and elaborate." Outside the church,



SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO.

on the quay, is the bronze statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, one of the generals of the Venetian Republic, raised on a lofty pedestal, considered to rank among the best works of its kind. The western doorway will also repay study, as belonging to a period when the influence of the Renaissance was becoming perceptible in the Gothic style.

In the Campo San Polo we have a characteristic street-scene. By the name *campo* are designated the open squares, often very small, that would be called a "place" in London. Very often it forms a convenient site for a few stalls—the substitutes in Italian towns for our itinerant costermongers' barrows. On one



Campo San Polo.

side there is a vender of miscellaneous notions—mostly vegetables; many of them brown, dry, shriveled articles, which have always exercised our minds as to their nature and use. Next to it is a lot of slippers. On the other side is an old fish-wife, with a huge ray, as it seems, sticking out of one of her baskets; while behind it is a rarer sight in a Venetian scene—a woman with an ass—quadrupeds larger than a dog being scarce in this city of the waters. The Campanile at the back is worth careful study, as it is a good example of a very common feature in the Venetian towns. It would not be easy to find a tower more effective and yet more simple in design; the lofty, shallow, arched recesses relieve what would otherwise be the monotony of a blank wall, while it is further lightened and enriched by the open arches of the upper story; and the little octagonal lantern, with its conical tiled roof, appropriately crowns the whole. The more sumptuous examples are entirely built of stone; but this and many others are chiefly constructed of red brick, made more after the ancient Roman pattern than is common in England. Beyond the tower we look up one of the streets of Venice. It is a fair example; for there is hardly a street in the town where you can go dry-shod, which is wider than a London alley. The stranger who has plenty of time on his hands, and wishes to test his powers of finding his way, may amuse himself by the practical solution of a problem of this kind: "Given two points, about a mile apart, in Venice—find your way from the one to the other." As these alleys zigzag about in all directions, are too narrow to allow you to see where you are going, and are about as intricate as the passages of the Cretan labyrinth must have been, the chances are considerably against a successful solution. We used to plume ourselves rather on being able to find our way about a strange town, but on attempting something of the kind just indicated, it resulted, after about half an hour, in our taking refuge in a gondola, and discovering that we had got some ninety degrees wrong in our directions. One clew, however, there is, a thread conducting through the mazes of the labyrinth; for a line in the pavement of some of the streets leads, if only it be followed in the right direction, direct to the Rialto.

In addition to the two principal churches already described, the traveler will not fail to visit two at least of those which we have already indicated in passing—those of Our Lady of Safety and St. George the Greater—both fine works of the Renaissance period. The Church of the Jesuits may also arrest his attention, if he care for sumptuous decoration. As is common with the churches of this order, its interior is almost incrustated with costly marbles, prodigality in expenditure and parsimony in good taste being equally conspicuous. Here rests, after a troubled career, Manin, the last of the long line of doges. More certainly will the stranger visit the Church of the Frari, not so much for its architecture—for, though in the pointed style, it is not one of the best examples of thirteenth-century work—but because of its associations. Here the unhappy Foscari were laid to rest; here is the heavy (and to our minds ugly)

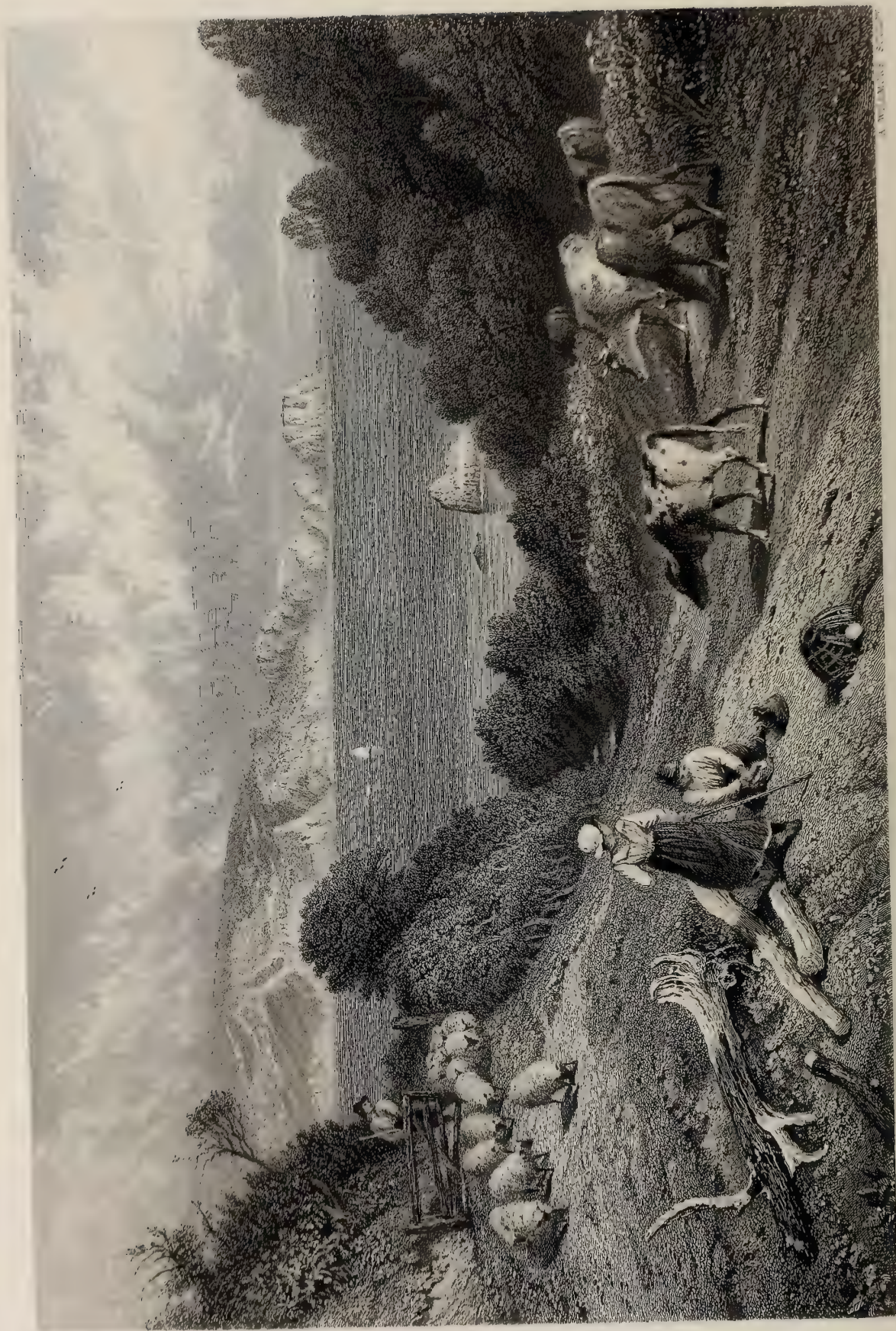
monument, completed barely a quarter of a century since, to the memory of Titian; here, too, is the monument to Canova, which, though practically from his own design, is hardly more pleasing. Religion, Art, and Genius, are represented as about to enter the door of a huge white-marble pyramid, and looking as if they did not like the place, and no wonder. This church also contains the *Pala dei Pesari*, one of Titian's masterpieces. It represents a family group kneeling before the Madonna and infant Christ, who are flanked by saints. The price paid for pictures has risen considerably since this was painted. Titian received for it, in the year 1519, a hundred and two golden ducats, of which sum six were for the frame. A doge of the Pesari family is buried in the church. The tomb is supported by negroes, whose heads, legs, etc., are carved in black marble, and their dresses in white. The effect may be imagined without difficulty.

Thus ends our brief sketch of Venice; and as we entered it by sea, so let us quit it by the same way, passing from the network of canals along the widening reaches of water between the city and the outer girdle of islands, past the long, low barrier of the Lido, till the salt spray of the Adriatic leaps up against our vessel's bows, and the evening breeze blows fresh across the waves; so, as the sunset hues fade from the Euganean hills and the Alpine peaks, and as the moon comes up from the eastern waters, we bid farewell to Venice.



Venice.

(FROM A PAINTING BY R. SANFORD GIFFORD.)



BEECH FOSTER, PINX.

Monks' Hut Bay, Guernsey

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.



Portelet Bay, Jersey.

THE Channel Islands are a group of islands in the English Channel, lying off the northwest coast of France, between Normandy and Brittany. They consist of Jersey, Guernsey, with the islets Herm and Jethou, Alderney, and Sark.

Like the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea, the Channel Islands are nearly independent of Great Britain, to which they owe a merely feudal allegiance; and, while one of them has a legislature and laws of its own, the other three are governed together. The legislature consists in each case of a "Royal court," composed of the chief-justice or bailiff, and twelve jurats; these officials, with twelve rectors, twelve constables, and fourteen deputies, form the Parliament. The bailiff presides, and he has the casting vote; but the Parliament cannot be assembled without the consent of the lieutenant-governor, a vice-regent appointed and supported by the British crown, who also has the

right of veto, though he seldom exercises it. The bailiff and rectors are appointed by the crown for life, and the jurats are elected for life by the rate-payers. They are not required to have legal qualifications, but a butcher, a baker, or an innkeeper, is ineligible.

The Channel Islands are the oldest possessions of the present ruling house of Great Britain, having passed to the English crown through William the Conqueror. When Normandy was regained by France, the islands chose to remain with England, and, though Jersey has been attacked and invaded by the French, the population has remained loyal to England—a fact the more remarkable, since the language used is that of France. The words, “From the fury of the Normans, good Lord, deliver us!” were added to the Litany, and the stoutest resistance was made to all attacks.

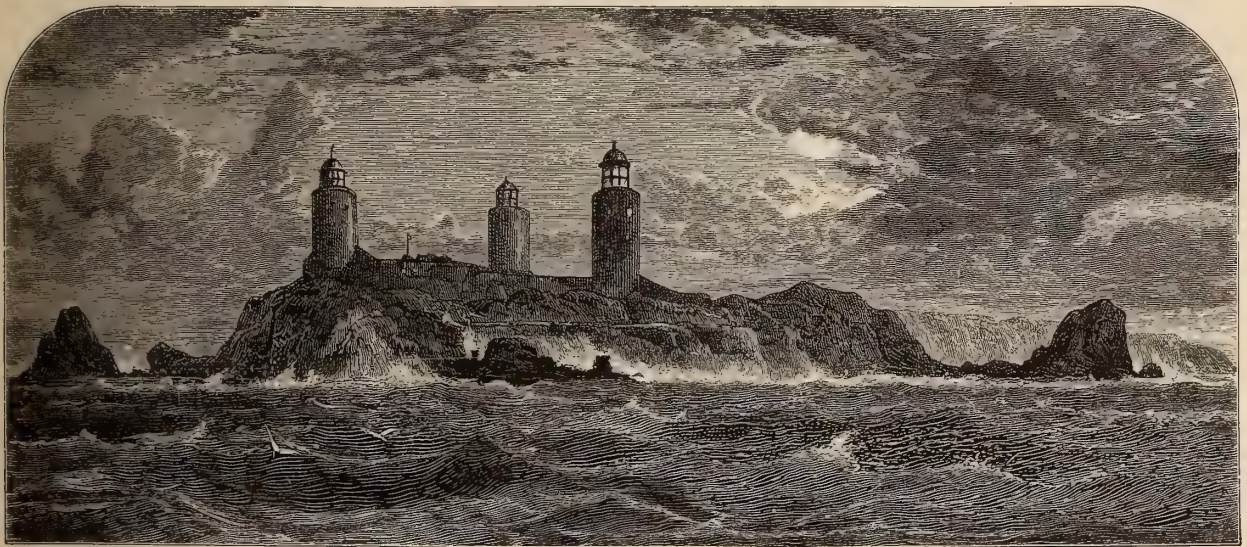
A day’s sail, more or less, according to the state of the weather, down the river Solent from Southampton, past the Isle of Wight, and out upon the ever-turbulent channel, brings the Caskets into view—the fatal reef upon which innumerable lives and vessels have been lost. It was here that Prince William, the only son of King Henry I., was drowned, after whose death the monarch never smiled again; here a Russian line-of-battle-ship went to pieces; and here, also, the English man-of-war *Victory* was lost with eleven hundred lives. Three lighthouses, a short distance apart, throw out warning rays for the benefit of the mariner, who passes the reef with a shiver as he remembers its dangers.

The sea around the islands bristles with projections of rock, upon which it dashes in the fiercest of white breakers; add to these the perils of wily currents, and it will be understood that the safe arrival of the steamer at St. Peter’s Port, Guernsey, is a matter of relief and congratulation.

St. Peter’s Port is the only town of importance on the island, and it contains a population of about sixteen thousand, two-thirds being females, which is the case with the whole population of the islands. It is built on an embankment, rising two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and its steepness has necessitated a curious succession of long stairways, with cross-lanes meeting at the landings, and leading up narrower steps. There are an old and a new town, and while in the old town the houses are almost entirely of granite, in the new town they are stuccoed with tinted cream-color or brown. Unostentatious competence, if not wealth, and good taste, are visible nearly everywhere. Flowers are abundant, and before each house is a well-kept garden.

“Not an unimportant addition to the pleasure a stranger takes in rambling about St. Peter’s Port,” a traveler has written, “is the physical beauty of those he meets. We find here the pure Norman race, the same as that which conquered Britain; but, unlike that, scarcely mixed with Saxon or any other foreign blood. The men have a fresh, ruddy complexion; an honest, frank, good-humored, but manly expression. The women have a skin remarkably fair, delicate, and clear, and features regular, expressive, and

often beautiful. If their eyes were only as brilliant and as elegant as those of their sisters of Greece or America, they would present a nearly perfect type of female beauty. And the children are, of course, charming, and even when they run out of the peasant-houses in the remote districts, and beg the passer-by for 'doubles,' there is a witchery about them seldom found in beggars elsewhere. But to speak of beggars in Guernsey is almost absurd, for extreme poverty is nearly unknown, while almost every tiller of the land cultivates a patrimony inherited from his ancestors for many centuries, and it is difficult to find evidences of squalor in the island. Even the houses of the peasantry are neatly kept, and a clean lace or cambric curtain hides the lower windows of the humblest cots, while flowers and vines are trained in the window-seat during the winter season."



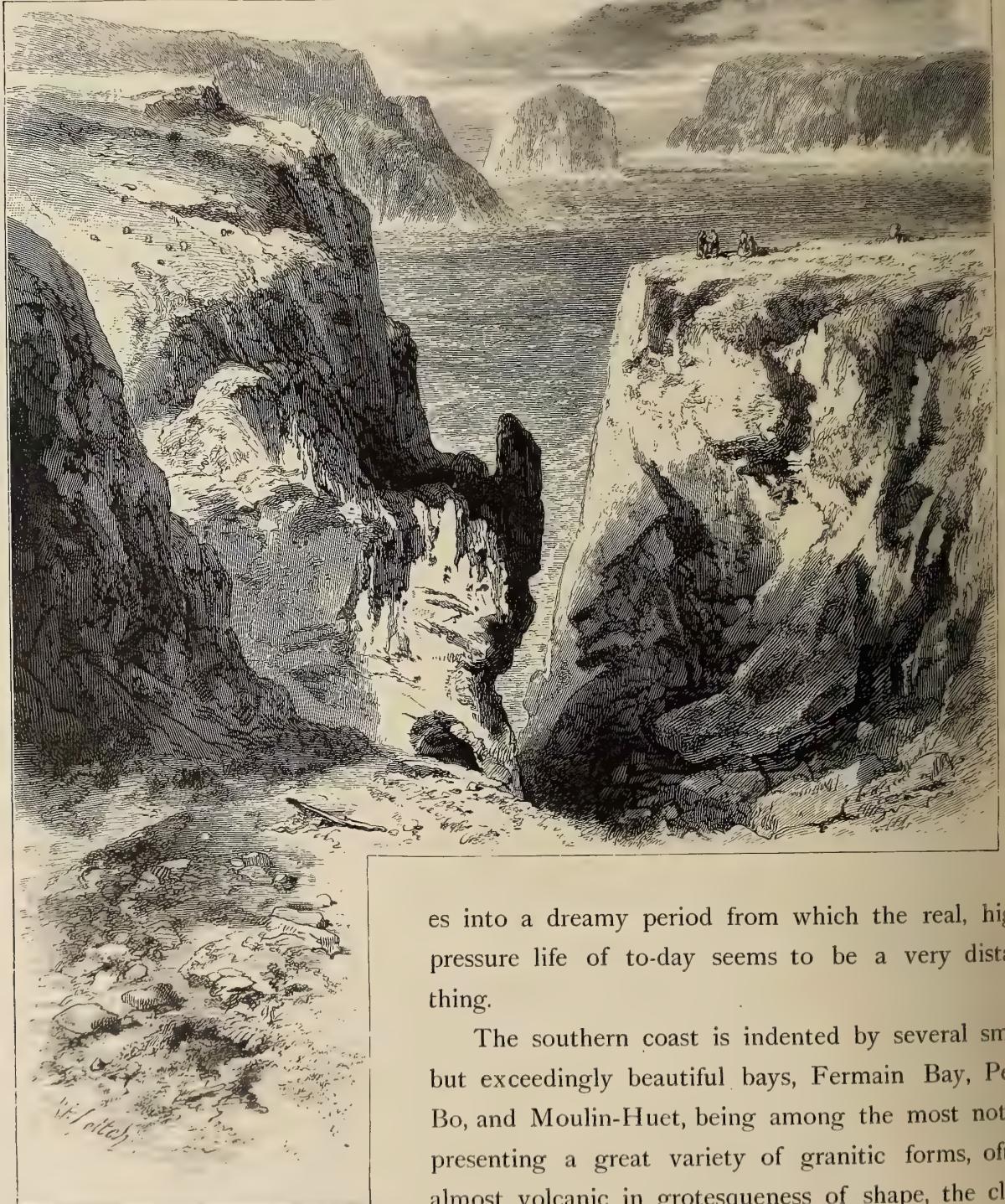
The Caskets.

The accommodations for visitors are not so comfortable in Guernsey, however, as they are in Jersey, and the coast-scenery is not so varied; but "objects of interest" are common enough, and among others, at St. Peter's Port, is Hauteville House, the residence of Victor Hugo.

St. Sampson's is the settlement next in size to St. Peter's, and is named after a mythical Irish saint of the sixth century. Large quantities of granite are exported from it to England. The church was consecrated in the year 1111, and is the oldest building on the island. Here are many of the localities described in "Toilers of the Sea," and a day's rambling is made more interesting by numerous dolmens and cromlechs, which point to the times of the Druids.

Guernsey is triangular in form, and a little over nine miles on its longest side. By far the pleasantest way to see it is afoot, as this will afford an opportunity to study the always-hospitable inhabitants. Seated in a capacious arm-chair before the wide fireplace

of one of the little stone cottages, with an old clock drumming out the minutes over the mantel-piece, and a mild old dame in a corner knitting socks for her sailor-lad, one easily pass-

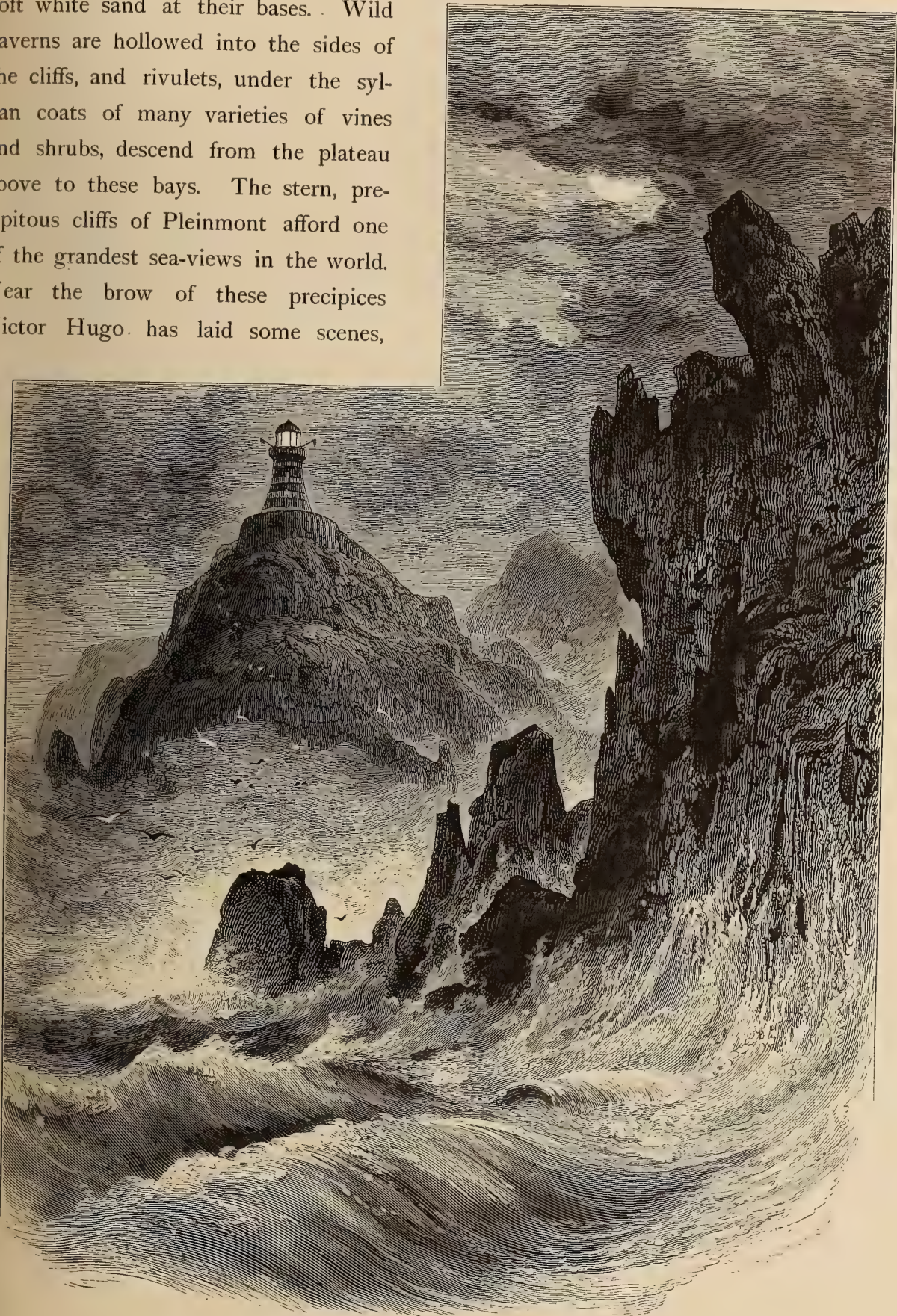


Pont de Moulin, Guernsey.

es into a dreamy period from which the real, high-pressure life of to-day seems to be a very distant thing.

The southern coast is indented by several small but exceedingly beautiful bays, Fermain Bay, Petit Bo, and Moulin-Huet, being among the most noted, presenting a great variety of granitic forms, often almost volcanic in grotesqueness of shape, the cliffs rising sometimes over three hundred feet, often

perpendicularly, from silvery beaches of soft white sand at their bases. Wild caverns are hollowed into the sides of the cliffs, and rivulets, under the sylvan coats of many varieties of vines and shrubs, descend from the plateau above to these bays. The stern, precipitous cliffs of Pleinmont afford one of the grandest sea-views in the world. Near the brow of these precipices Victor Hugo has laid some scenes,



The Corbière Light, Jersey.

and on one cliff, the old haunted guard-house, which he describes, still stands entirely and pathetically alone.

Jersey is the southernmost of the four islands, twenty miles southwest of Guernsey, forty miles north of Brittany, and about one hundred miles south of England. It contains forty thousand acres of land, including twenty-five thousand acres which are under cultivation. The population is fifty-six thousand, or about two and one-fourth for each acre of cultivated land.

One of the greatest attractions of Jersey is the equability of its climate, the summer rarely being hot or the winter cold. Masses of fuchsias lift their blood-red flowers to a height of four and five feet along the roadways, to which it is a common hedge; large trees of *camellia japonica* bloom throughout the winter; the *araucaria* also grows in December, and the geranium is perfectly hardy. Miasma is unknown; the air is bracing and beneficial to consumptives, and fresh water of excellent purity is remarkably abundant.

The principal town is St. Hélier's, which contains a population of about thirty thousand. The approach is around the southwestern angle of the island, which is pointed with terrible rocks forever white with foam and spray, one of the most forbidding being the Corbière, or Sailors' Dread, upon which a lighthouse is built. The tide rises forty feet, and in times of storm the waves are of extraordinary height, grandeur, and fury.

St. Hélier's lies on the eastern side of the beautiful bay of St. Aubin's. The first appearance of the island, with its noble bay, sloping shores, and thickly-wooded heights, profusely studded with villas and cottages, happily unites the attributes of the beautiful and the picturesque. The town itself is very Swiss-like in its aspect, and backed by its lofty stronghold, Fort Regent, which is seen overtopping the houses in all directions, it at once impresses the visitor with a conviction that the elements of novelty are everywhere around him. Fort Regent, which is generally the first object that strikes the eye of the traveler, was begun in 1806, and before its completion cost no less than eight hundred thousand pounds. It has completely thrown into the shade the more ancient and picturesque fort called "Elizabeth Castle," built on a huge sea-girt rock in the harbor; but an excursion to it—which can only be made on foot, by a pebble causeway, at low water—should be certainly undertaken, for the sake of the charming views it affords. The church of St. James and Castle Clary, which stand in the highest part of the town, are very striking and commanding objects. St. Hélier's is about three miles in circumference.

At Gorey, on the eastern coast, is the famous castle of Mount Orgueil, or Mont-orgueil, perched on a rock two hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea, and robed in ivy. It was built by Rollo, the grandfather of William the Conqueror, whose escutcheon is still quite distinct over the main entrance to the keep. The crypt



Fort Regent, St. Helier's, Jersey.

under the chapel, and the apartments occupied by Charles II., when he sought an asylum in the islands, are well preserved; but the most interesting spot is the dark cell,

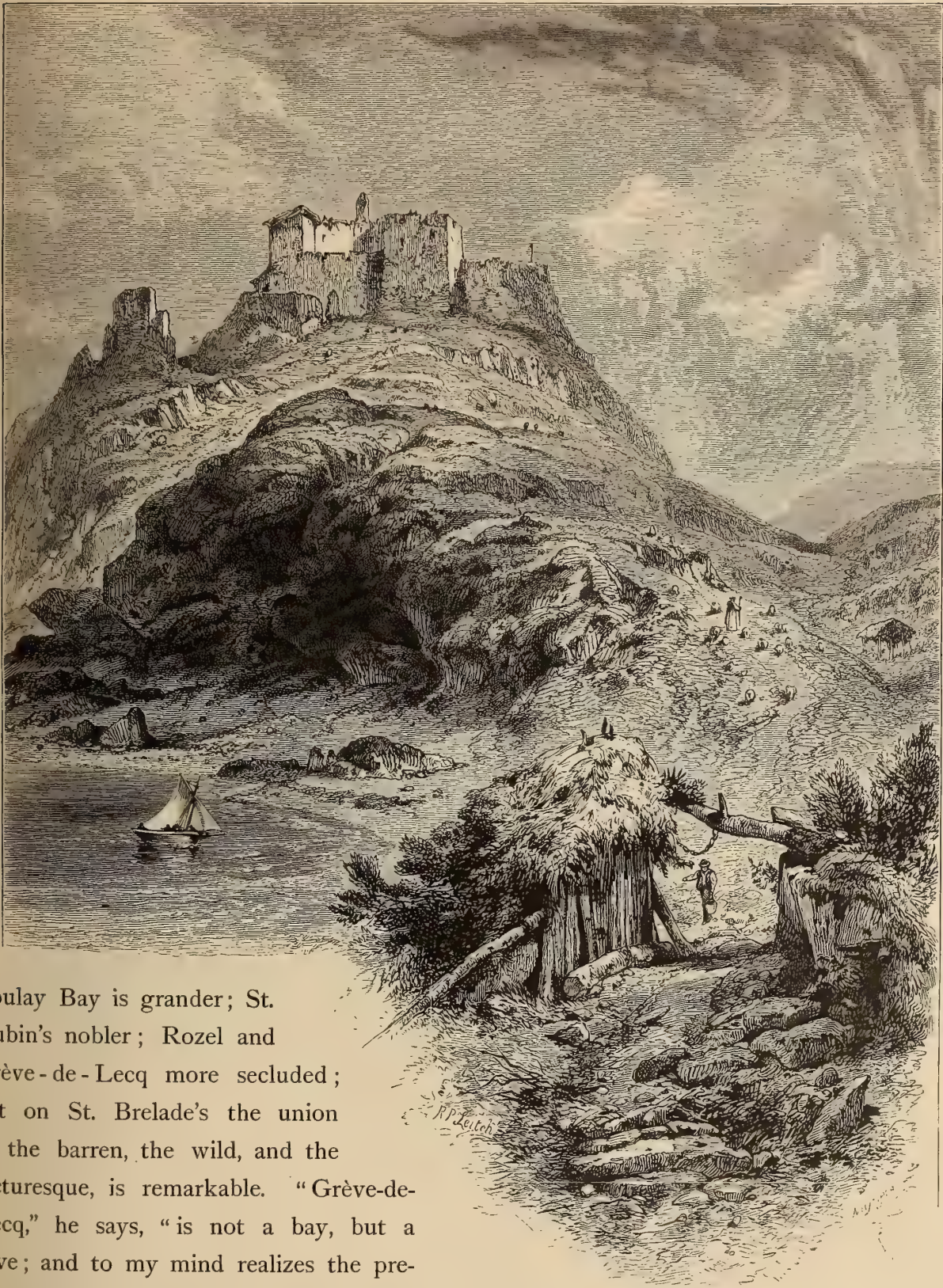
some six feet by four, in which Prynne, the Puritan, was imprisoned for three years. Among the literary exercises with which the prisoner occupied himself, was the writing of the following rhymed description of the castle :

“Mount Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,
Within the eastern part of Jersey's isle ;
Seated upon a rock full large and high,
Close by the sea-shore, next to Normandie ;
Near to a sandy bay where boats do ride,
Within a peere, safe from both wind and tide.”

During the reign of Edward III., the famous Du Guesclin, with an army that included the flower of French chivalry, landed in Jersey, and besieged Mount Orgueil for several months ; but the castle held out, and the invaders were compelled to retire. Henry VI., during his contest for the throne, solicited French aid against Edward IV., and Count de Mauldrier was offered the Channel Islands in consideration of his services. De Mauldrier seized Mount Orgueil by surprise, and employed every device of kindness to induce the Jerseymen to renounce England. “He could never prevail on the inclinations of a people who were enraged to see themselves sold to the French, a nation which they hated insomuch that, in about six years' time, he could never make himself master of above half the island.”

The view from the walls of the castle commands the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, and gives an idea of the dangers which beset the mariner in these waters. “Scylla and Charybdis were very trifling affairs compared with the *chevaux-de-frise* of rocks under and above water which encircle these islands. If the sailor escapes the Caskets, the labyrinthine snares of the Little Russel are ready to trip him ; or, if he is sailing for Jersey or St. Malo, the St. Roquier or the Hanways lie in wait for him—or the Paternosters, so terrible that they are thus called, perhaps, because there is nothing left to him who encounters their blows but to say his prayers. Escaping these, he still has the Corbière or La Couchière to avoid, and is yet not past dangers, for by no means the least savage yet lie in his path—the Chasseys and the Minquières, fronting the coast of France many miles like a picket-guard.

The tourist, after visiting Mount Orgueil, should explore in the opposite direction westward, and cross from St. Hélier's to St. Aubin, which can be done either by boat across the bay, or by a circuitous route over the beach, at low water. St. Aubin, once the chief town in Jersey, is beautifully situated. There one steep, straggling street drops abruptly from an eminence toward the sea. The shores of the bay are sheltered by high cliffs. Between St. Aubin's and the bay of St. Brelade's there are many interesting points, including the picturesque Portelet Bay, of which we give an illustration. The traveler Inglis thinks St. Brelade's one of the most attractive on the island.

*Orgueil Castle, Jersey.*

Boulay Bay is grander; St. Aubin's nobler; Rozel and Grève-de-Lecq more secluded; but on St. Brelade's the union of the barren, the wild, and the picturesque, is remarkable. "Grève-de-Lecq," he says, "is not a bay, but a cove; and to my mind realizes the precise meaning of the word—such as I have been used to affix to it when, in perusing the voyages of old navigators, I have read that the vessel put into a deep and sheltered cove, in some uninhabited island, in search of wood and water. Such is Grève-de-Lecq; approached through a narrow and deep valley, of a wild but beautiful

aspect; bounded by nearly perpendicular cliffs; and offering alike in form, and situation, and general features, a perfect picture of a solitary island-cove. Here, too, the sea has worn caves among the rocks; and here, on a fine summer evening, when the sun flames up the narrow valley, gilding the broad-leaved fern and the clumps of oak that checker the slopes, and when all is still but the low plash of the little waves, one may linger in the conviction that no island of more distant seas offers a sweeter scene."



Grève-de-Lecq, Jersey.

Herm and Jethou are two islets three miles distant from St. Peter's Port. The former is about a mile and a half long. Only two or three houses are built upon it, but one of these is an hotel, which is much patronized by sportsmen in summer.

Alderney is twenty miles northeast of Guernsey, and is in some respects the least interesting island of the four, though the abrupt descent of its elevated table-land into the sea is somewhat curious. The table-land itself is flat and bare, however, and the town of St. Anne offers few points of interest. On the northwestern side is Braye Harbor, celebrated for the breakwater or needle which the English Government has

built as a naval station and harbor of refuge, to compete with the French port of Cherbourg, on the opposite shore.

Seven miles from Guernsey is Sark, of which Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, a trustworthy authority, has said: "It is one of the smallest, most curious, most interesting, most elusive, most desolate, most beautiful, most dangerous, most sublime, of all the Atlantic islands. The old legend-makers, who have sung weird tales of phantom islands, now appearing close at hand, then vanishing like enchantment, must have drawn their inspiration in watching Sark from Guernsey. On some days it is so distinct, and looks so near, that cliff and houses, and even men, can be distinguished with the naked eye; also the soft play of light and shade, and color, on the rocks. The next day, should we look in the same direction, we could discern with difficulty the faint, hazy outlines of what seems an island forty miles away. The approach is almost always hazardous, and except in the best weather no boat can land or leave, owing to the maelstrom-like velocity and turbulence of the tides, which rush raging in all directions around the shore, and fill the hollow caves with melancholy dirges, as if for the many wrecked on that merciless coast. Sometimes, even in summer, weeks will pass without the possibility of communicating with the island."

The cliffs are magnificently colored with brilliant vines and lichens, and are indented by deep caves, in which submarine vegetation and animal life exist in profuse variety. In one place there is a series of natural fissures more than a quarter of a mile long, not crossing the island, but running parallel to its length. The floor of these cañons is a wild chaos of rocks, some fallen from above, some rolled in from the sea. The roof, about fifty feet overhead, is always falling, and becoming converted into rocks and pebbles. The outlet is choked at one time by stones that even the old Druids would hardly have attempted to remove, but the next month the sea may have swept all these away, only to renew the barrier at another time. Colonel Waring says that the destructive action of the waves is constant. In all the little bays by which Sark is surrounded, and which can be approached only in boats, and in calm weather, the falling of cliffs at all seasons is sufficient to compel caution in visiting them. Wherever cultivation is carried too close to the cliffs, fields and fences fall into the sea, and in this way the land is slowly becoming narrowed. The *Coupe* rock is one of its chief wonders. It is a narrow neck of land, about five feet broad, with a precipitous descent on each side of some three hundred and fifty feet down to the sea.

Sark is about three and a half miles long, and its average breadth is not quite a mile. It is divided into Great and Little Sark—the latter being a small peninsula at the southern end.

The island is devoted to agriculture and pasturage; and, though it is not generally wooded, and is destitute of streams, it is very pretty. The botany of the island is very similar to that of Guernsey.



THE PATERNOSTERS, OFF SARK.

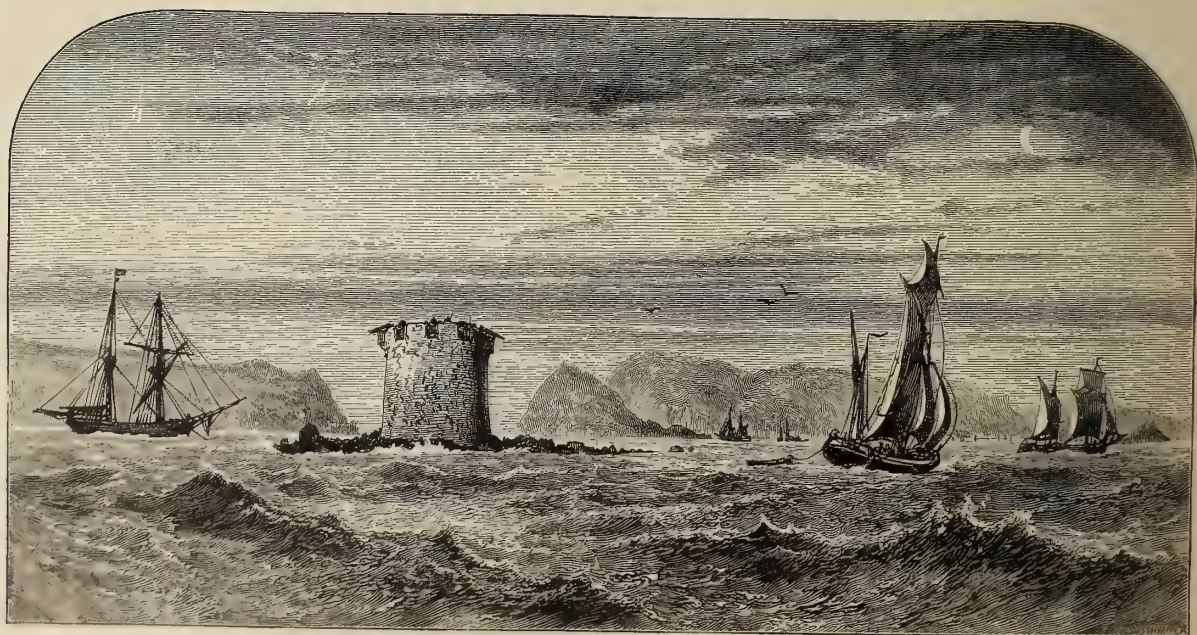
Not much is known of the early history of Sark. Unlike the other islands, it was long held by the French, who took it during the reign of Edward IV., and it was recaptured during the reign of Queen Mary. At the time of Elizabeth, Helier de Carteret, of Jersey, falsely representing Sark to be uninhabited, it was granted to him in fee. He settled on it as his tenants forty Jersey families, and the present population



The Coupé Rock, Sark.

is largely formed of their descendants. It is the smallest state in Europe, having a population of only five hundred and forty-six persons. Nominally, it belongs to the bailiwick of Guernsey, but it has, much in the same way that our States have, an independent legal existence. The local government is vested in one assembly, consisting of a seigneur and his forty tenants. The seigneur must be present at all meetings,

either in person or by deputy, and his approval is necessary to the validity of all ordinances. He alone receives all tithes, getting the tenth sheaf of wheat, barley, oats, and peas; also the tenth of wool and lambs. His tenants, who hold the forty divisions of the island outside of the seigneurie, or grounds of the seigneur, are tenants by right of birth and purchase—absolute owners under the laws of the island—but owing certain feudal obligations to their chief. The holdings are indivisible. No tenant can sell or in any way dispose of a portion of his property. He may sell the whole, but in that case one-thirteenth of the price goes to the seigneur. In case of death, the property all goes to the eldest son, or, in the absence of sons, to the eldest daughter, or to the next heir. The assembly appoints the police force, which consists of two individuals; and even this force is unnecessary, inasmuch as, though there is a jail erected, no person has ever been lodged in it since it was built. The Jersey system of agriculture prevails, and the soil is more fertile than that of the larger islands. The dairy has little prominence, and the cows are inferior.

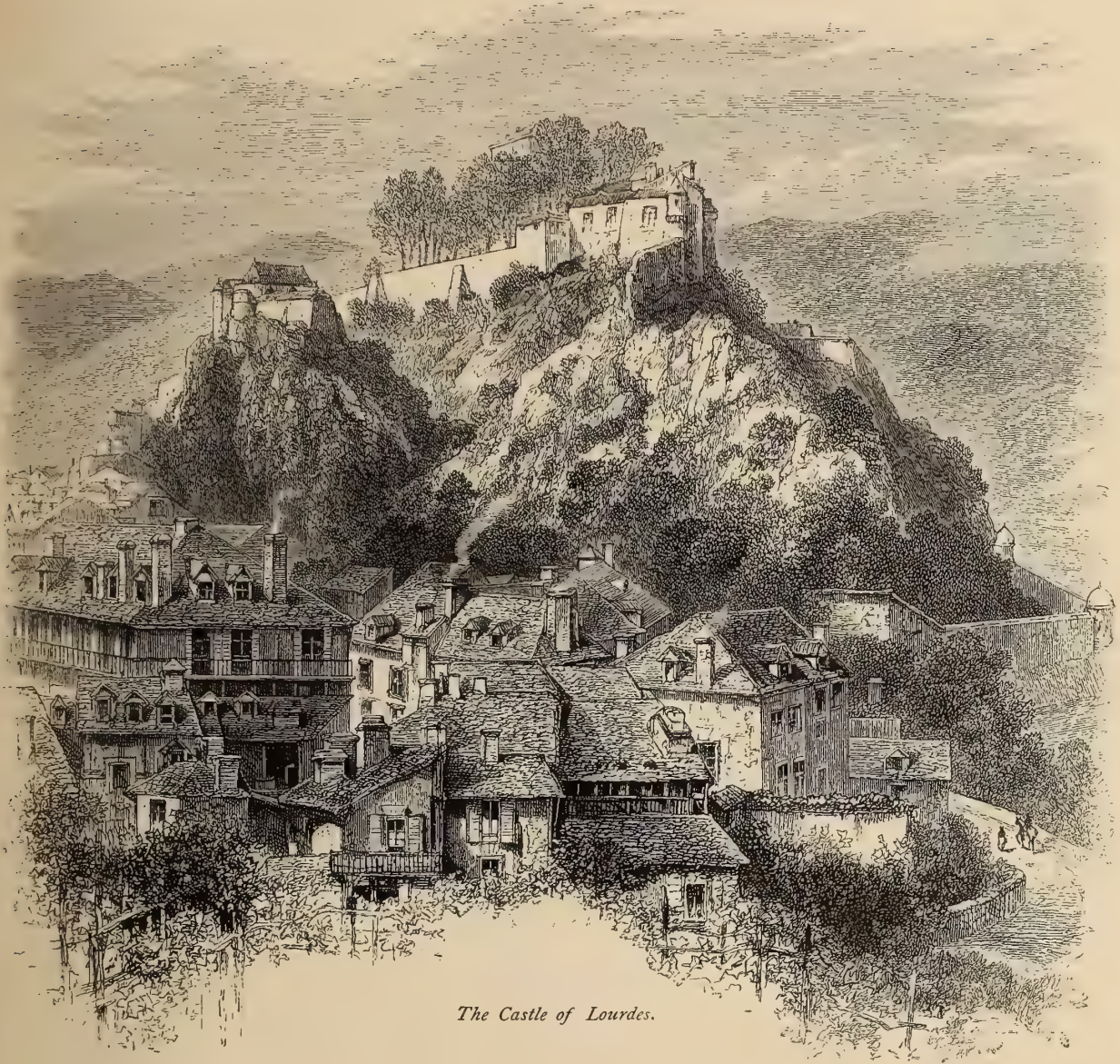


Herm and Jethou.



Cathedral at Rochester.

THE PYRENEES.



The Castle of Lourdes.

DRAWN up like a rampart from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, the giant barrier of the Pyrenees is one of those natural boundaries which determine the distinctive character of states. The people on this side or that cannot coalesce and become one. France and Spain are more effectively divided thus than by trackless deserts or the breakers of a tumultuous sea. Not easy of passage is this rugged mountain-chain. Save where at either end the slopes abate, there are but few lines of communication. Elsewhere the massive wall is pierced only by gaps, the "ports" of local language, veritable gateways, their paths practicable but to the *contrabandista* or the sportsman, to sure-footed mule, to wary izard, or agile mountain-goat. Absolutely dangerous are some of the highest of these: witness local proverbs, which say that "he

who has not been at sea or in the 'port' knows not the power of God:" and again, when "the weather threatens, son stays not for father nor father for son in the 'port.'" Like all border-barriers, the Pyrenees have been torn with constant turmoil—for centuries the scene of foray and of raid. Ruined castles are met with at every turn, once the strongholds of turbulent knights who lived by rapine and dark deeds. Around them the fierce tide of a larger warfare has often ebbed and flowed; vast armies have crossed them, and fought among their precipices and peaks—Carthaginian and Roman, Paynim and Paladin, English and French. Hannibal led his hosts through the port of Perthus, and Cæsar his legions; Charlemagne passed the mountains to invade Spain, and, when



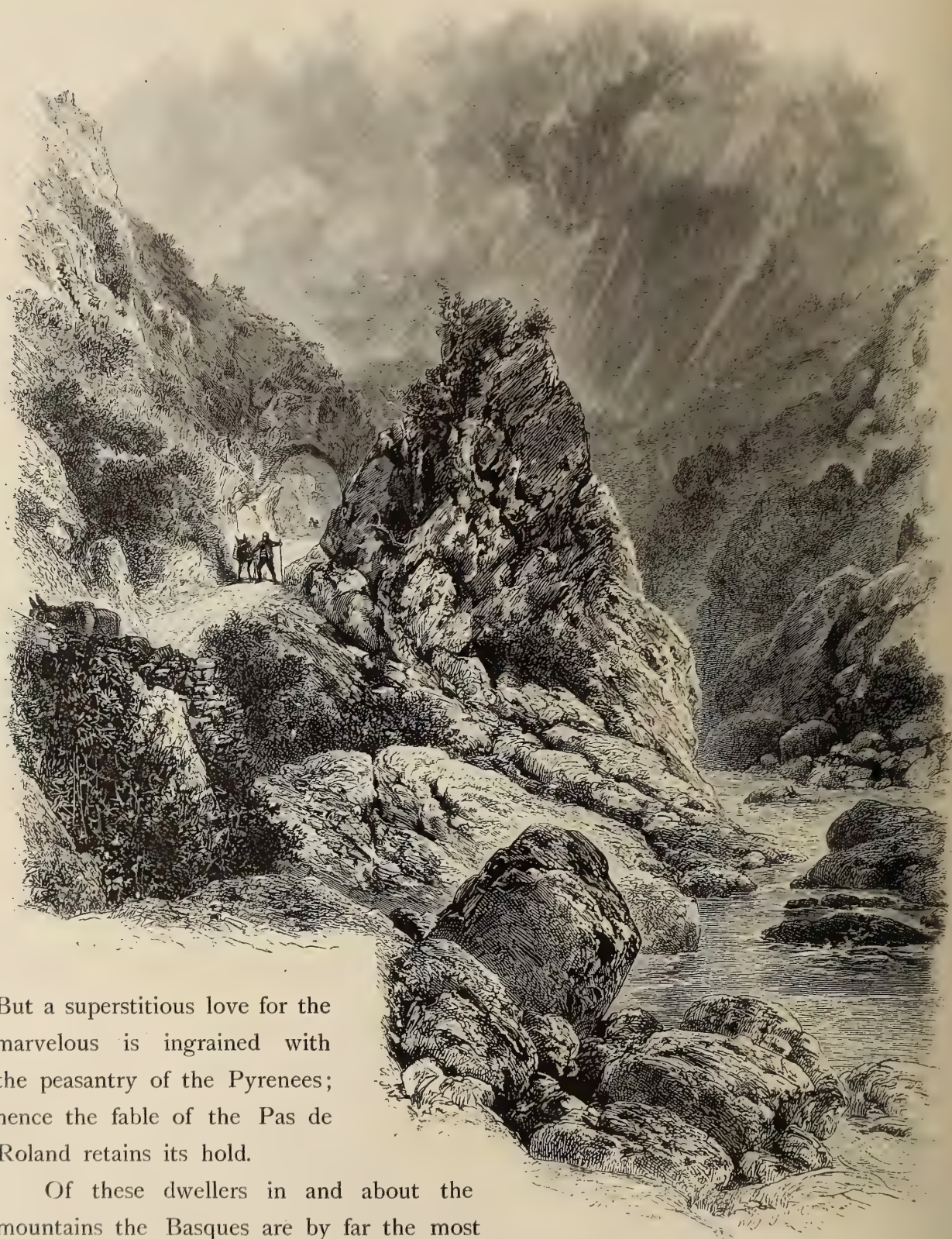
Château at Bayonne.

entangled among their intricacies, suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the intrepid mountaineers. A large slice of them fell with Gascony into English hands as part of the ransom of the French king, John, captured at Poitiers, and could be held only by force of arms. Last of all, the great Duke of Wellington, in a series of masterly strategic operations, forced a passage across these mountains, and in the great battles which followed at the Nivelle, at Orthez, and Toulouse, ended that long struggle familiarly known as the Peninsular War. The very last act in the campaign was played at Bayonne, then besieged by Sir John Hope. Peace had been actually signed, but the French commandant, incredulous or misinformed, made a sortie in force, taking the English by surprise, and inflicting terrible loss.

The fortress of Bayonne, escaping capture in 1814, when last seriously menaced, preserved thus intact its ancient motto, *Nunquam polluta*—never defiled. It has never been taken by an enemy throughout its long and not inglorious history—a history

dating back to the time of the Romans, when, as the ancient *Lapurdum*, it was established as a secure post against the sturdy and indomitable Basques. The town has yet more reason to be proud of its reply to Charles IX., when ordered to take part in the massacre of St. Bartholomew: "Your majesty has many faithful subjects, but not a single executioner, in Bayonne." It is the reputed sponsor also of that formidable weapon the bayonet. Some say the skilled armorers of the place invented it; others, that a Basque regiment short of powder stuck their knives in the barrels of their guns and converted them into pikes. It was at first necessary to remove the bayonet before firing, and the practice of fixing the weapon outside the barrel—a distinct improvement—is due to the French. Modern Bayonne is a fair, cleanly town of tall houses and narrow streets, with an arcade of shops like the Chester "Rows," and shady walks, and balconies with hanging draperies, which give it a semi-Spanish air. Its château, now a barrack, was the residence of Catherine de' Medici. Two rivers traverse it—the Nive and the Adour—their junction being within the town. The place is not over-busy, commercially, for its port is crippled by a terrible bar, which, vexed ever by tremendous ocean-waves, is impassable to shipping except at high tides, a trouble yearly increasing, owing to the continuous silting up of sand. This bar greatly complicated the task before Wellington when he desired to establish a bridge of boats across the Adour, that broad and rapid river being resolutely defended by the French. The bold, original plan he conceived would not have succeeded but for the intrepid men to whom he intrusted its execution. Let those who would recall the scene take their stand at the citadel and picture the little fleet of native *chasse-marées*, manned and piloted by stout English hearts, battling with the surf, ignorant of the channel, going, as it seemed, to certain death. Such a feat as this—a "prodigy of war," Napier styles it—Bayonne, mayhap, will never see again. The present citadel, a *chef-d'œuvre* of Vauban, is now of obsolete design; and all this wilderness of ravelin and counter-guard, of bastion and fosse, would avail little against the machines and appliances of modern scientific war.

Bayonne is on the skirts of the Basque country, Basque towns within easy reach. A short drive through undulating land, studded with oaks lopped and mutilated for fire-wood, whereof the gentle fern (*Polypodium vulgare*) essays to hide the nakedness, and Ustaritz is reached, close to which, in times past, met the Bilyar, or assembly of states. Farther on is Cambo, a pretty, picturesque watering-place, with mineral springs for invalids, trout for anglers, and for botanists a profusion of flowers, white and lilac hepaticas—pride of Northern gardens—and scarlet anemones, growing also wild. And so to the Pas de Roland, hard by Itzazou, where, tradition tells us, mighty Roland, the Paladin and Prefect erst of Bretagne, kicked a hole through the solid rock with his foot. More probably the impetuous Nive, which here flows swift and strong, at some seasons especially, when swollen with melted snows, worked for itself a new passage.



But a superstitious love for the marvelous is ingrained with the peasantry of the Pyrenees; hence the fable of the Pas de Roland retains its hold.

Of these dwellers in and about the mountains the Basques are by far the most interesting race; with a language unlike any in Europe, an innate love of freedom, hot-headed, quick to take offense, yet easily appeased, gay, adventurous, handsome, athletic, and well-formed "Ce n'est pas un homme, c'est un Basque," is a saying which attests their claims to superiority. Next to them come the Bearnais—of old subjects to those

The Carigon Pass, Mount Louis.

famous Princes of Bearn, Counts de Foix, and afterward Kings of Navarre. In their earlier days these princelets held their court at Orthez, and left on it their mark, both in the memory of the state they kept and of the



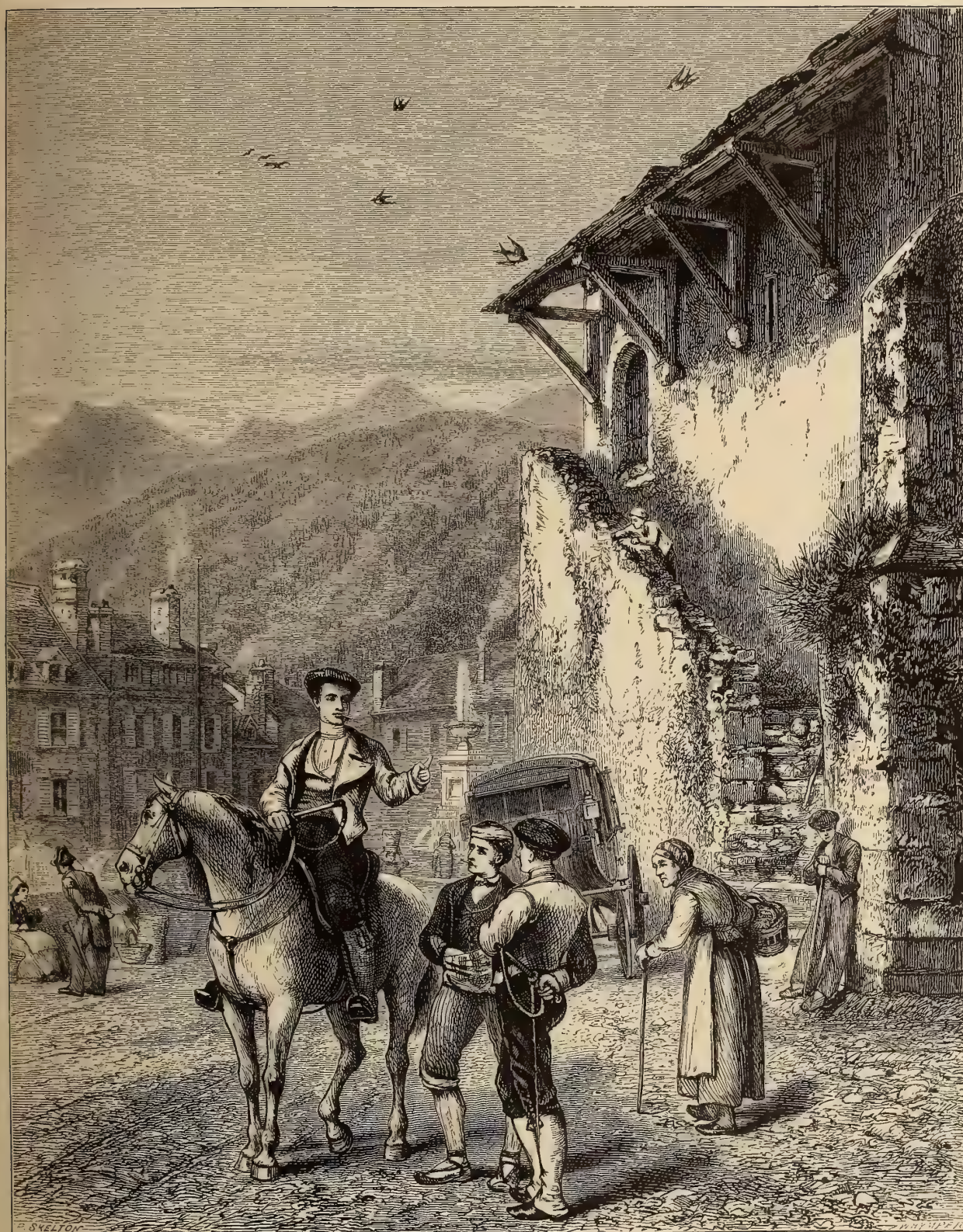
The Bridge of Orthez.

dark crimes by which many were stained. It was here that Count Gaston Phoebus murdered his only son, in that great castle of Moncada, of which ruined walls and one lofty tower alone re-

main; here, too, he slew with his own hand worthy Peter Ernault, Governor of Lourdes for the Black Prince, of which more anon. It was in this spacious castle, while he twitted his retainers with their laziness in not keeping the fire alight, that one stalwart



CHATEAU DE PAU.

*Market-Place at Laruns.*

squire, Ernauton d'Espagne, carried a donkey bodily, and the load of wood it bore, from the court-yard up to the great hall. Orthez has, in truth, many bloody memories. Ghastly was the carnage at the old Gothic bridge when the Calvinist soldiers of Montgomery

threw from its central tower, headlong into the rapid, rock-strewed Gave de Pau, the Roman Catholic priests who preferred a terrible death to craven surrender of their faith. The projecting window in this tower is called the Priests' Window still. Great was the slaughter, again, in that hard-fought battle which Wellington won from Soult, Napoleon's ablest lieutenant, and the duke's worthiest foe in all that long campaign. The French general's position was chosen hastily, but with consummate skill. Upon no line could the English develop a successful attack. At some points checked, at others really repulsed, failure seemed imminent, and Soult is said to have slapped his thigh in a moment of exultation and cried, "At last I have him!" But even as he spoke new dispositions had been made by the English commander, and a small but devoted band—the invincible veterans of the Fifty-second, led by Colonel Colborne, afterward Lord Seaton—broke in, unobserved, at a decisive point, and turned the fate of the day.

When by judicious marriages and natural powers of accretion the house of Foix grew in rank and prosperity, adding to the title of Lords of Bearn that of Sovereigns of Navarre, they deserted Orthez for Pau. Various Gastons, Counts de Foix, adorned and added to the place. Gaston Phoebus is said to have founded its castle. Great Henri Quatre, Jeanne d'Albret's son, was born in this very castle of Pau. His Spartan training began at his baptism, when his lips were smeared with garlic, after the custom of Bearn, and a few drops of sound Jurançon wine poured down his throat to make him strong. Thus nurtured, he grew up like a young lion, and his peasant subjects idolized him. Even when he accepted a more splendid lot, at the cost of abjuring his mother's form of belief, his heart turned always southward, and he was fond of saying that he gave France to Bearn, not Bearn to France.

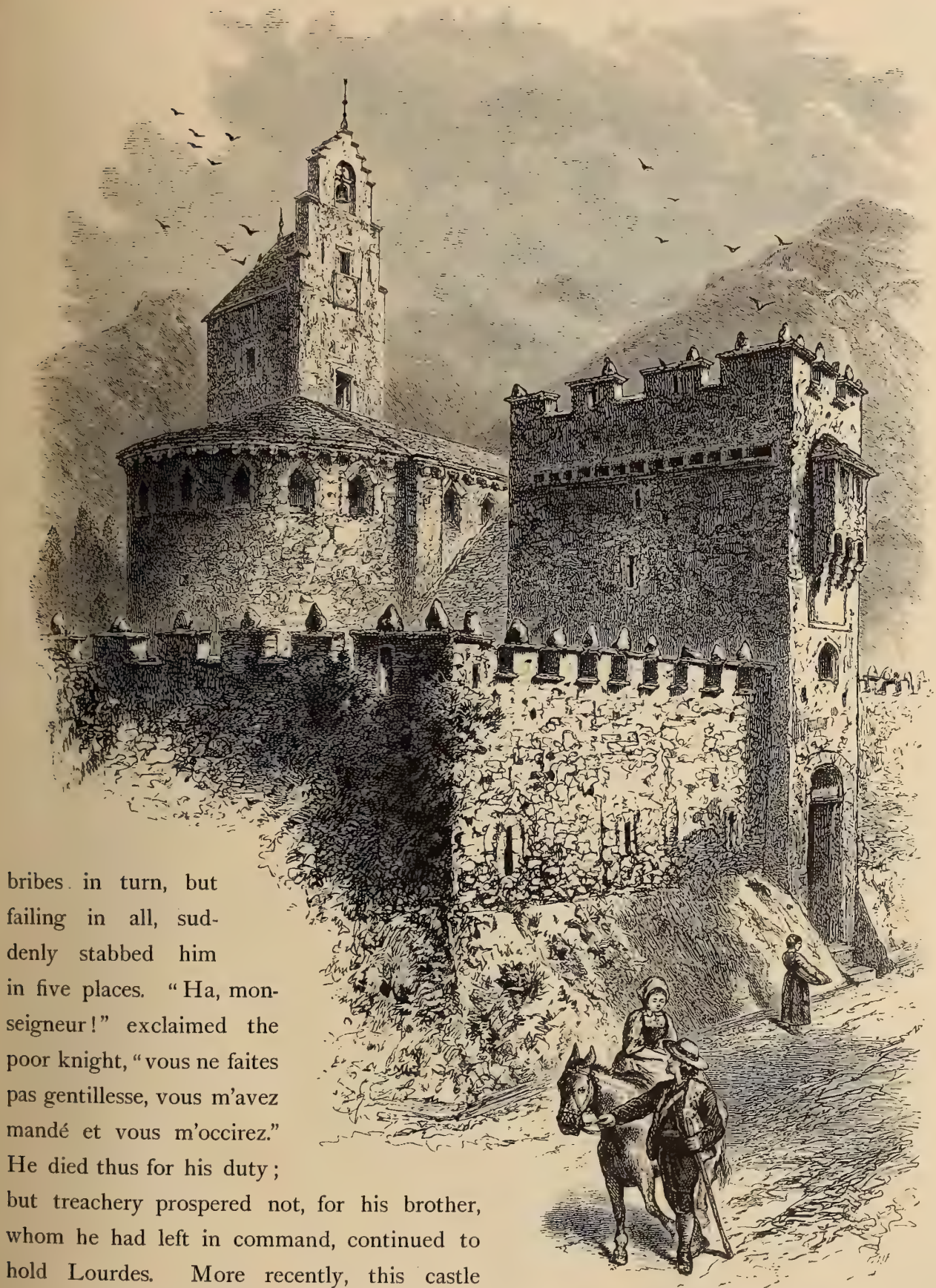
In curious contrast with these old memories is the modern aspect of Pau. Ancient châteaux and feudal piles are overshadowed by great caravansaries of hotels; in the streets peasants, in primitive garb—the men wearing the *berret* or broad, flat cap of crimson or brown, the women scarlet *capulets* or cloaks—are jostled by fashionable *dames* in the *modes* of Pingat and Worth. Yet doubtless the face of external Nature remains unchanged. From the terrace above the town there is the same unrivaled view; the eye travels, as of old, across the broad but shallow Gave to the rounded *coteaux* of Jurançon—vine-clad hills famous for their wines—above bridge, and hamlet, and homestead, and lines of formal poplars, till it rests upon the majestic panorama of the Pyrenees, range upon range of giant peaks topped by the Pic du Midi d'Ossau and the Pic du Midi de Begorre. Like the scene, the climate is probably the same—the same quiet atmosphere, the same soft, silent air, so still that sound travels long miles. From afar comes the tinkling of church-bells, the lowing of the herds; no wind is abroad, no leaf is stirring; Nature has paused, life halts; perchance death, the inevitable, tarries too, for those who have dragged themselves to this health-giving spot in eager hope of extending their term of days.

Sanitariums—health-resorts for afflicted invalids, for the rheumatic, the consumptive, scorbutic, and the rest—are in truth scattered broadcast in the Pyrenees. No region is richer in mineral waters—sulphurous, ferruginous, or saline. Their number is given at two hundred and fifty-three. Some are world-renowned, as that of Barèges, especially effective with ulcerations and badly-healed gunshot-wounds; many are of extreme antiquity, known and patronized by the Romans, and still greatly prized. Two notable watering-places are Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, within easy reach of Pau by a picturesque road, steeply inclined, passing through Laruns, which lies nestled among the mountain-peaks. This is the Val d'Ossau, the Valley of the Bear, the happy hunting-grounds of young Henry of Navarre, and of his cruel ancestor, Gaston, self-christened Phœbus, who prided himself on his good looks, and took the sun for his device. The latter was a noted Nimrod. He wrote a book on sport, and in the prologue declared that, while others may have been more fortunate than he in love or war, "I flatter myself that in hunting I have no superior." It must have been on one of these great *battues* when he sallied forth at the head of a *meute*, or pack of sixteen hundred hounds, to chase the wolf or bear, that he discovered the healing spring to which he gave the name Eaux Bonnes, and christened the overhanging mountain the Montagne de Bon Trésor. There are wolves and bears in the Val d'Ossau still, which give some anxiety to the herdsmen of these parts. Sending their flocks or leading them great distances to pasturage is the chief employment of men, the heavy labor of the fields falling upon their wives—hard-handed, rough-visaged daughters of toil, who, even when at work and carrying burdens on their heads, carry in their hands the inevitable distaff and spindle.

Parallel with the Val d'Ossau runs a valley—that of Argelez, commonly called the Paradise of the Pyrenees. It is of surpassing loveliness, truly; bright in due season with varied crops, the maize predominating; gay with grass pasture-lands of a vivid, dazzling green; owning luxuriant woods; the roadway festooned with vines, rich with wild-cherry trees, in spring-time a mass of snowy blossoms; the whole valley watered with innumerable rills. It is cursed, nevertheless, with the same fell disease which afflicts the most beautiful valleys in Switzerland; cretinism is extremely prevalent, and the goitre makes man hideous where Nature seems sublime. As if to bar admission to this enchanting region, the old fortress-town of Lourdes is perched at the mouth of the defile; defiant still, but not of supreme importance now, as in ancient times. After the fatal battle of Tours, when three hundred thousand Moslems fell, the Saracens, flying before Charles Martel, "the Hammer," rallied beneath the walls of Lourdes. It was again and again a bone of contention, most of all when the English owned it, in the reign of Edward III. The Duke of Anjou vainly besieged it, and, having failed at the citadel, burnt down the town in his rage. More insidious methods succeeded open attack, and, at the duke's instance, Gaston Phœbus de Foix, having summoned Peter Ernault, its governor, to visit him at Orthez, plied him with persuasion, threats, and



IN THE VAL D'OSSAU.



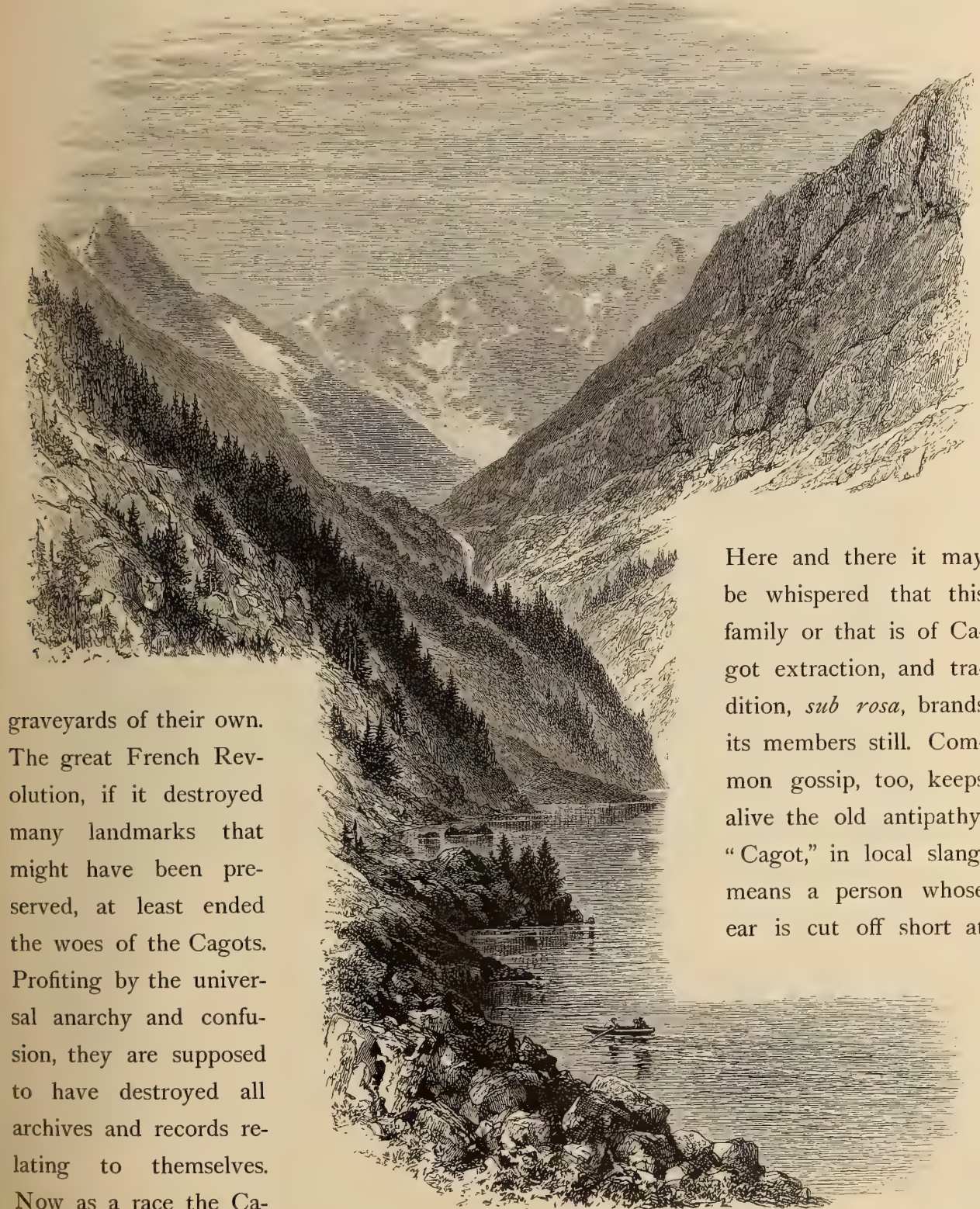
bribes in turn, but failing in all, suddenly stabbed him in five places. "Ha, monseigneur!" exclaimed the poor knight, "vous ne faites pas gentillesse, vous m'avez mandé et vous m'occirez." He died thus for his duty; but treachery prospered not, for his brother, whom he had left in command, continued to hold Lourdes. More recently, this castle was the prison of Lord Elgin, whom, in 1804, Napoleon seized and incarcerated for no

Templars' Church at Luz.

reason but to affront England and stir up a war. Its memorable history is its strong point, for Lourdes now is a dirty, uninteresting town; only of late years it has gained a certain lustre from the alleged miraculous apparition of the Virgin to a maiden of the place; a revelation followed by the bursting forth of a healing spring from the rock. Now crowds of devotees annually make pilgrimage thither; the halt and the maimed come to be cured, and leave behind their crutches and other offerings in the pretty white church which has been built above the Grotto de la Vierge.

Another stronghold higher up the valley is the ancient castle of Luz, around which clusters a wholesome village devoted to raising pigs, which are forever at the wash in its many streamlets hurrying through to join the principal Gave (or river) de Pau. This little frontier fortress was also of infinite value once, as watching the debouches of the rugged defiles. The Knights Templars long garrisoned it, when those noted soldier-priests abandoned Jerusalem to take service everywhere in Europe as a species of mediæval police. Valiant knights, but rapacious and cruel, growing more and more arrogant and overbearing as their wealth and their prosperity increased, till their insolence and their luxury were an offense to all the nations, and the order was summarily suppressed. At a certain day the knights everywhere were seized, imprisoned, arraigned for heinous crimes, whereof many were found guilty and suffered the penalty of death. Yet in their time they did good service, as here at Luz, where they held this outpost against the incursion of Saracen or Spaniard. Strong and substantial is the castle, plainly intended to stand a siege. Its massive walls are pierced with loop-holes, a battlemented tower rises above the narrow gateway, and from it projects the machicolated gallery, so dear to mediæval defense, whence through openings in the floor the besieged hurled down missiles, or poured boiling oil upon the assailants below. But constant prayer was an injunction of the order, as well as readiness to fight, and here within the walls is their church, close at hand to echo victorious *Te Deum* or despairing chant. Its roof is vaulted, and bears still the distinctive emblem of the order. Equally unmistakable is the separate doorway, now blocked up, which proves that these pious warriors were not superior to the prejudices of the district or the time. Through this alone the wretched proscribed Cagots were suffered to enter the house of God. Whence came they, these Cagots, that race of dwarfish, diseased, and hideous pariahs once found throughout the south of France and the Pyrenees? Neither conjecture nor research can satisfactorily decide. Some call them the descendants of the old Goths—hence their name, “Cagots,” *Ces chiens des Goths*; others, of the Saracens, who, after the defeat at Tours, took to the hills. What is certain at least is, that they existed, detested and abhorred by all—existed, not lived, for their life was one of contumely and oppression. They were subjected to harshly repressive laws, branded on the breast and on their clothing with the mark of a duck’s foot, forbidden to enter the markets, to buy or sell, to follow

the trade of millers, to touch flour, to handle coin, whence the saying, *Dieu te préserve de l'argent du Cagot*. They might not marry beyond their own caste, hence their physical degeneracy; they might not join in festive dances, must drink at fountains apart, enter by separate church-portals, use separate *bénitiers*, finally fill graves in



graveyards of their own. The great French Revolution, if it destroyed many landmarks that might have been preserved, at least ended the woes of the Cagots. Profiting by the universal anarchy and confusion, they are supposed to have destroyed all archives and records relating to themselves. Now as a race the Cagots have disappeared.

Here and there it may be whispered that this family or that is of Cagot extraction, and tradition, *sub rosa*, brands its members still. Common gossip, too, keeps alive the old antipathy. "Cagot," in local slang, means a person whose ear is cut off short at

The Lac de Gaube.

the lobe, and a common term of abuse is to call a person "worse than the Cagot of Gamachie."

The valley of Argeley bifurcates at Pierrefitte, whence two roads diverging lead into the heart of the mountains, and to scenery unrivaled, probably, throughout the Pyrenees. That to the right enters at once a narrow gorge, with rugged and



The Pont d'Espagne.

precipitous sides—a place boulder-strewn and gloomy, a marked contrast to the smiling, fertile landscape left behind. Yet even here, with varied ornament and brilliant color, Nature strives to tone down and soften the grim, forbidding outlines of its rocks. The pass is hemmed in by tall, frowning walls, now overhanging, now wider apart, and all would be wild and desolate but for the luxuriant vegetation. From ledge and crevice, where seems scant foothold for their roots, spring magnificent trees—not pines alone, but beech, and oak, and box, expanded far beyond the dimensions of a shrub.

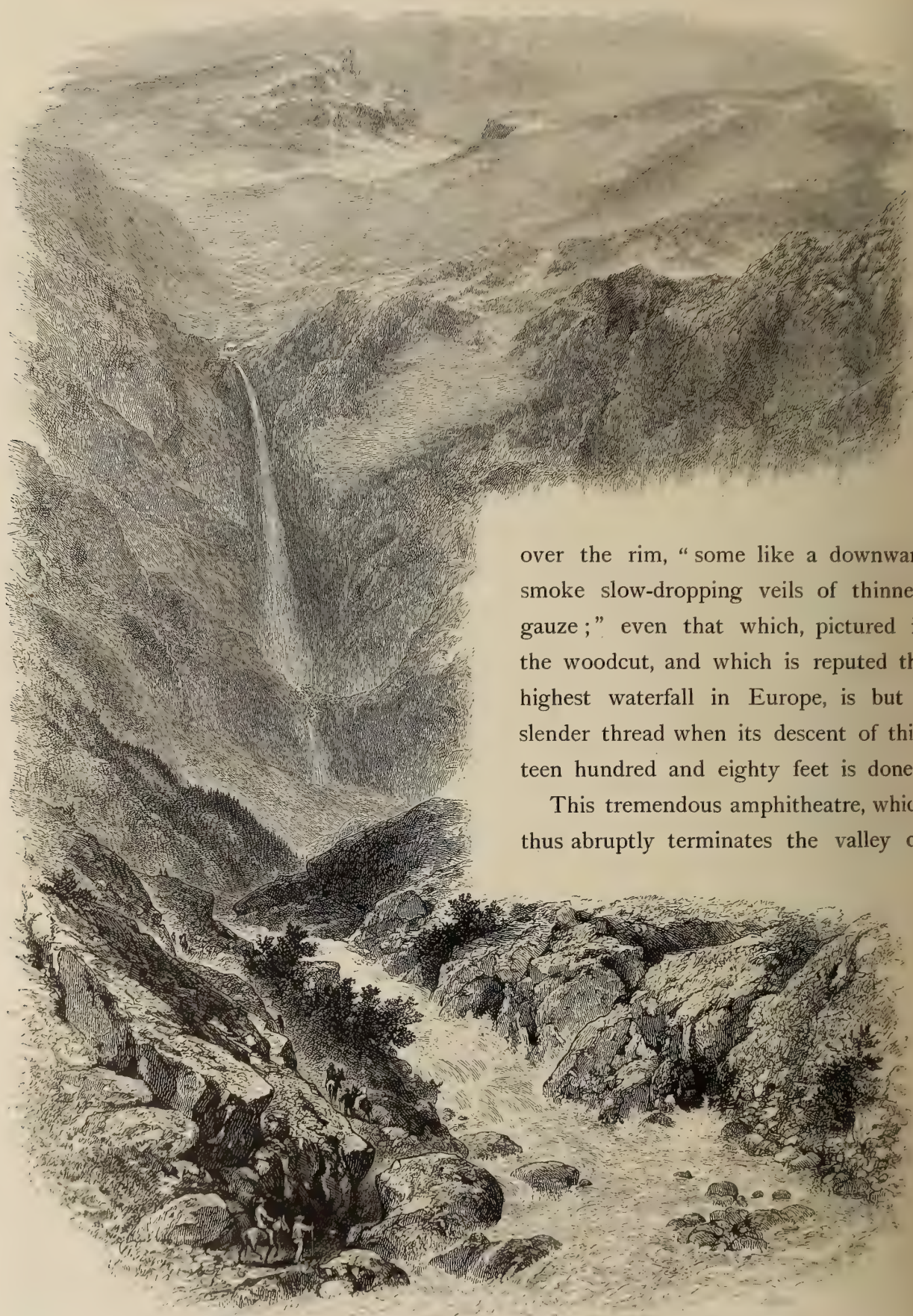


BRIDGE BELOW GAVARNI.

Bright patches of verdure clothe the crag platforms; the flowers of a widely-varying flora blossom in among the bowlders, jewel the undergrowth, and carpet the mountain-path. At a distance of about a mile is the source of La Raillère, another favorite resort, perched on a granitic hill covered with *débris*, whither all Cauterets converges daily in the season, a motley throng. But others than the hypochondriac and the valetudinarian pass it. La Raillère lies athwart the road to the Lac de Gaube and to the Pont de la Peyre, or of Marcadaon, the direct communication across the mountains with Spain. A bridle-path at best, the way is beset with many difficulties, but grand and imposing are its surroundings. Great pine-trees fringe the precipices, immense peaks, and spires, and crag-pinnacles, soar aloft, awful and inaccessible; numerous cascades and waterfalls splash down the steeps, their waters iridescent, and illumined frequently by rainbows more vivid than any seen in the sky, their music unending, rising at times to a full diapason of sound. Such are the falls of Mahourat, of Coussin, Cerizet, and Pas de l'Ours, but at none of these will the wanderer pause, for a greater sight is but a step onward, at the Pont d'Espagne, under which thunder the rapids of two streams here coalescing and leaping into one. Very frail is the bridge which spans the gully—below, the hurly-burly of the seething floods; above, a few pine-logs lashed carelessly together: a simple structure, designed, it may be, to show the insignificance of man and his handiwork in the presence of this terrific scene. On a grand scale are all the surroundings—the rocks, the torrents, the magnificent pines, some like giant shapes, erect and defiant, as having braved a million changing seasons, and escaped unhurt; others, twisted, contorted, shorn of their topmost branches, broken, perhaps, or prostrate, having clearly succumbed to the violence of the storms in these wild regions near the clouds. It is but a short distance, as the crow flies, to the Lac de Gaube above; but the climbing mortal will encounter an hour's toilsome ascent through swamps, past forest *débris* and shattered fragments of rocks, before he reaches the level of the lake—a grewsome, solitary place, hemmed in by bleak, bare mountains, their flanks sloping to its edge, their surfaces seamed and gashed by the resistless sweep of avalanches, their sterile aspect heightened by long rows of dark, funereal pines. A fisherman's rude hut, his skiff, perchance the same frail bark in which years back a hapless couple met their death, a tombstone raised to their memory, with the touching epitaph, "Married only one month"—these are the only signs of human habitation, and they are sad and gloomy at the best. Thus from year's end to year's end, under the awful eye of Vignemale, the loftiest mountain in France, which, with its triple crests snow-clad and its sides glacier-seamed, closes in the picture, the lonely lake sleeps on, save when the tempest wakes its green waters into angry billows, or the floods from above surcharge it, and send its surplus waters to inundate the defiles below. Full of strange interest is the Lac de Gaube, yet it is no more than a mountain-tarn, after all. Although the largest in the Pyrenees, its dimensions are small

—a mile and a half in length by half a mile in breadth; but it is parlous deep—in its centre some four hundred and twenty-five feet—while common report has invested its waters with such icy coldness that instant death is supposed to be the fate of all who rashly plunge therein.

By another and a longer defile, more picturesque, perhaps more verdant, and less gloomy, the second road leads through Luz, and on, by a tortuous route, to Gèdre and the Val de Gavarnie. More richly wooded and more smiling the landscape, but more terrific also are the disruptions and dislocations by which Nature has been convulsed. Bits of the road seem absolutely dangerous; sheer and vertical is the down-look into bottomless gulfs; but now the new road avoids the old Pas de l'Échelle, a stone staircase like a ladder, which no beast but the sure-footed Pyrenean ponies could surmount without accident. Close by Gèdre there opens to the left the Val d'Héas, as deep and rocky a valley as any in these parts—sanctified, too, by the tradition that the Virgin once appeared to peasants there upon the top of a huge rock. A chapel and shrine commemorates the miracle, and draws yearly, as does Lourdes, its devotional crowds. More tangible and more remarkable is the surprising appearance of the great "Chaos," or Peyrada, which lies a little beyond Gèdre, on the same road. Here a whole mountain-side, that of Conmélie, has come down *en masse*, strewing the valley with a vast jumble of rocky fragments, reddish in color, and of every size—mere pebbles some, others quite a hundred thousand cubic feet in contents, in diameter from thirty to forty feet. These might be the colossal *débris* of some Titanic superhuman struggle. But, imposing and magnificent as is the sight, it is but a preparation for what is to come. At every inch the scene grows more wild and grand. The mountains become more majestic: the great range of the Marboré Towers, with the Brèche de Roland, of which more directly, has been lost to view since Gèdre was passed; but here to the right, as Gavarnie is approached, great Vignemale shows his massive heads, and to the left picturesque Pimené. A poor and sterile village is Gavarnie itself, but it is on the threshold of a scene so sublime that its humble aspect matters not. Already the *Cirque* is visible, rising like a lofty escarpment of bluffs immediately behind, really four miles distant, but seeming close at hand. That of Gavarnie is the most celebrated of all these *cirques*, which constitute a peculiar geological feature in the Pyrenees. They are called also *oules* in local language, from the Latin and Spanish *olla*, a pot, and they bear a certain resemblance to gigantic caldrons or bowls. But the *Cirque*, the circus or amphitheatre, is an after-name. A small rock-screen masks the entrance for a moment to this Cirque de Gavarnie; this passed, the vast interior is exposed. A tremendous semicircle of mountain-walls, carrying ledges at various heights, the seats for supernatural spectators, at their base a grand arena, the floor grass-covered in parts, in others encumbered with detritus and stony rubbish fallen from above. Glaciers top the walls, and from their melting snows and ice innumerable cascades pour ceaselessly



over the rim, "some like a downward smoke slow-dropping veils of thinnest gauze;" even that which, pictured in the woodcut, and which is reputed the highest waterfall in Europe, is but a slender thread when its descent of thirteen hundred and eighty feet is done.

This tremendous amphitheatre, which thus abruptly terminates the valley of

The Cirque de Gavarnie.



BRÈCHE DE ROLAND, FROM THE SPANISH SIDE.

Gavarnie, lies at the base of an imposing cluster of mountain-peaks, but they are not in view to the spectator within the shadow of the Cirque. First comes the Cylindre, and bedded around its base are the glaciers which feed the great cascade; next, the Tours de Marboré, outliers from Mont Perdu, and from them stretches the long mountain-wall and frontier-line, in which occurs the great gap or notch known as the Brèche de Roland, and farther to the westward another, called the Fausse Brèche. All who would become more closely acquainted with these wild heights must mount by the slaty, schistose stairs—a natural rock-ladder, whereof the rungs are sharp to the hand and insecure to the foot, situated at the right-hand corner of the Cirque. It is a toilsome and continuous climb, upward and upward, past steeply-sloping grass pastures, past the springs and sources of waterfalls, winding, zigzagging—but always ascending—in among stony *débris* and glacier-worn rocks. Finally, a long glacier, inclined steeply against the mountain-wall, must be traversed, although a single false step would be followed by swift and inevitable destruction; but, when these difficulties are surmounted, the Brèche at length is gained. All trouble and fatigue are now repaid a thousand-fold. Two kingdoms are spread out below the gazer who stands upon this coign of 'vantage among the clouds: southward, the plains of Aragon as far as the Sierra de Moncaya; northward, beautiful France, a long, far-reaching landscape of lake, and valley, and river, varied with mountain-tops. In the foreground is the vast portal, three hundred feet wide, a mighty slice for any one less than a Paladin like Roland to have accomplished with one blow of his good sword "Durandal." That legendary lore should long since have sought to explain this natural phenomenon in a romantic fashion is scarcely strange, still less that Roland should be the central figure of the fiction. His puissant deeds were a favorite theme for the old romancists, and it is on record that Taillefer gave the signal for the onslaught at Hastings by singing the song of Roland to inspirit the Norman host. As it is also historically true that this fabulous Roland really met his death when Charlemagne was defeated at Roncesvalles, there is reason enough why his name should be remembered in connection with the Pyrenees. Somewhat degenerate are the uses to which the gap is nowadays put: the smuggler, the shepherd, or the enterprising tourist, is but a poor substitute for the chivalrous Christian knight, carrying all before him in his eager pursuit of the infidel foe.

Supremely grand as is the scenery just described, there are other regions of the Pyrenees which run it close. Pretty, picturesque Bagnères de Luchon, for instance—gay, bright and bustling, trim and *piquante* as any French coquette—is in the immediate neighborhood of many striking and impressive scenes. The mountains girdle it close, and within easy reach are dangerous "ports," cleft between giant peaks, extensive glaciers, frozen lakes, wild gorges, magnificent cascades. Three routes there are preëminently which open up a succession of interesting sights; of these the first passes by Caseau to the Vallée d'Oo, a second to the Vallée de la Pique, thence up the Val

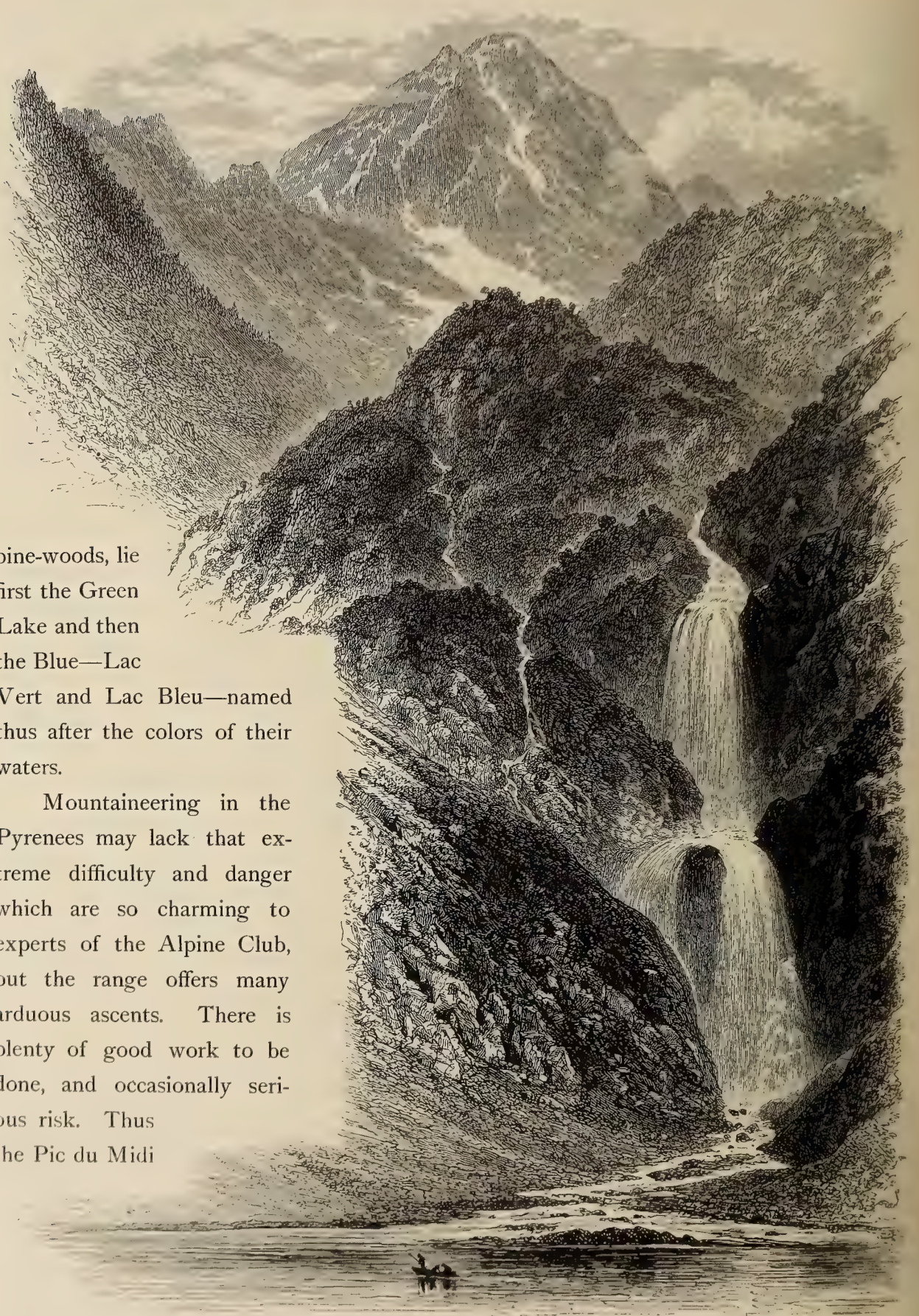
de Lys, the third by the same Vallée de la Pique to the Port de Venasque, and so into Spain. A long and dreary solitude, once a glacier's bed—strewn still with its *débris*—is the path beyond the village of Oo to the lake of that name. Presently a curious natural wall bars the valley's head; the path breasts this precipice of state, but only by a series of steep zigzags can the toilsome ascent be won. This barrier or dike dams up the thawed waters descending constantly from the mountains above, and thus makes the Lac d'Oo—a small, deep basin, oval in shape, icy cold, which the sun never illumines but when at its zenith, so closely do the encircling mountains hem it in on all sides but the one by which the lake is gained from the valley below.

The mountain declivities, more rugged and more abrupt the farther they are removed from the dike, grow most steep exactly opposite it; and here tumbles down, perpendicularly, a height of eight hundred and twenty feet, the glittering cascade which feeds the lake, and is reflected on the surface of its dark waters. Sparse and scanty is the vegetation around, barren and wild the spot, yet infinitely more sublime in its awful stillness, more impressive in its savage, sterile wastes, is the scene upon the upper levels, where lie the lakes from which the cascade draws its never-ending streams. Lac d'Espingo is the first of these, Saousat the second. Both are glacier-born, both surrounded by enormous blocks of granite, with here and there a stunted pine or a patch of hardy grass. Fish are abundant in the Lac d'Espingo, as in the Lac d'Oo, but in Saousat they cannot live, still less in the lakes above. Far higher and yet higher we ascend, and find a long tarn, the Coume de la Bagne, and then the Lac Glacé, the frozen lake from which the ice never entirely disappears. Hence, climbing still upward, Spain may be reached through the Port d'Oo, a difficult mountain-passage, situated at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

More accessible is the Val de Lys—so named not from its lilies, as Mr. Paris declares, but from an ancient form of the word *l'eau*—more accessible and more smiling the journey thither. After passing the Pont Ravi, in the Vallée de la Pique, the roadway lies beneath the shady shelter of far-reaching branches of umbrageous hazels, leafy chestnuts, and feathery beeches, till presently, at the end of a green valley, Crabioules shows its peaks and glaciers above the lines of firs which fringe the lesser hills. It is a valley of waterfalls; they stream over the precipices on every side, the principal being close in front of the Cabane du Lys, a modest mountain-inn. "From a gloomy abyss," says Packe, "in the very heart of the mountains, amid scattered trunks and riven rocks, bursts a torrent that well deserves its name—the Cascade d'Enfer." This cascade is but the lowest of a series, all within walking range, reached by a path through brushwood, winding in and up among the forest-trees. Bridges are thrown over all; here the Pont d'Arrougi spans the top of the Cascade d'Enfer; thence to a second bridge and a second fall, the Gouffre d'Enfer; still climbing another bridge, Pont Nadie; thence another fall, the Cascade du Cœur; last of all, beyond and above the

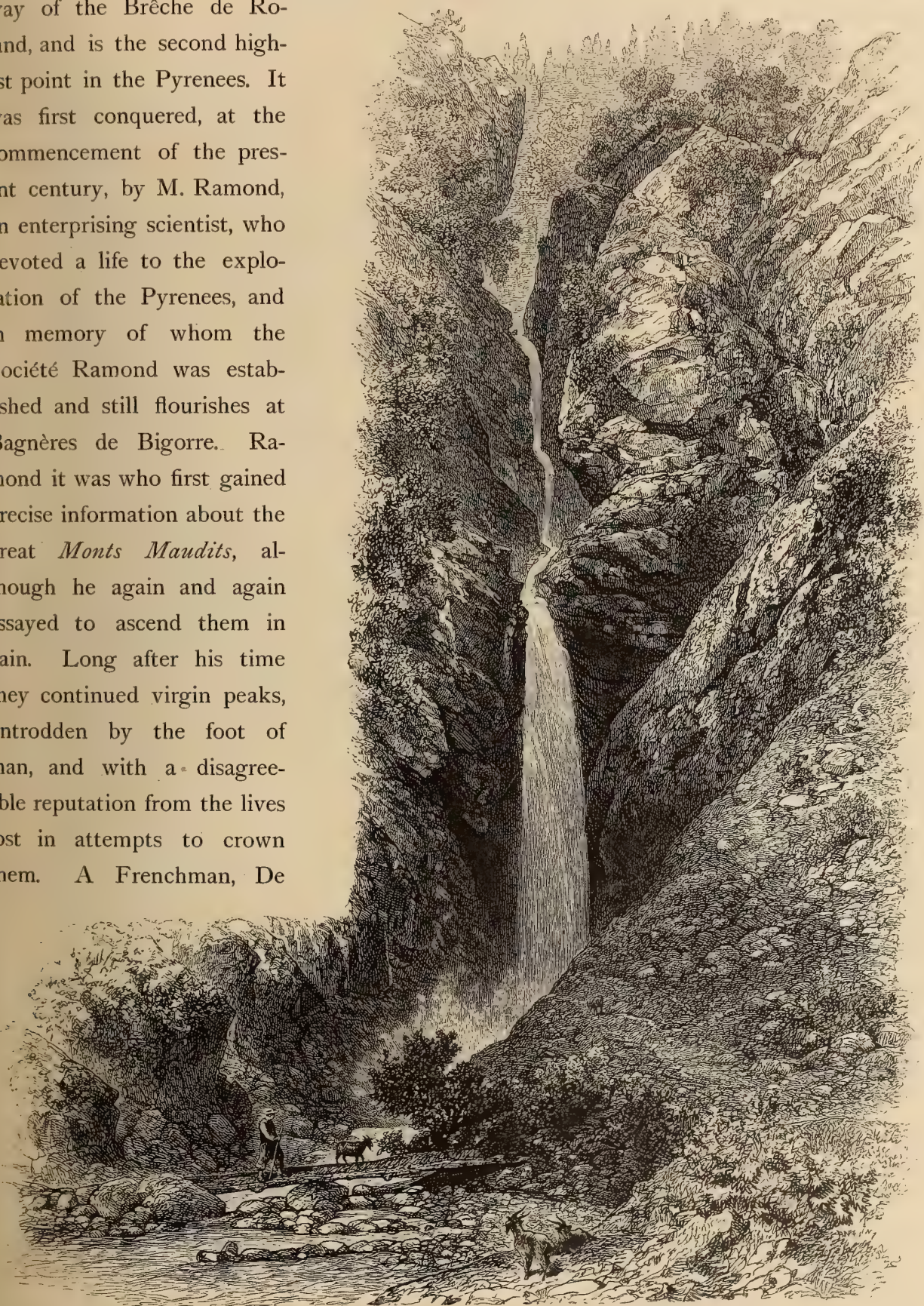
pine-woods, lie first the Green Lake and then the Blue—Lac Vert and Lac Bleu—named thus after the colors of their waters.

Mountaineering in the Pyrenees may lack that extreme difficulty and danger which are so charming to experts of the Alpine Club, but the range offers many arduous ascents. There is plenty of good work to be done, and occasionally serious risk. Thus the Pic du Midi



Cascade d'Oo.

d'Ossau Vignemale, the Tourmalet, the Mont Perdu, will be accomplished with satisfaction by the unambitious climber, especially the last-named, which is reached by way of the Brèche de Roland, and is the second highest point in the Pyrenees. It was first conquered, at the commencement of the present century, by M. Ramond, an enterprising scientist, who devoted a life to the exploration of the Pyrenees, and in memory of whom the Société Ramond was established and still flourishes at Bagnères de Bigorre. Ramond it was who first gained precise information about the great *Monts Maudits*, although he again and again essayed to ascend them in vain. Long after his time they continued virgin peaks, untrodden by the foot of man, and with a disagreeable reputation from the lives lost in attempts to crown them. A Frenchman, De

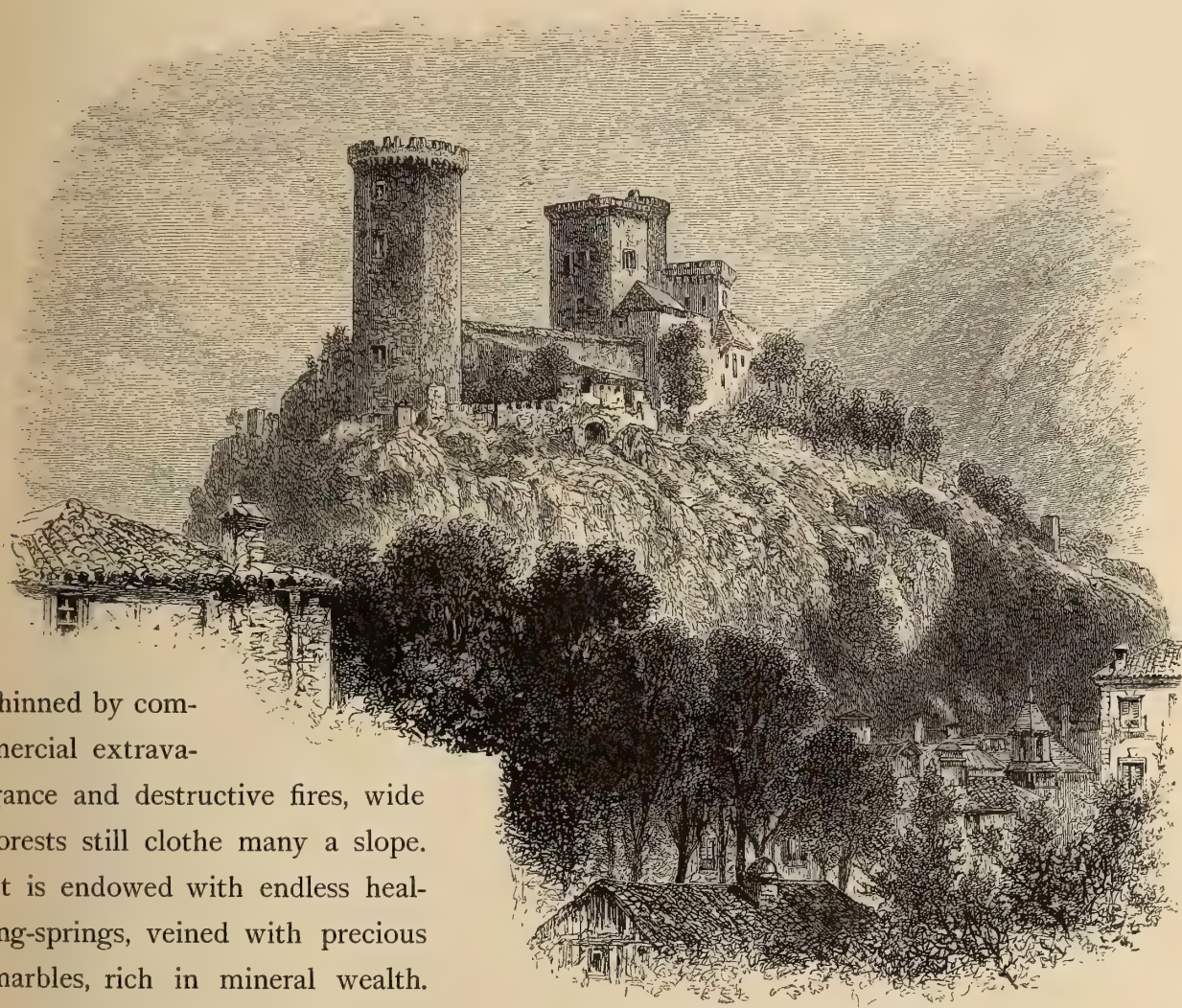
*Cascade d'Enfer.*

Franqueville, accompanied by a Russian officer, Captain Tchitchacheff, triumphed over them at length, in 1842, and satisfactorily proved the Pic de Néthou not only the highest peak, but the highest point in the length of the Pyrenees. This Pic de Néthou is eleven thousand one hundred and sixty-nine feet, the Maladetta peak ten thousand eight hundred and sixty-six feet; two others, the Pic d'Albe and the Pic du Milieu, ten thousand seven hundred and sixty-one and eleven thousand and forty-four feet respectively. The undertaking, once impossible, is now made light of; increased enterprise and experience have robbed the ascent of much of its lustre, and now, although no child's play still, it is characterized as little more than a walk, and within the scope of adventurous lady climbers. Yet guides are indispensable—ropes, ice-axes, and all appurtenances—to win the summit in safety, and the ascent will occupy ten full hours from Bagnères de Luchon. The journey upward to the Port de Vénasque, whence the climbers start for the ascent, is sufficiently grand to satisfy those who do not care to face the mountain itself. Along the Vallée de la Pique, by Castel Vielh—which guarded once the approach to Luchon, through a forest of pine and birch—then upward past the French hospice, by a path like a spiral staircase, growing at each step more steep; here a grave, the *Trou des Chaudronniers*, where three French tinkers were smothered in an avalanche; there jagged precipices or mountain-lakes, bearing miniature icebergs, scaling, as it seems, the face of a mountain with no hope but to return, baffled, the same road. Suddenly the port opens above—a wedge-shaped gap through which the storm-winds perpetually rage. It is from this point that the Maladetta first becomes visible; a mighty peak, hitherto concealed, raises its massive outlines, its wastes of snow and glacier, its long, sterile sides, whereon no living thing can thrive—this is the Maladetta—the “accursed”—amply bearing out in its grim and awful aspect the terrible name it bears.

Compared with the Maladetta, Canigou, farther to the eastward, where already the mountains abate in loftiness, is but a third-rate peak, ranking after quite a hundred others. Yet, standing isolated and alone, its cone-like summit soaring into the sky straight from the plains, it was long esteemed the highest of the range. Dwarfed somewhat in inches, imposing must its outlines continue, magnificent are its scenery and surroundings. Hereabouts must have been concentrated the fiercest efforts of those tremendous forces which produced the great geological feature of the Pyrenees—the upheaval of the granite through the axis of the chain. The actual summits of twin-peaked Canigou are of gneiss, while around its haunches rise granitic buttresses, torn and twisted by the violence of the old-world volcanic convulsions into the most weird and fantastic shapes. Other evidence of this action is to be seen in the tremendous fissures in the great chasms and abysses which yawn in the mountain-side.

Less sublime and stern in their general outlines, owning glaciers less extensive and sparser snow-fields, the mountain-chain of the Pyrenees may be counted in many respects

inferior to the Alps. Great lakes and noble rivers increase the grandeur of the one; in the other these natural features are on a smaller and more unimportant scale. Yet the Pyrenean region can fairly boast of beauties of its own; it is more smiling and more beautiful than Switzerland; its climate—thanks to the latitude and the proximity of two seas—encourages luxuriant vegetation up high levels; its streams are not turbid torrents, but clear-flowing waters, as limpid and transparent as liquid gems. Although



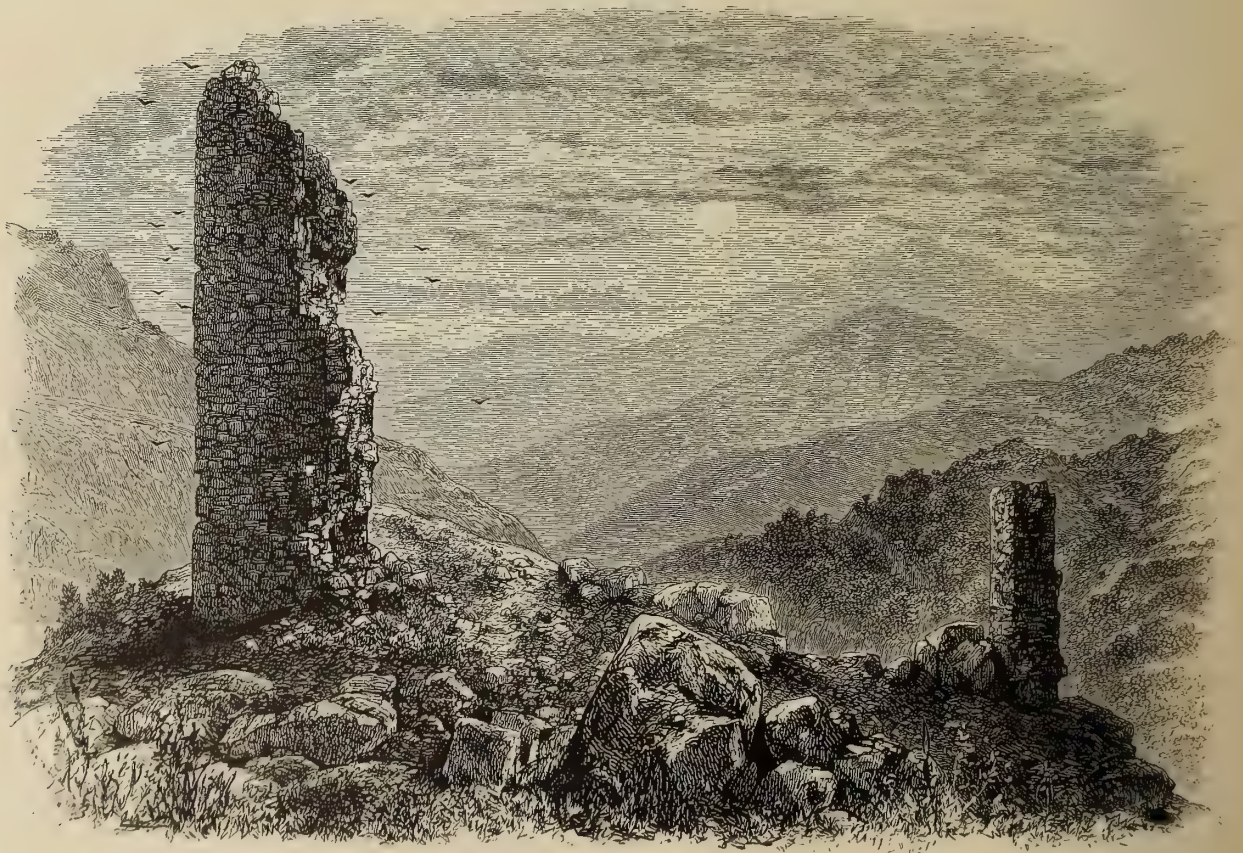
The Château of Foix.

thinned by commercial extra-

gance and destructive fires, wide forests still clothe many a slope. It is endowed with endless healing-springs, veined with precious marbles, rich in mineral wealth. Low valleys, seldom at an elevation of more than two thou-

sand feet, lend its peaks an idea of loftiness beyond their actual height. On the French side the mountains slope downward by easy stages to the fertile plateau watered by the Adour and the Garonne. Towns, cities, castles, churches, cathedrals, lie thickly scattered in the open plains which gather around the bases of the eternal hills; records of prowess, of turbulence, of piety, and of pride; remains and monuments historical, architectural, poetical. A whole volume might be written concerning Foix and its castle, the stronghold of those redoubtable counts who later on became almost paramount in the Pyrenees. Like their fame, the tall white towers of the castle, unaffected by climate,

glisten untarnished on the hill that crowns the town. These time-honored walls may be degraded now into a common jail, but within them once was cradled a powerful race. Toulouse, again, with its cathedral of St.-Etienne, incongruous in style; its Romanesque St.-Sernin, once a fortress-church, with lofty tower and stately nave; Carcassone, with its old *cité*, retaining exactly the character of a mediæval fortress-town; Auch, Agen, Perpignan, Rocamadour—a village the half-ruined pilgrimage of which enjoys special sanctity, and is said to contain the sword of great Roland himself; last of all, Rodez, with a cathedral of the most imposing proportions, a landmark for all the country round—a thirteenth-century erection, mutilated now in parts, and in parts unfinished, possessing a quantity of surprisingly beautiful wood-carving and stone-carving within and without, proud preëminently of its belfry, in height two hundred and sixty-five feet.



The Canigou, from Mont Denis.



In the Borgheze Gardens

ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.



On the Pincian Hill.

ARTIST and author alike, when bidden to depict Rome for the present work, may be pardoned a feeling very like despair. It is not, however, the want, but the abundance of material, which causes the difficulty. Depict Rome in some dozen sketches and pages!—how can that be done? “What Rome?” one feels inclined to ask; “Rome imperial or Rome mediæval? Rome pagan, Rome Christian, or Rome papal?” for assuredly the space could be filled twice over from any one of these, without risk of sameness either in picture or in narrative. The Seven Hills are stamped with the impress of at least five-and-twenty centuries. “The ruins of four cities,” as Mr. Burn observes, “lie under the present surface of the soil—the regal and early republican city, the later republican, the imperial, and the mediæval.”

Its antiquity, the intricacy of its streets, the number and vastness of its ruins, the variety of impressions which they produce and memories which they awaken, render Rome an exceptionally bewildering city. We shall do well, then, to take a panoramic glance from some commanding point before we plunge among its narrow, winding lanes. Such points are not very easily found. For the city as a whole, and the neighborhood

in general, the best is from the church of St. Pietro in Montorio, across the Tiber, on the summit of the classic Janiculum. For the Leonine and more modern quarter of the city, and the dome of St. Peter's, there is none better than the terraces of the Pincian Hill. Named in imperial times the Hill of Gardens, it still is entitled to the appellation, for it is the Hyde Park of Rome; and, as the sun sinks toward the west, the idler part of the populace throng its drives in carriages or saunter along its shady alleys, where once Lucullus luxuriated and Messalina wantoned. Come for a few minutes to the terrace-wall, and glance around. We can note at once a few of the characteristic features of Rome. The first thing that strikes the mind is the number of domes: towers are comparatively rare, spires unknown, but domes abound; chief among these is the noble dome of St. Peter's. This, like the church itself, cannot be appreciated at once; careful comparison with surrounding objects is needed before we can realize its vastness. The dome, however—which can only be properly seen at a distance—is far the best part of the building: the rest of the church is chiefly remarkable for size and sumptuousness, and in design—except as regards the dome—is decidedly inferior to St. Paul's of London. As we, like Doctor Syntax, are making a tour in search of the picturesque, we shall have little to do with Renaissance buildings, and so must, once for all, pass by St. Peter's, as well as the unattractive palace at its side, where Pope Pius IX. is held a nominal prisoner, with plenty of money, a magnificent library, and one of the finest art-collections in Europe, to which the public are admitted under somewhat inconvenient restrictions.

Let us descend now into the Piazza del Popolo, beneath the terrace of the Pincian. Before us is one of the granite obelisks, of which there are a dozen in Rome. This one, six-and-twenty yards high, came from Heliopolis; it was brought to Rome by Augustus, and removed to this position—where it crowns a fountain—by Sixtus V., nearly three centuries since. They do not seem to have made so much fuss at Rome over transporting obelisks as we do now, to judge by our boggling over Cleopatra's Needle. The Porta del Popolo is on our right hand—a modern structure of no great interest, though by going outside you may see parts of the masonry of Aurelian's wall, the restorations of Belisarius, and even the gateway at which he is traditionally reported to have begged a "copper." Close at hand, also on the outer slopes of the Pincian Hill, is the villa Borghese, with its grounds, now grown back again almost to their pristine beauty, as time has repaired the terrible devastation caused by the siege of 1849, and its "casino," with the fine collection of sculpture, modern and antique. This, too, has had to recover from a loss, for the more valuable portion of it was obtained from the owner by Napoleon I., by a forced sale.

Opposite to the Porta del Popolo, on the opposite side of the Piazza del Popolo, is the opening of a long, straight, handsome, though rather narrow street. This is the Corso, the chief thoroughfare. If we follow it, it will lead us to the more classic

buildings of the city, across the level plain—once a marshy strath—between the base of the hills and the bend of the Tiber, afterward the famous Campus Martius, the play-fields of the Roman youth, the drilling-ground of their soldiers and the voting-place of their citizens. Toward the lower end we pass on the right the column of Marcus



Fountain of Neptune.

Aurelius, chiefly notable for the supposed reference of one of its sculptures to the story of the rainfall obtained by the prayers of the Christian legion; and then, plunging into a narrow lane, we wind round the northern flank of the Capitoline Hill.

Buildings are so crowded upon the slopes of this hill that anything like a view of it is impossible from near at hand; but from a distance, as in the sketch here given, its

character as a hill-fortress becomes more visible, and its tower—one of Rome's landmarks—rises above the roofs. Nothing now remains of the once famous temple—"the everlasting gates of Capitoline Jove;" the church of Ara Coeli is supposed to occupy part of its site. The very position of the Tarpeian Rock is a matter of dispute. The fine bronze



The Capitoline Hill, from the Tiber.

equestrian statue of Aurelius and the horses attributed to Phidias will be the chief outdoor attractions to the visitor, if we except the live wolf kept by the steps leading to the piazza in front of the palace on the top. There is, however, a feast for eyes and mind indoors, in the statuary and other treasures of the Capitoline and Conservatori Museums.

From the slope of the Capitoline Hill we descend by the narrow paved alley of the Via Narforio into the heart of the ancient city, the Great Forum. For centuries the stones which had been trodden by all the men famous in the history of consular and imperial Rome lay buried deep beneath the rubbish accumulated during successive



Fountain in the Borghese Gardens.

pillages and fires, and generations of desolation. Now you look down into a wide pit like the excavation for a reservoir, excavated to a depth of some twenty feet, and see the pavement of the ancient streets and the adjoining buildings. Near to us, a road secured by masonry forms a kind of viaduct across the excavation. Let us place



The Colonnade-part of Nero's Forum.

ourselves upon it, and cast a glance around. Looking back, we see that the hill of the Capitoline is crowned by a lofty monotonous building. A mediæval tower at one corner, and a campanile which peers above the roof, alone relieve its dreary ugliness.

Its walls, however, from the ground up to a considerable height, are constructed of massive stone blocks, obviously of great antiquity. This wall, which dates from about seventy years B.C., was a part of the Tabularium, or Record-Office of Rome. Almost resting against it in the middle is the foundation of a building, at an angle of which three marble Corinthian columns still remain, supporting a fragment of the entablature. This is the Temple of Vespasian, which was erected by his son Domitian. Its singular position, blocking up an ancient entrance to the Tabularium, is explained as designed to prevent a too easy access to that building from the Forum, which had led to its being pillaged in the Vitellian riots. At right angles to Vespasian's Temple are the ruins of the Temple of Saturn, the porch of which, supported by eight granite columns, is still standing. A temple, the vaults of which were used as a treasury, has occupied this site from the beginning of the fifth century before Christ; but the present ruin is probably part of a restoration, dating from late in imperial times, of a building erected in the days of Julius Cæsar. Forming another side of the little court between these two temples are the remains of a white-marble colonnade. This spot was sacred to the Dii Consentes, the twelve deities who composed the Celestial Senate. Near the other end of the Tabularium is a mass of masonry, the lower stage of the Temple of Concord, the St. Stephen's Chapel of ancient Rome. Within its walls Sejanus, the favorite of Tiberius, a minister yet more hated than his master, was doomed to die; down these ruined steps his corpse was flung in contempt, to be made the sport of the rabble before it was cast into the Tiber. Within the walls of an earlier structure Cicero thundered against the plot of Catiline. The tragedy, however, when on the fateful Ides of March,

“At the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,”

was not enacted in this building, but in another also used for senatorial meetings in the lowland on the other side of the Capitoline Hill. In front of it stands the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, a sumptuous marble structure fairly preserved, though not in good taste. Behind it, beneath that shabby-looking church which we passed on our left in descending to the Forum, are two very ancient cells, one below the other, reputed to be the Mamertine Prison so famous in the annals of Rome. This, too, was the fatal spot where, as the triumphal procession began to ascend the slopes of the Capitoline Hill, the most illustrious of the captive chieftains were led aside from its ranks, and ended the long agony of that shameful journey by death at the executioner's hands, murdered for daring to defend their country. Truly the Romans remembered but half the precept placed in the mouth of Anchises:

“Tu regere imperio populos Romana memento
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.”

But the custodian of the Roman church that stands above will make light of these memories, and will fill your ears with legends of how St. Peter was confined in this prison, and a spring, still visible, miraculously broke forth to enable him to baptize his converted jailers.

Hard by it stand two singular parallel slabs of white marble—ornamented with bass-reliefs—by many supposed to have served as an entrance to a polling-booth. Near are some shapeless pedestals of brickwork, on which statues or memorial columns probably once stood. A larger mass is thought to have supported the statue of Domitian. Farther on, across a narrow lane paved with large blocks, an almost shapeless mass of masonry marks the site of the “memorial church” of Julius Cæsar; and, as some think, that semicircular fragment hard by supported the famous rostrum where Antony came “to speak in Cæsar’s funeral,” and at last the “plain, blunt man” that loved his friend and “sweet Cæsar’s wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,” moved the populace to “burn his body in the holy place, and with their hands fire the traitors’ houses.” Within a few paces of this spot, if not actually at it, the scene which the genius of Shakespeare here stereotyped undoubtedly took place.

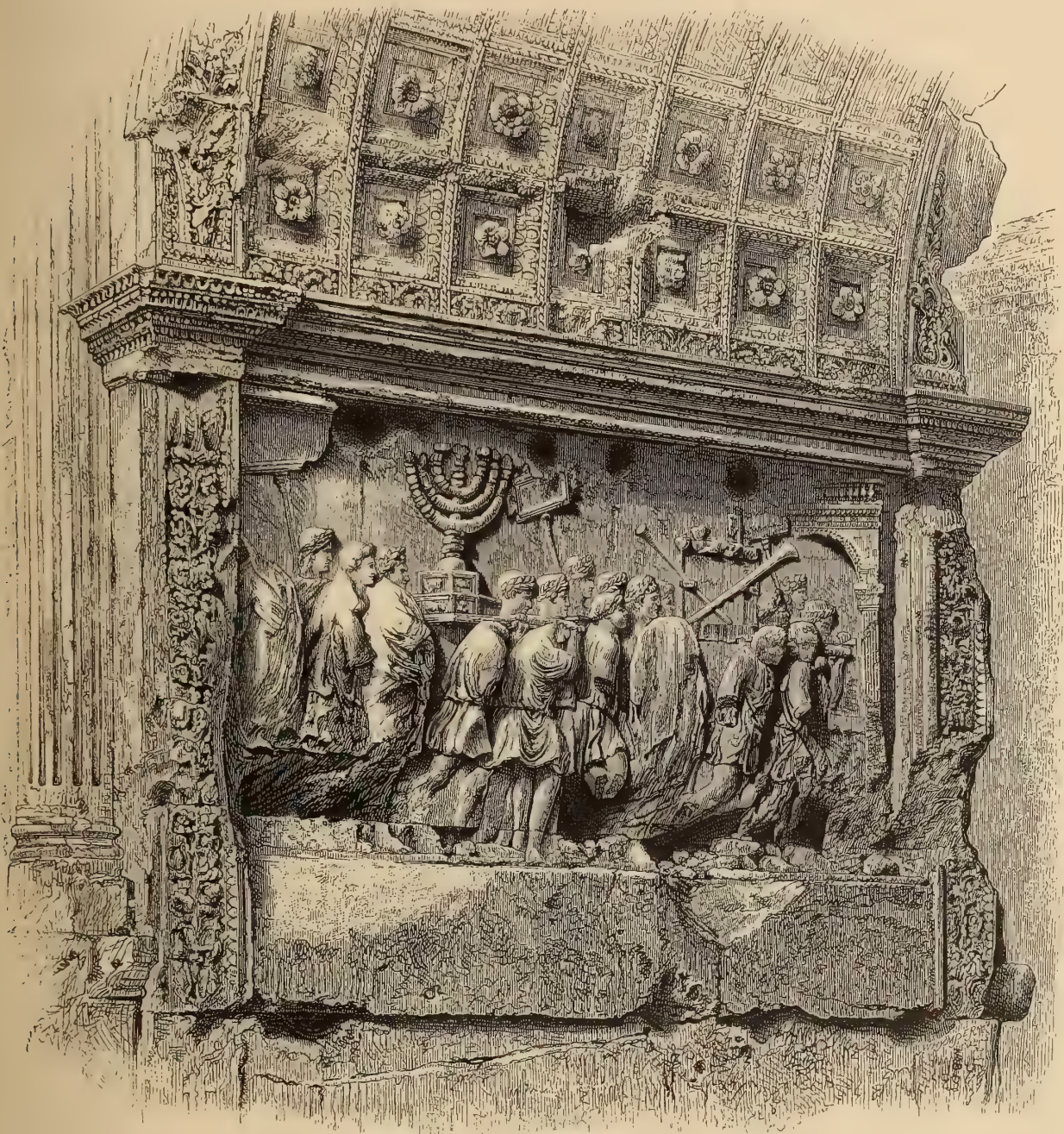
On this side the great Forum communicated with that of the emperors, which stretched away to the west. Trajan’s Column is one of the most magnificent of its relics; but the most picturesque is the pair of half-buried Corinthian columns and the rich entablature, now built into a mean house, which once formed part of the inclosing wall of the Forum of Nero. As a temple dedicated to Minerva once stood close by, and was still in fair preservation in the fifteenth century, these columns are sometimes erroneously called ruins of the Temple of Minerva. The figure of the Virgin Goddess will be seen adorning the “attic,” and her occupations are represented on the richly-carved frieze.

Cross, now, the narrow street, paved with large blocks, which runs down the middle of the excavation, right away from the end of Vespasian’s Temple—that is, the famous Via Sacra—up which the triumphal procession passed to the crowning sacrifice in the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill. There is nothing in one of our modern towns with which one can compare it. Like the “High,” at Oxford, it was lined with public buildings—along it the victorious armies marched in solemn triumph to the great sacrifice in the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill; along it, starting a little farther down, the knights did “ride in all their pride”—

“From Castor in the Forum to Mars without the wall.”

Close to this magnificent relic of Roman grandeur—for the street front is more than a hundred yards long—is another, very different, indeed, for it is not beautiful; it is built of common tufa-stone, not of marble; it is not even inoffensive, for it is

remarkably ill-savored ; but still attractive, as being part of a stupendous work, and of hoary antiquity. This is the main sewer—the Cloaca Maxima of ancient Rome—a small aperture allows one to see the blocks laid by the hands of workmen dead and gone four-and-twenty centuries since. Across another narrow lane—once Tuscan



Sculpture from the Arch of Titus.

street—stand the three Corinthian columns so familiar in all views of the Roman Forum, which once formed a part of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and a ring of stones near is believed to mark the traditional site of the spot where the Great Twin Brethren

“Washed their horses in the well that springs by Vesta’s fane.”

But it is time to pass on to other localities, and quit a spot which might almost be called the history of Rome told in monuments from its rise to its fall. Almost every step brings you to some new memorial of names, famous in the one sense or the other in ancient history. The crowding of ideas is a positive fatigue, great as the pleasure may be; and a day spent in studying the vicinity of the Roman Forum, however delightful it may be, will be found to have been a day of hard mental work. This crowding is a real and, perhaps, rather an unanticipated feature in the scene. Speaking for myself, I had never thoroughly realized how the most important buildings of ancient Rome were literally crammed together. The citizens must have been utterly regardless of what we now value so highly—ample space to allow of the proper view. When we mentally restore the basilicas, temples, arches, rostras, statues, monuments—many more than have been mentioned here—we shall see that they must have been so crowded together that of hardly one of them could even a moderately good point of view have possibly been obtained. The two side-streets are barely more than alleys—the Via Sacra itself is only about six paces wide! Think of the triumphal procession passing up such a lane! Think of the crush to get a view of the show, and the crowd there must have been on the most ordinarily busy day!

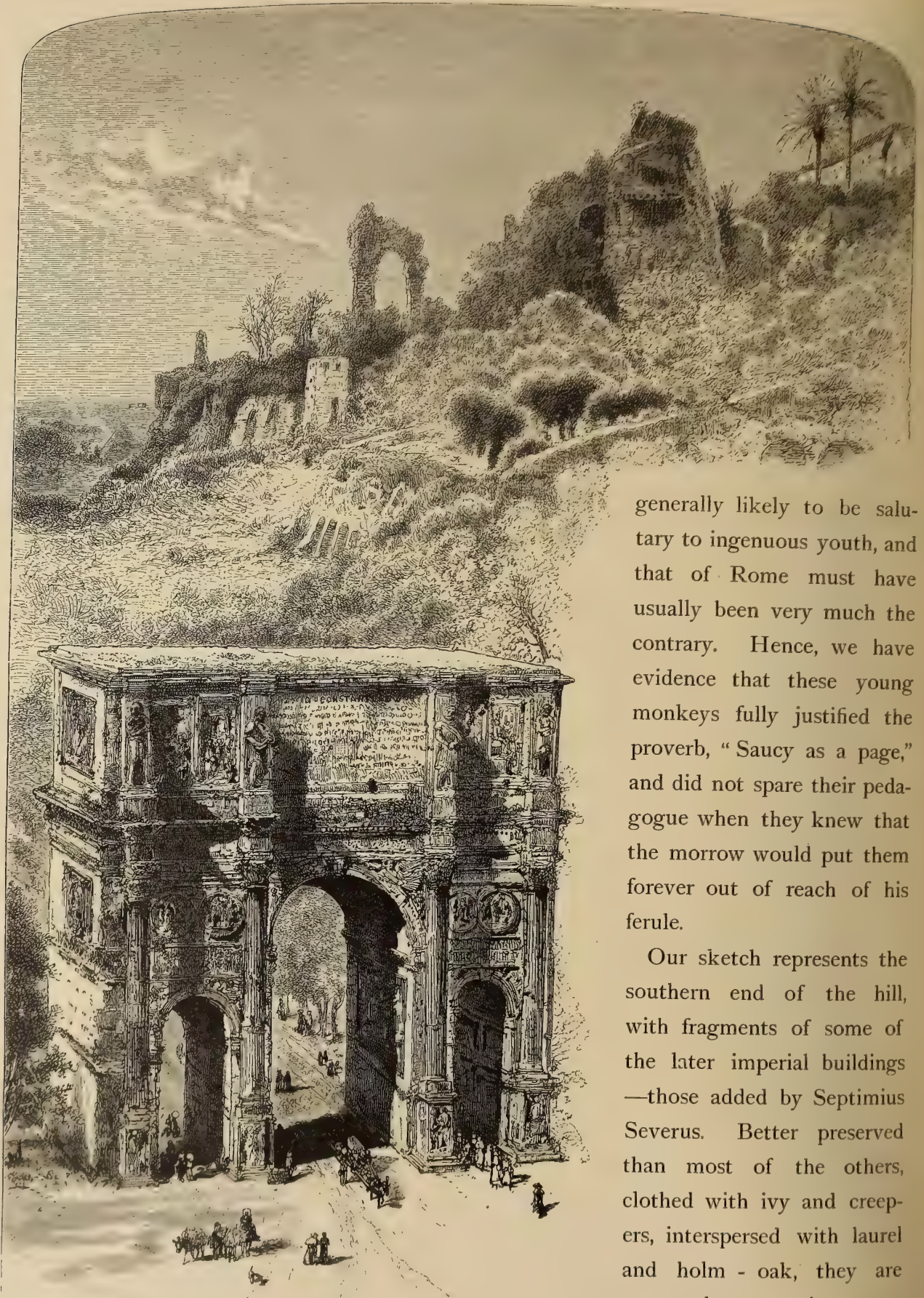
The pavement of the Sacred Way, which, as is indicated by the increasing steps to the Julian Basilica, drops gently downward from the base of the Capitoline Hill, rises again beneath the accumulation of *débris* which still conceals it, till at the base of the Arch of Titus it is some fifty feet above the general level of the district which we have described. This arch, which has, on the whole, escaped serious injury, is not only one of the most elegant in Rome, but also one of the most interesting to the Christian antiquary. Built to celebrate the fall of Jerusalem and the subjugation of the intractable Jews, it commemorates on its bass-reliefs the triumphal procession of the conqueror, and on one panel we have the sole authentic representation of two relics of the Jewish Temple—the Table of the Shewbread and the Seven-branched Candlestick. The sculptures on the pedestal of the latter have, indeed, given rise to a doubt whether this was the veritable sacred candelabrum, but the idea of any other being substituted for it appears most improbable. This relic has long disappeared—lost, as some assert, by being dropped into the Tiber in the confusion of the battle at the Milvia Bridge, but more probably it was preserved till a later date, and, after various vicissitudes, once more deposited in the Christian Church at Jerusalem nearly four centuries after it had been brought to Rome. In modern times the Jews have formed an important feature in the population of Rome, and the picturesque quarter devoted to them—the Ghetto—is well worth a visit.

During our walk we have been passing along the foot of a low, flat-topped hill, which runs for some distance farther parallel with the direction of the Via Sacra, and at its lower end almost touches upon the back of the Julian Basilica. It is covered

with massive ruins and trees; a modern house and its gardens—made conspicuous from afar by two fine palm-trees—crown the highest part. This is the Palatine Hill—the site of the hill-fortress which was the cradle of Rome, and of the superb palaces erected by her emperors in the zenith of her power. Here, according to the legend, Romulus took his stand to watch for the augury, which gave him the name-right of the new city. Round its summit was drawn the first wall of circumvallation, over which his ill-fated brother leaped in contempt—a mound replaced before long by massive walls built of great, squared blocks of tufa-stone, laid without mortar, the remains of which may still be seen overhanging the steep northwestern slopes. Except this there is no relic of the Palatine town, for the first seven centuries of its history, now remaining. The cluster of palaces which crowned the hill in imperial times began with the comparatively unpretending house of Augustus on the slope looking toward the Capitol. Successive emperors added to it. The famous golden house of Nero was an excrescence from the southeastern angle, pruned away before long by Vespasian. The Palatine Hill is in most parts a bewildering labyrinth of ruins, a ground-plan of sumptuous characters, vast subterranean corridors, and lines of massive arched vaults:

“Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grown
 Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
 On what were chambers, arch crushed, columns strown
 In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped
 In subterranean damp, where the owl peeped,
 Deeming it midnight—temples, baths, or halls?
 Pronounce who can.”

This description of Byron's, though less true than when it was written, owing to the extensive excavations which have been carried on here at the cost of the late Emperors of Russia and of the French, of the Italian Government, and others, still holds good of many parts of the hill. Others, however, have been disinterred, and many sites can now be identified with tolerable certainty. Perhaps the most interesting among these is the subterranean gallery in which Caligula was murdered, after compressing into a four years' reign an amount of brutality, in every sense of the word, which fortunately has been seldom equaled. Of less historical but not less human interest are some humbler chambers on the western side (guards' rooms and the like), which still retain the wall-plaster. On these are scribbled, as is too often the habit still, names and caricatures and gibes and indecencies. In one chamber was found the celebrated *graffito*, now removed for safety to the Kircherian Museum, of a man adoring a crucified figure with the head of an ass, and the inscription, “Alexamenos worships God.” It is supposed to have been drawn in mockery of some Christian comrade. Another room was the school of the pages. The atmosphere of a palace is not



The Palatine Hill and Arch of Constantine, from the Colosseum.

generally likely to be salutary to ingenuous youth, and that of Rome must have usually been very much the contrary. Hence, we have evidence that these young monkeys fully justified the proverb, "Saucy as a page," and did not spare their pedagogue when they knew that the morrow would put them forever out of reach of his ferule.

Our sketch represents the southern end of the hill, with fragments of some of the later imperial buildings—those added by Septimius Severus. Better preserved than most of the others, clothed with ivy and creepers, interspersed with laurel and holm-oak, they are among the most picturesque portions of the ruins. In



The Ghetto Rome.



THE COLOSSEUM.

the foreground is depicted the Arch of Constantine, which is effective as a whole, but debased in style when examined closely, and a patchwork structure. The principal figures and bass-reliefs are borrowed from some older building, probably an arch which formed the entrance to Trajan's Forum. Among these older fragments are the figures (Dacian captives) and bass-reliefs of the "attic," and the medallions above the smaller arches. The monument was erected in commemoration of the victory of Constantine over Maxentius, and the consequent union of the empire under one sovereign.

Passing by a conical mass of ruined brickwork, the remains of an ancient fountain called the Meta Sudans, we stand in front of the ruins of the Colosseum, or Flavian amphitheatre, Vespasian's great work. "Prodigious!"—Dominie Sampson's favorite exclamation—seems the epithet most appropriate to this structure. When complete it must have been downright ugly; such picturesqueness as it possesses is due to its ruined state. It crowds all the orders of architecture one on the top of the other, and crowns three tiers of arches with a massive wall, relieved only by shallow pilasters and the projecting brackets which once supported the masts sustaining the awning. Yet still it is a work which one cannot behold without a kind of awe. It is Roman in its brutal intention, Roman in its almost contemptuous disregard of architectural canons, Roman in its prodigal costliness, but Roman in the best sense in its perfect fitness for its purpose, in the grandeur of its plan, and the completeness of its execution—built as if "not for time, but for eternity." It has no natural advantages of foundation, for it stands, in part at least, on the site of Nero's artificial lake; yet the earthquake-shock has left it unharmed—time itself has barely touched it; had it not been for the ravages of Christian barbarians in the middle ages, who converted it into a quarry, we might have seen it almost as fresh as when the mob within its walls

"At their own sweet will doomed whom they would to die."

We hardly realize the vastness of this Flavian amphitheatre till we have wandered over its ruins. True, we may read in the guide-books that the outer circuit of the walls is nearly a third of a mile round, and almost a furlong across its greater diameter; that the similar elliptical arena within is ninety-three by fifty-eight yards, and the height of the top of the walls one hundred and fifty-six feet from the ground; that its seats would accommodate eighty-seven thousand spectators: but these numbers fail to produce a very definite impression on the mind. We may even look up at the lofty wall from without, or gaze from the arena-floor within on the rings of massive though shattered masonry which once supported the tiers of seats; but it is not till we have ascended flight after flight of steps, followed the curving corridors with their seemingly endless vaulted passages, and gained the highest point now accessible in the shattered condition of the building—the level of the top gallery—and looked down from the station of the

shop-boys and *gamins* of ancient Rome, that we begin to realize the immensity of this work. Then, as we glance down through one of the openings in the wall upon the street below; then, as we gaze upon the vast circle of masonry within—the crumbling steps, the slopes of shattered stonework that once supported the seats, now gashed with wide chasms, uncovering broken vaults and curving corridors—then we begin to realize that we have before us the most perfect type of imperial Rome.

Recent excavations have once more laid bare the floor of the arena where so many fearful tragedies have been enacted—where the gladiator lay and died—

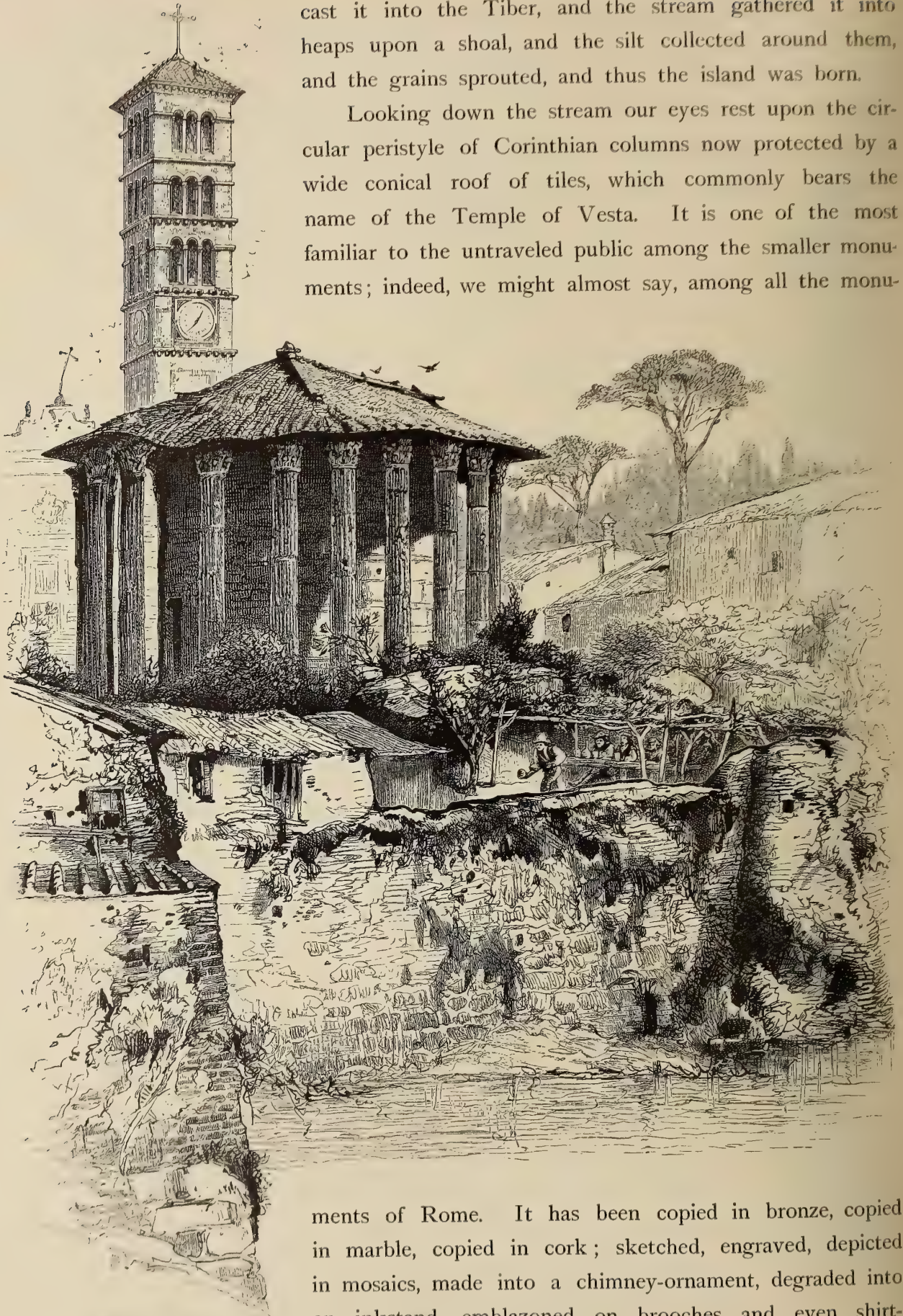
“Ere ceased th’ inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won;”

where men and women and children have faced unarmed the onslaught of infuriated wild beasts, and died without a murmur for the sake of Christ, and in the cause of truth. The shrines which once rose in the arena, the cross which stood in its centre, proclaiming that in very truth “the Galilean” had conquered, are now gone. Gladly as one spares the former, one could have almost wished to retain the latter; but there is the soil on which children died for Christ, there are the noisome dens in which they waited to be dragged forth for a few minutes to the glare of day and the sight of pitiless thousands, within hearing of the roars of the multitude as each deed of blood was done, of the wild beast as it hungered for its prey. No visible symbol then is needed, for the Colosseum’s desolation itself is a proof that the cross has triumphed, and that time has brought a bloodless revenge for the death of Ignatius and the noble though nameless army of martyrs.

Leaving, then, this part of Rome—now one of the most open and desolate—we must next seek a region more densely populated, where some of the smaller and more picturesque relics of the ancient city are yet to be found. This is the tract of lowland which intervenes between the feet of the Capitoline and Palatine Hills and the left bank of the Tiber—a district whose names (to quote Mr. Burn) are “rich in reminiscences of the romantic youth and warlike manhood of the Roman people.” Let us seek the river-side and take our stand on the modern suspension-bridge which crosses it near the old Ponte Roffo—supposed to be the Emilian Bridge—whose ruins still ruffle the stream. We have before us one of the most striking scenes in Rome. Looking up the stream we see the boat-like end of the *Insula Tiberica*, with its grand buildings, forming one of the picturesque groups in Rome. The legendary history of the island is a strange one. When the race of the Tarquins was driven from the city, the corn was yet growing in their land on the great strath by the river-side. As the people would touch none of the goods of the accursed family, this land was dedicated to the tutelary god of Rome, and so became the Campus Martius. Hence no man might eat of the fruit which was then ripening on the furrows. So they reaped the corn and

cast it into the Tiber, and the stream gathered it into heaps upon a shoal, and the silt collected around them, and the grains sprouted, and thus the island was born.

Looking down the stream our eyes rest upon the circular peristyle of Corinthian columns now protected by a wide conical roof of tiles, which commonly bears the name of the Temple of Vesta. It is one of the most familiar to the untraveled public among the smaller monuments; indeed, we might almost say, among all the monu-



Temple of Vesta.

ments of Rome. It has been copied in bronze, copied in marble, copied in cork; sketched, engraved, depicted in mosaics, made into a chimney-ornament, degraded into an inkstand, emblazoned on brooches and even shirt-

studs, till we seem to know every chip in the columns. Notwithstanding the unfortunate loss of its entablature and the meanness of its roofing, it is certainly one of the most graceful among the Roman ruins. There is, however, no authority for dedicating it to Vesta, beyond the fact that her temples were commonly circular; and the learned inform us that there is no mention whatever of a temple to that goddess having stood in this part of the city, so the title is undoubtedly a misnomer. It is almost certain that it was dedicated to very much the opposite of a feminine deity, and is the ruin of a temple of Hercules; for more than one author states that in this district there was a circular temple so dedicated. The fine campanile which we see rising behind it in the sketch is one of the best of its kind in Rome, and stands on another side of the same piazza. Temples were thick on the ground hereabouts, for not only are there one or two more which we have not mentioned within a few dozen yards, but this church, too, occupies the site of one, some portions of which still remain incorporated into the present building. That was probably dedicated to Ceres and others; this goes by the name of St. Maria in Cosmedin. The tower, a characteristic example of the tall campanile common farther north, seems to date from about the beginning of the twelfth century. Under the porch is preserved a huge and hideous stone mask, with an open mouth, denominated the *bocca della verità*, and once held in great honor as a test of truth. Any one suspected of lying was required to place his hand in the mouth and repeat his statement. It was believed that if he were speaking falsely the strong jaws would close. Unfortunately, either the people never use it now, or the virtue has departed from it—certainly it would yet be of great value on both banks of the Tiber.

Had the sketch been extended a little farther to the right we should have seen, just rising above the water, a low, rather inconspicuous, but massive gray arch. This is the outlet of the Cloaca Maxima, a part of whose channel we saw in the Forum. By it, a little lower down, is a site which, though it cannot now be fixed with absolute precision, will never be forgotten while we are standing here. It is that of the long-vanished *Pons Sublicius*, the wooden bridge—never constructed, even in imperial times, of a more durable material—which was so long the sole connecting link between the city and the suburb of the Janiculum. Readers of Macaulay will hardly need to be reminded of the battle-scene in which it and the yellow Tiber bore so important a part, as the panic-struck citizens were hacking down the one end, and the hosts of Porsena, with the hated Tarquins, were pressing on the other, and

“How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.”

Keeping onward, we come presently on the line of the most noted of the Roman roads, the Via Appia—the Great South Road—commenced by the Dictator Appius

Claudius. We pass the massive ruins of Caracalla's Baths, under the Arch of Drusus, between high garden-walls, through the mediæval Porto di San Sebastiano, still one of the busiest in Rome, down the slope to cross the stream of the Almo, as it flows by its cane-groves; past ancient tombs, one of which is supposed to mark the resting-place of the ill-fated Geta; past a mean-looking church, which bears the name *Domine quo vadis?*—"Lord, whither goest thou?"—marking the spot where, according to the legend, Peter, flying from persecution, met the Saviour bearing his cross, and asked this question, receiving the answer, "To Rome, to be crucified once more." More fragments of tombs; a garden-gate leading to the oldest catacombs of Rome, those of St. Calixtus; where you wander through labyrinthine passages cut in the tufa-rock and flanked with tombs—like the berths of ships—in which repose the dead of the early Roman Church. Onward yet, as the scene opens out, and more ruins; great brick walls and arches are passed in the low-lying green fields on the left—once the circus of Maxentius; then we mount a hill, at the summit of which there stands out against the evening sky—

" . . . a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? A woman's grave."

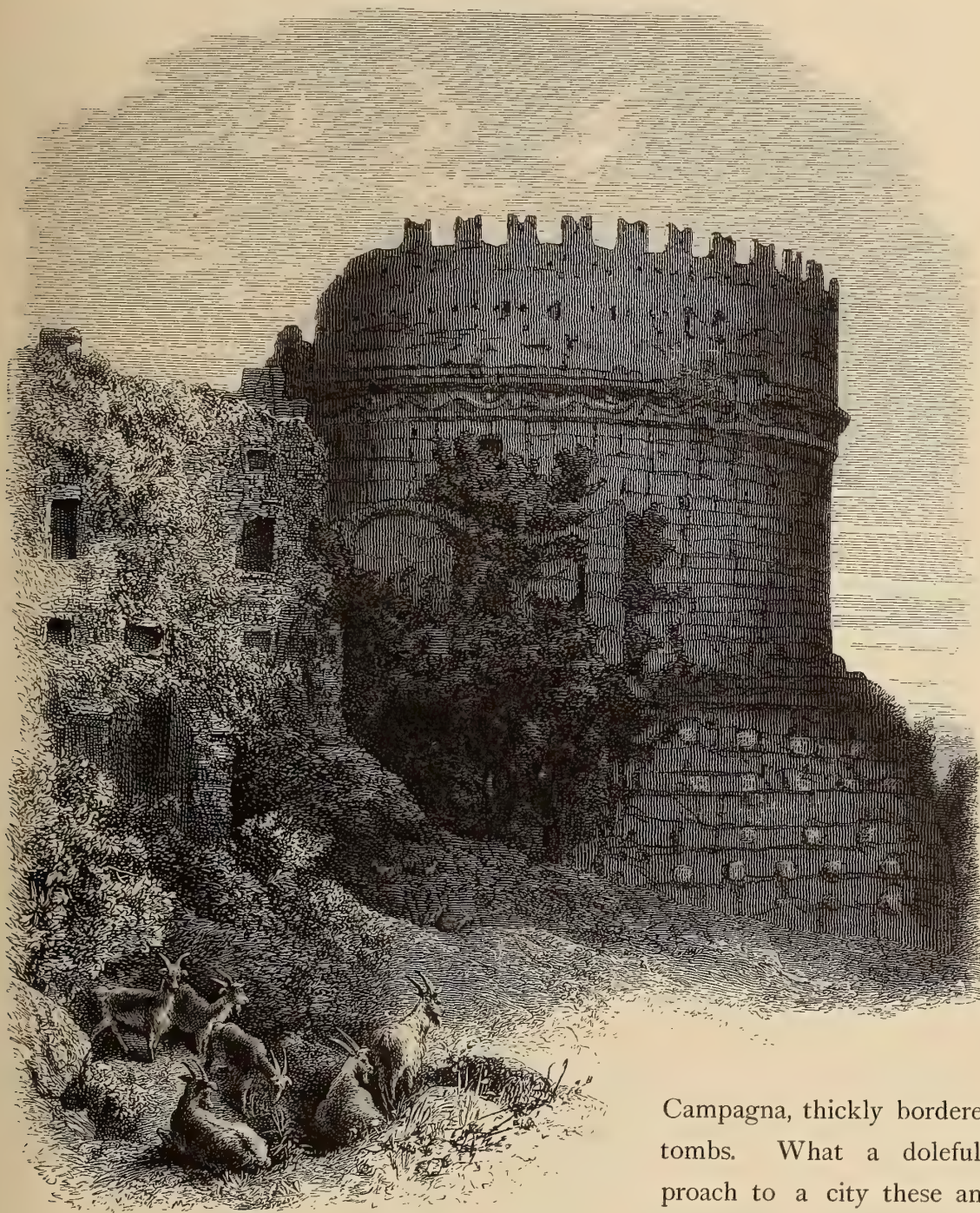
Whose grave all readers of "Childe Harold" will well remember. An inscription still remains to record the name, "Cecilia Metella, the daughter of Quintus Crelicus, the wife of Crassus." "Thus much alone we know, Metella died;" for it is not even certain that, as Byron assumes, she was the wife of Crassus. If so, it would be a strange diversity of Fate that separated the pair in death, the wife resting by the walls of her home in a tomb that has outlasted nineteen centuries, the husband—

" . . . staining in his woeful fate
Assyrian Charræ's plain with Latin blood."

It rests upon the end of an ancient lava-stream that once flowed from the long-extinct volcanoes of the Alban Mount. As the sketch shows them, the lower stage is quadrangular, composed of massive blocks of travertine; the upper consists of rubble, incased with highly-finished ashlar of the same stone; the ancient frieze is decorated with the sculptured skulls of oxen and wreaths, but the battlements are, of course,

mediæval, added by the Caetani family, who in the thirteenth century lived near and converted the tomb into a fortress.

We pass onward till we get on to the old level of the Appian Way. The road lies before us, running straight as an arrow, for I know not how far, across the

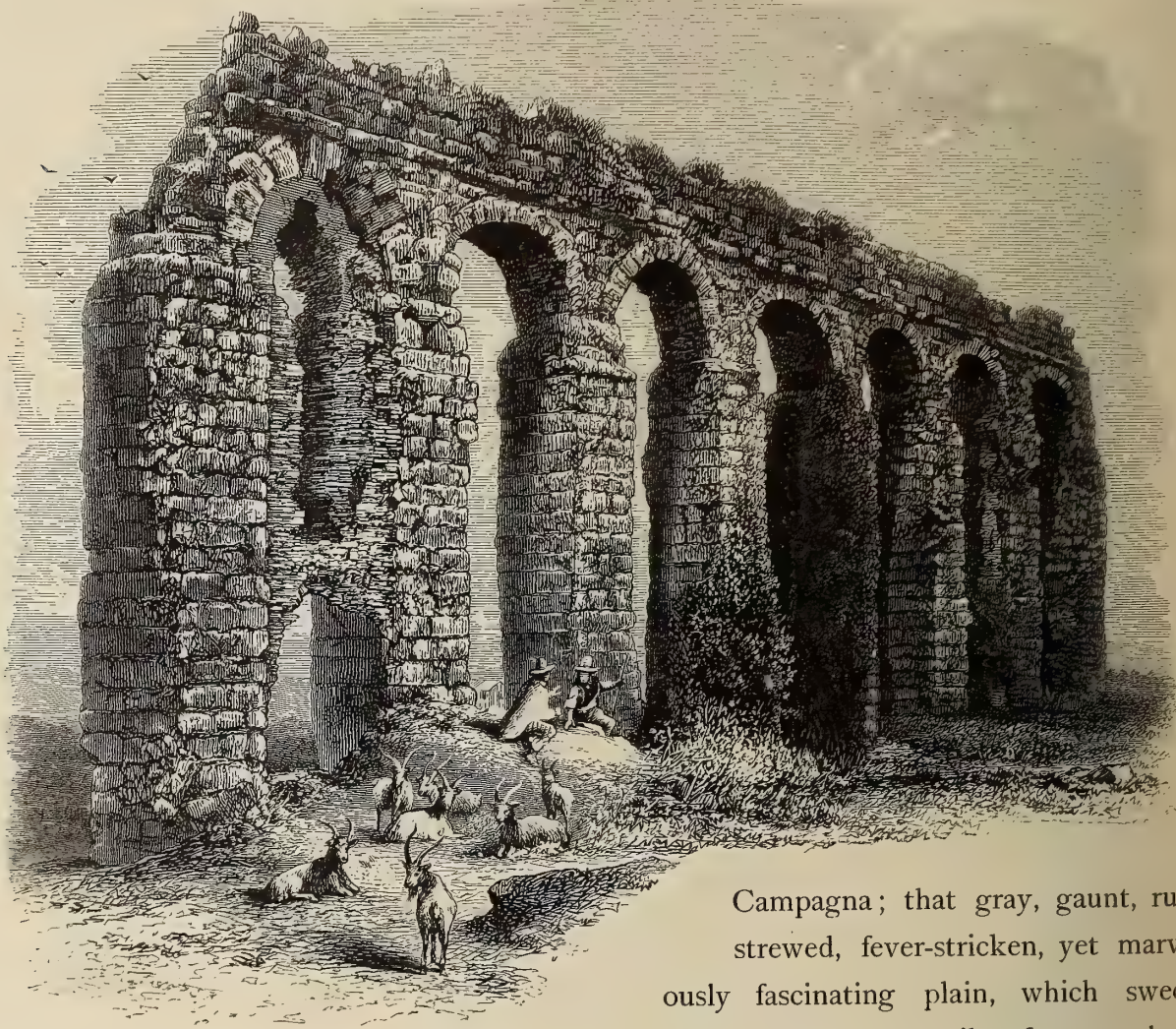


Tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way.

Campagna, thickly bordered by tombs. What a doleful approach to a city these ancient roads must have been! What a perpetual *memento mori*, a

death's-head among the flowers, to damp the joy of the traveler's arrival or of the citizen's return! However, the Roman seems to have generally taken his pleasure at home, and gone abroad when on business bent. Of these tombs, as a rule, but shape-

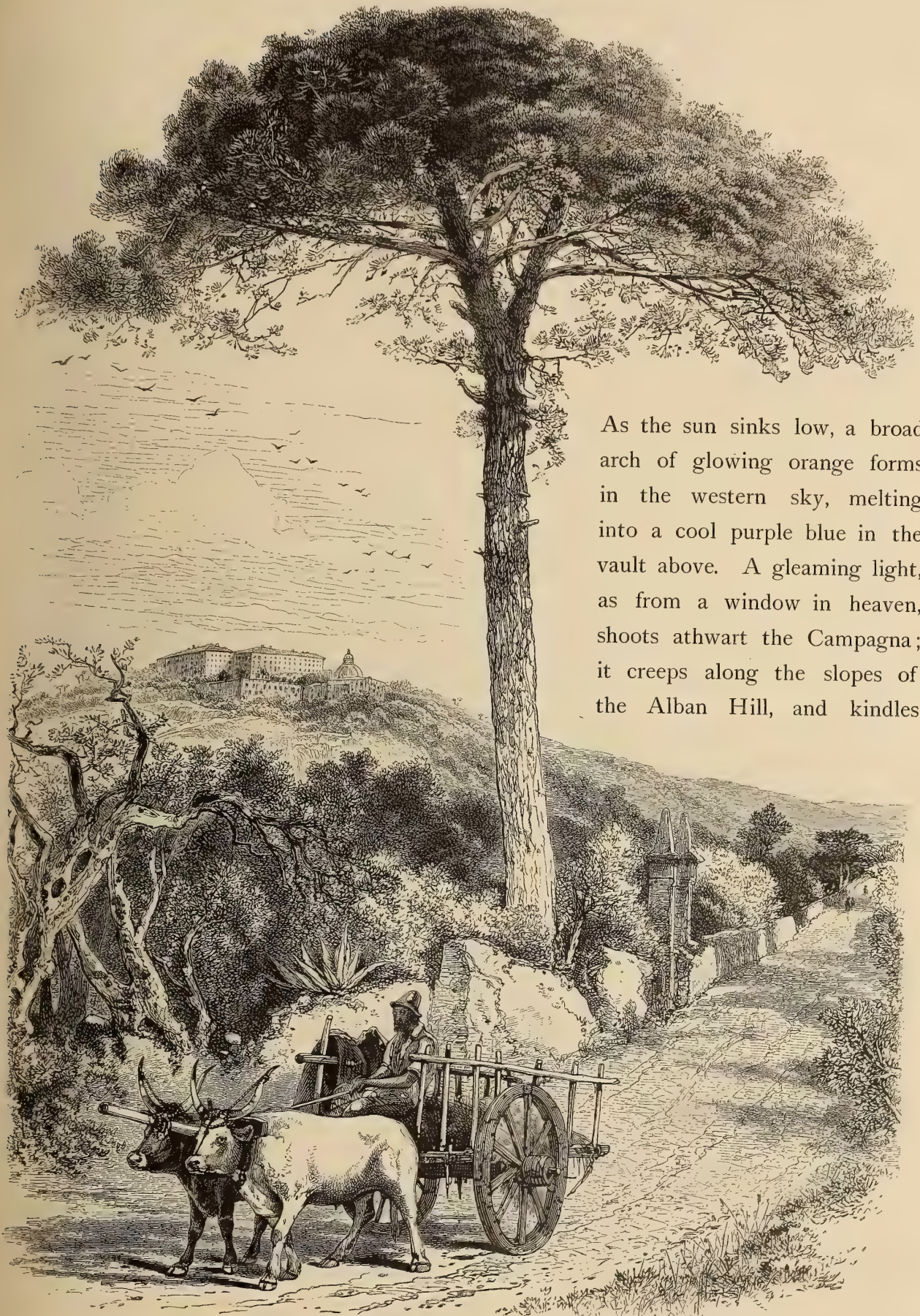
less ruins now remain—massive fragments of brick or *peperino* rubble; but here and there a scrap of white marble is left, perhaps still bearing an inscription, or some bass-relief or figure has escaped the spoiler's hand. When many of these tombs were new, when the pavement of lava-blocks, which here and there may still be seen, was well preserved, the great missionary to the Gentiles came first as a prisoner along this road to preach the gospel in Rome. To the left hand is a grand view over the



Aqueduct on the Campagna.

Campagna; that gray, gaunt, ruin-strewed, fever-stricken, yet marvelously fascinating plain, which sweeps away in mile after mile of coarse herbage, dotted here and there by some

row or cluster of stone-pines, with their spreading, dark heads and bare, ruddy trunks—by the shattered ruins of past prosperity and the poor cottages of the present age, by the broken lines of the Claudian and Marcian Aqueducts to the base of the Alban Hill and the loftier masses of Monte Gennaro and the adjoining Apennines. Looking back, the towers and domes of Rome rise above the city wall, and then the bold ridge of Soracte, conspicuous above the lines of distant mountains. Nothing can well be more impressive than that far stretch of gray plain, those long lines of giant arches, and that long, straight road with its border of ruins, especially on a winter evening.



As the sun sinks low, a broad arch of glowing orange forms in the western sky, melting into a cool purple blue in the vault above. A gleaming light, as from a window in heaven, shoots athwart the Campagna; it creeps along the slopes of the Alban Hill, and kindles

Castel Gandolfo.

with a new fire the lavas of Rocca di Papa and the craters of Monte Cavo. It steals upward on the Apennines, as the lower dells darken into purple shadows, till the whole chain is flushed with a ruby light, and the snows are transmuted into molten gold. Then comes the change as of death. The glory departs from the summits, though it lingers yet, like a departing spirit, in the cloud-land of the upper sky; the snows turn pale and corpse-like, the east is violet with the coming night, the thin mists gather over the plain, the evening star comes out in the clear sky; but still, as we return to Rome, the glow yet lingers in the east; and the cypress-trees stand out, living objects, dark against the light.

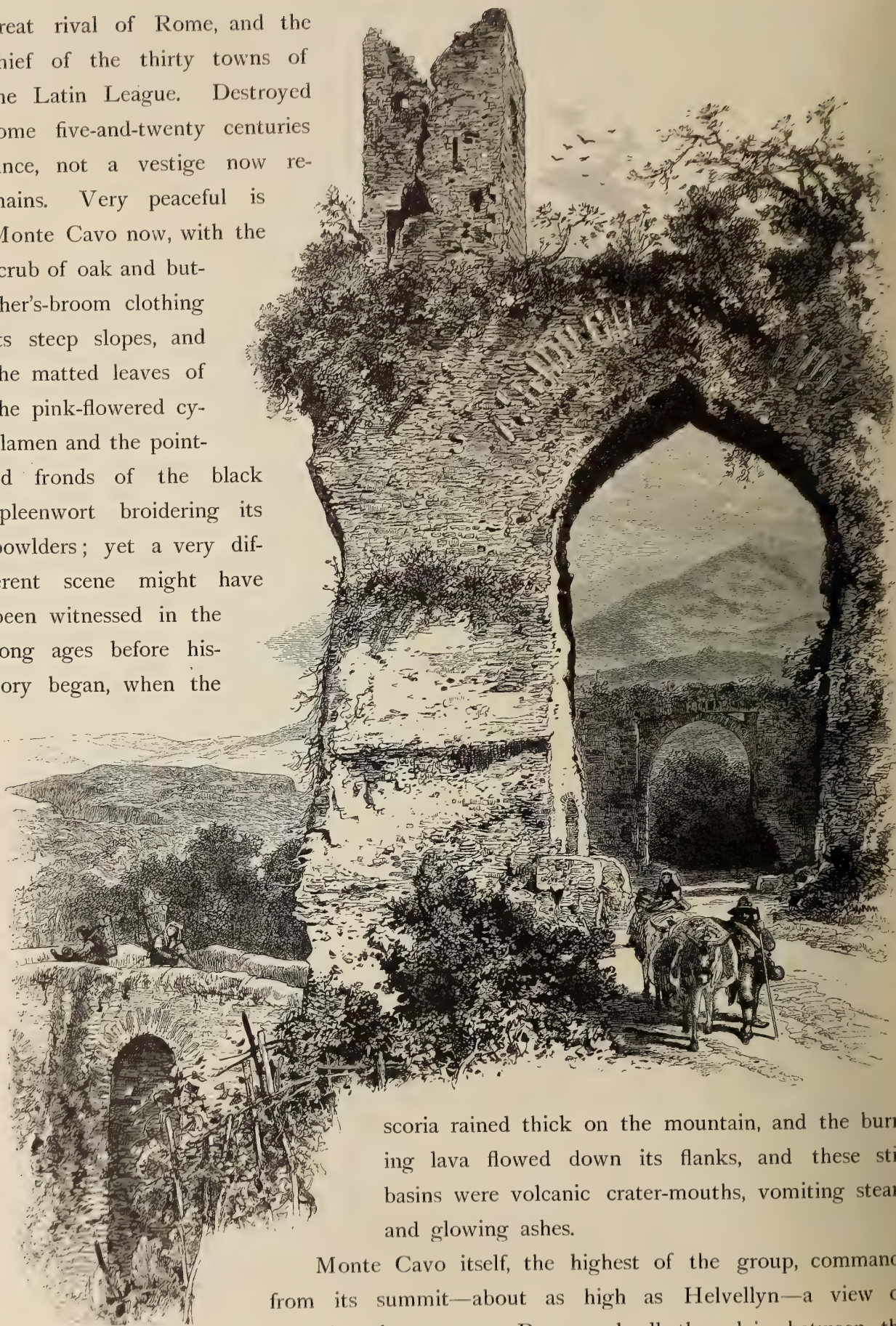
The Appian Road, if followed onward, would lead us, through scenery similar to the above, to the base of the Alban Hill. Most travelers, however, will prefer, as we must confess to have done, to reach them by the quicker course of the railway. This gives a nearer view of the great aqueducts already mentioned. Description of these is needless; our sketches will give an excellent idea of their general character, only it must often be extended far to both sides; for, though here and there isolated fragments like this occur, in other parts you may count ten, twenty, I know not how many, arches. They are not handsome, any more than a modern railway-viaduct, but yet there is a strange fascination about them, now that the harshness of their outline is softened by ruin and decay, and I know not anything among the relics of Rome which attracted me more, nor is there any one of my photographs over which I linger longer than that which represents these great arcades of the Claudian Aqueduct spanning the Campagna.

From the railway-station the road leads up by the level basin of Aricia—the bed of a dried-up lake—to Albano, whence we enter the woods clothing the slopes of the Alban Mount. To our left hand lies the broad basin of the Alban Lake, embosomed in woods, an oval sheet of water encircled by steep banks. On the opposite shore stands Castel Gandolfo, chiefly noted for a large villa, the property of the pope. As will be seen from the sketch, it has no architectural beauty—a few packing-boxes nailed together would serve as a model for most of these Italian villas; but the situation is fine, the view magnificent, and the sketch gives a good idea of the ordinary picturesque scenery of the district, and of a tall stone-pine, one of its characteristic features, in which Turner so greatly delighted. Near the villa, however, on the shore of the lake, the opening of the tunnel can still be seen, by means of which the level of its water was lowered and the fate of Veii sealed. On the other side of us, sunk deeper still among crags and tree-clad slopes, lies the smaller Lago de Nemi, sleeping beneath the shadow of the cliff, which is crowned by the castle of the Colonnas, the delight of painters, and the loveliest spot in the environs of Rome. In front of us, somewhere on the shelving terrace between the base of Monte Cavo and the brink of the Alban Lake, stood the famous city of Alba Longa, the first



LAGO DI NEMI.

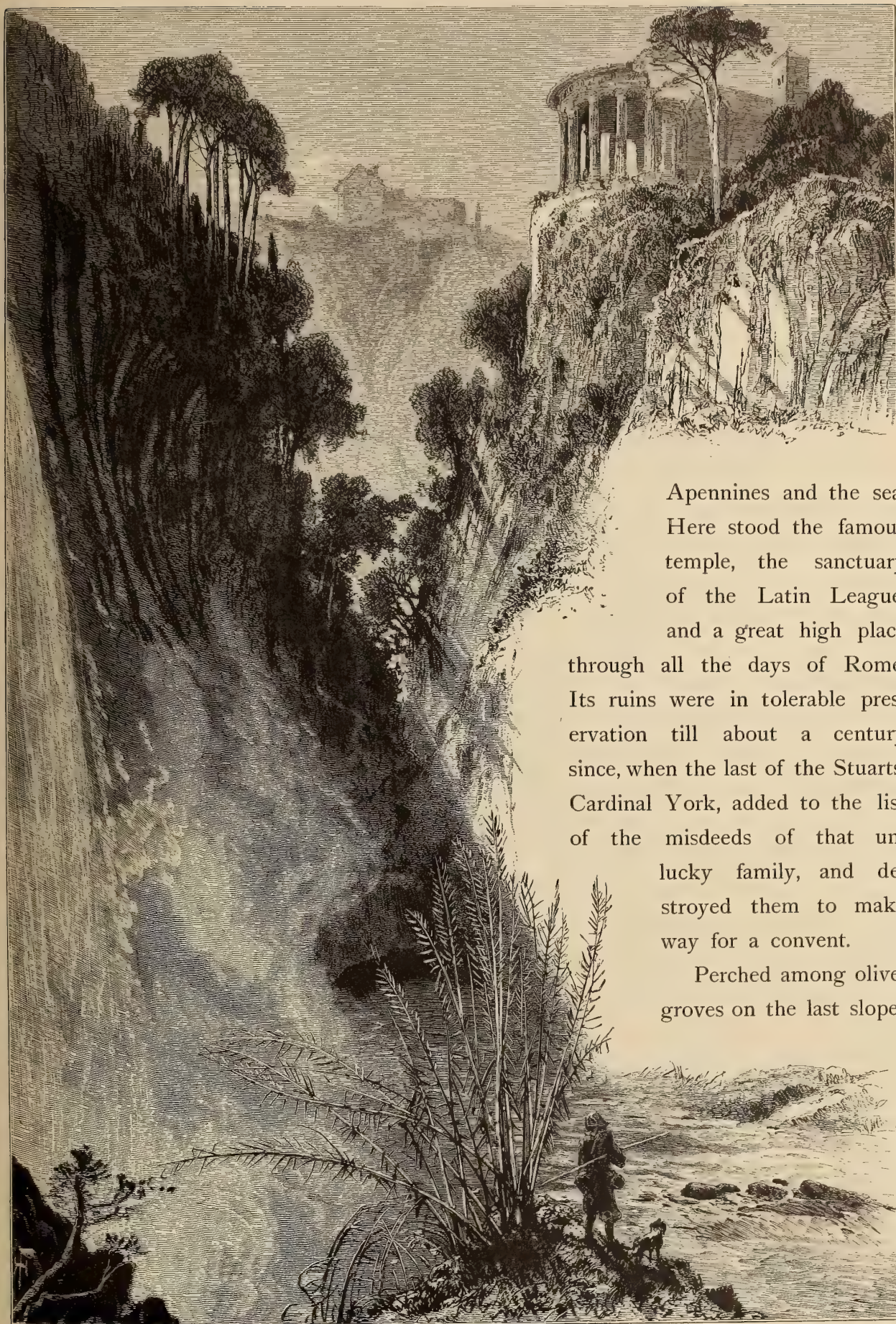
great rival of Rome, and the chief of the thirty towns of the Latin League. Destroyed some five-and-twenty centuries since, not a vestige now remains. Very peaceful is Monte Cavo now, with the scrub of oak and butcher's-broom clothing its steep slopes, and the matted leaves of the pink-flowered cyclamen and the pointed fronds of the black spleenwort broidering its bowlders; yet a very different scene might have been witnessed in the long ages before history began, when the



Aqueduct at Tivoli.

scoria rained thick on the mountain, and the burning lava flowed down its flanks, and these still basins were volcanic crater-mouths, vomiting steam and glowing ashes.

Monte Cavo itself, the highest of the group, commands from its summit—about as high as Helvellyn—a view of marvelous beauty over Rome and all the plain between the



Apennines and the sea. Here stood the famous temple, the sanctuary of the Latin League, and a great high place through all the days of Rome. Its ruins were in tolerable preservation till about a century since, when the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal York, added to the list of the misdeeds of that unlucky family, and destroyed them to make way for a convent.

Perched among olive-groves on the last slopes

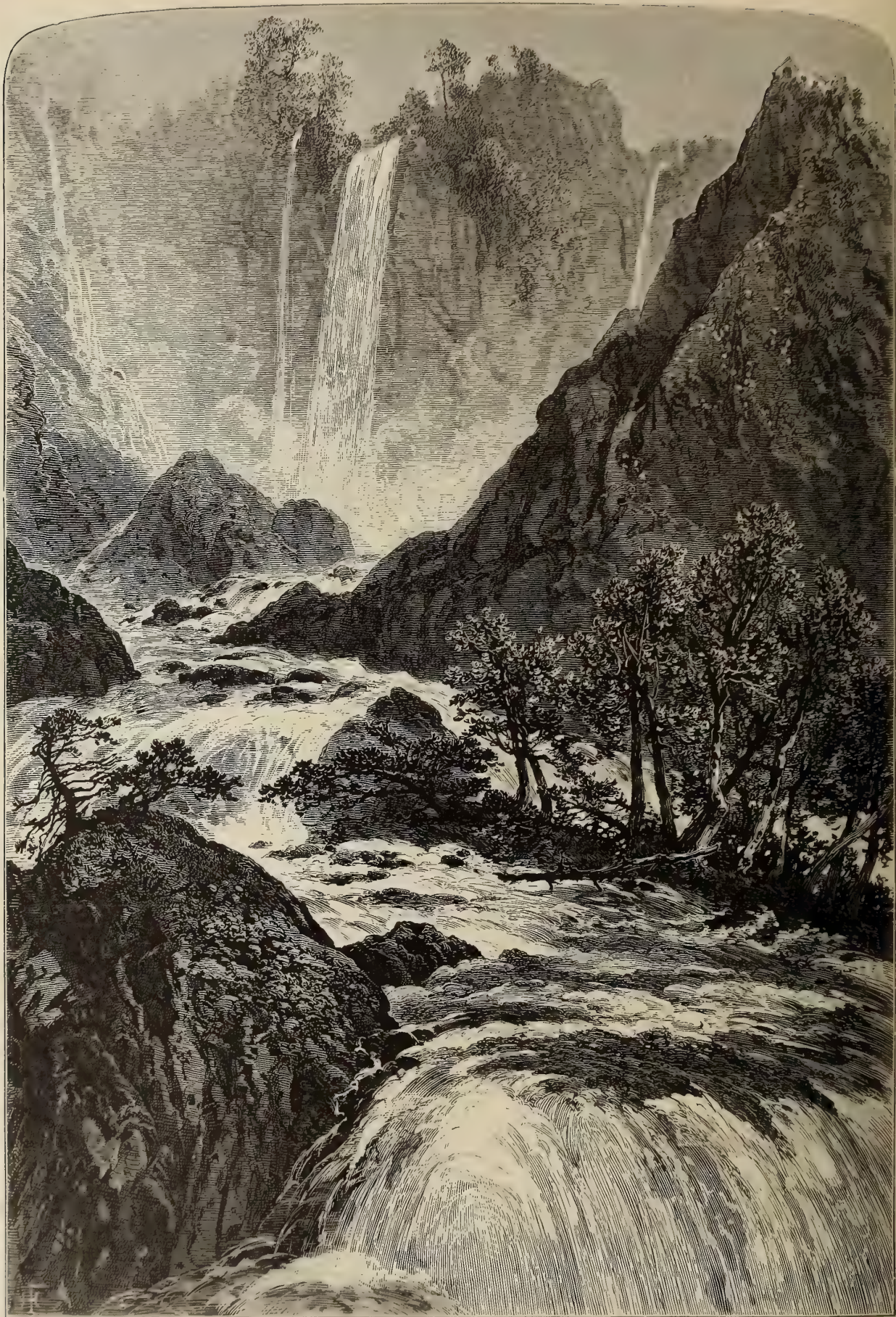
Falls at Tivoli.



VILLA D'ESTE.

of the Apennines, some eighteen miles northeast of Rome, is another spot, no less interesting than beautiful—Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, where the “headlong” Anio leaps forth from the hills, watering the orchard where Horace loved to linger. It was a fashionable resort of the Roman aristocracy, and numerous traces of villas are to be seen, on which the fancy of the *ciceroni* has freely bestowed all manner of illustrious names. Many ruins, also, are passed in the journey thither across the Campagna, the chief being the tomb of Plautius Lucanus, very like that of Metella, and one year older than the present era; the great arches of the Marcian Aqueduct, part of which is here sketched; and the remains of Hadrian’s villa, which occupy the slopes of a hill to the south of the road. These are another instance of the reckless expenditure which characterized the emperors. To call the place a villa, to call it a palace, is misleading. It was rather a collection of public buildings, associated in a park several square miles in extent. Besides the palace proper there were baths, race-courses, and gymnasia; barracks and a college (lyceum); a Greek theatre, a Latin theatre, and an opera-house (odeum); porticoes, shrines, buildings of all kinds; for Hadrian designed the place to be “a panorama of all the sights which had struck him most on his world-wide travels, in order that he might, in this realm of enchantment, when no longer able to travel, have the thoughts in which he had taken such pleasure revived for his imagination to feed upon.”

The glen of Tivoli is like a fairy-scene. We may almost leave the picture to speak for itself. The view will seem strangely familiar to many readers who have never traveled, for few artists are able to resist its fascinations. The Teverone (formerly the Anio) dashes down a rocky glen beneath steep cliffs fringed with trees; and on a projecting crag, at the very brink of the ravine, in a position seemingly most perilous, is perched a graceful circular temple, reminding us of that which we have already noticed at Rome. This, however, is believed to have been really consecrated to Vesta; and just behind it is another, now incorporated into a church, and thus much less picturesque, which is believed to be that of the Tibertine sibyl, mentioned by some of the Latin poets. The falls, or *cascadelli*, have almost eclipsed the other attractions of the place; they owe their existence in some respects to art, and the great fall, more than a hundred yards high, is only half a century old. Formerly the whole mass of water in the torrent plunged into a gloomy gulf, called the Grotto of Neptune, beneath the sibyl’s temple; but a great flood swept away the retaining wall of the cascade, destroyed part of the tower, and seriously endangered the ruin, so that, to avert a similar and worse calamity, the main volume of the stream was diverted through two long tunnels driven through the limestone-rock, and now plunges into the main ravine at a lower point. The winding paths command exquisite views of the rushing river and of the limestone-crag, shaded with olive and myrtle, streaked with the silver threads of innumerable rills, and dappled by dewy recesses green with moss and fronds



FALLS OF TERNI.



PAPIGNO AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, NEAR FALLS OF TERNI.

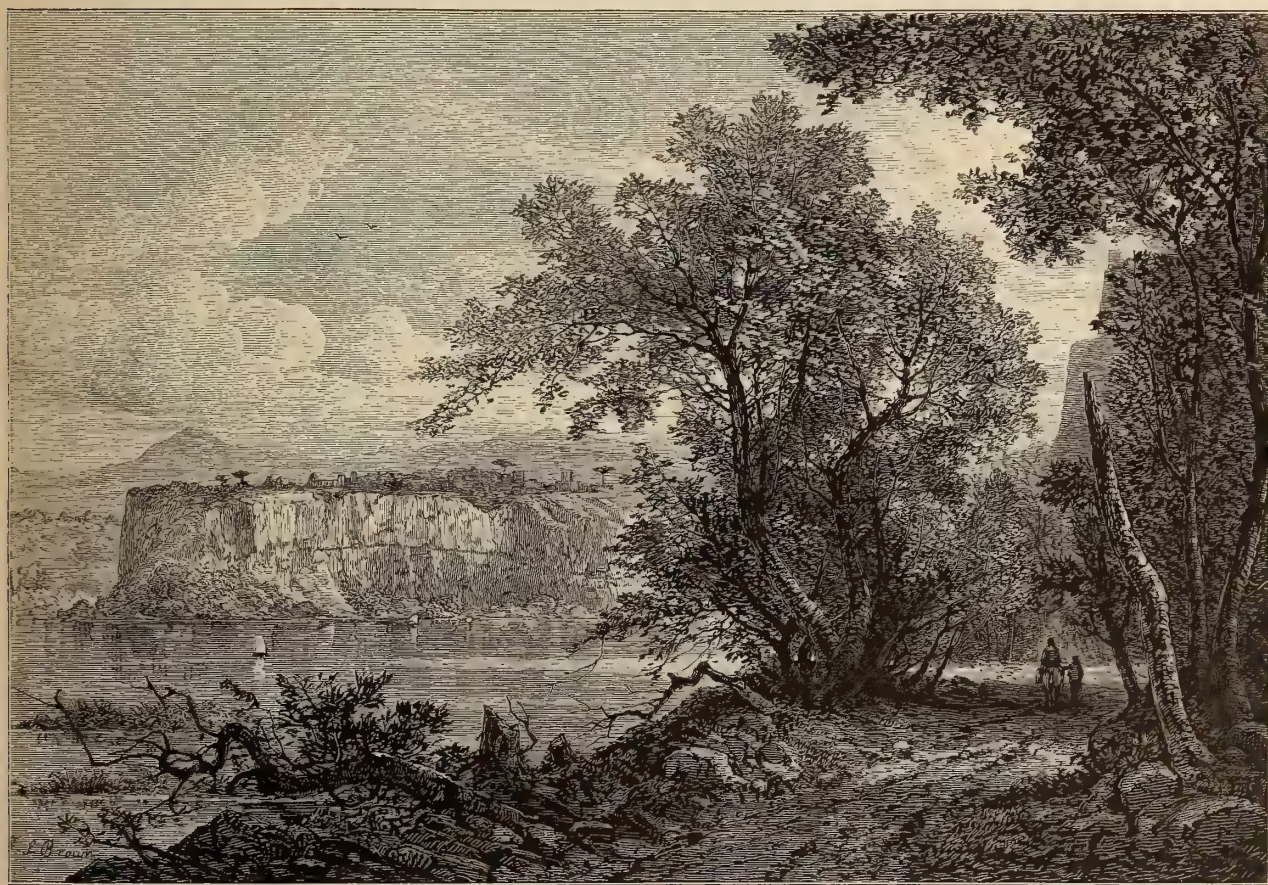
of maidenhair-fern. At Tivoli, also, are the gardens of the Villa d'Este, where the stately cypresses tower on high and shady holm-oaks invite repose, as in the times of old; and artificial water-works may interest those for whom the cascades do not suffice.

In the glens of the Neva, between Rome and Foligno, lie the falls of Terni, among some of the most varied scenery of the Apennines. Limestone crags and leaping waters, groves of olive and holm-oak, gardens of lemon and orange trees, creeping vines and aspiring cypresses, wild mountains and a fertile valley, combine to make an endless series of pictures. The falls, like those of Tivoli, are not the work of Nature. It is a singular thing, as Lord Byron remarks, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial. The choking of the bed of the river by calcareous deposits from its waters gave rise to such serious floods that, so long ago as the third century before the present era, the matter was taken in hand by the Romans. Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of the Sabines, has the more enduring glory of having executed this work, and being the originator of the falls of Terni. By his direction a channel was cut for the Velino, through which its waters precipitated themselves into the Neva, over a cliff several hundred feet in height. For nearly fifteen centuries this channel continued to act—though not so perfectly as to prevent all disputes between the folk of Rieti above and Terni below the falls, in some of which the name of Cicero figures as counsel for the former place—until, becoming choked up, a new outlet was opened. This, however, and one subsequently constructed, were not very successful, for too often they relieved the Velino so effectually as to flood the Neva; and thus Terni lamented when Rieti rejoiced. Rather less than a century since, another cutting was made, by means of which the water enters the Neva at an oblique angle, descending in three leaps—the middle one a vertical fall of more than five hundred feet, through about three hundred yards.

“The war of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice.
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss.
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture.”

Papigno, a village near Terni, may be taken as an excellent example of the beautiful scenery of the central Apennines, not a few glimpses of which can be enjoyed even from the windows of a railway-carriage. The cascades are formed by the Velino, a tributary of the above river. It has two habits rather troublesome to those who dwell below: one, of becoming rapidly swollen; the other, of depositing so much calcareous matter as to obstruct its own channel. Hence, so long ago as early in the third century before the present epoch, a tunnel was driven through the rock to

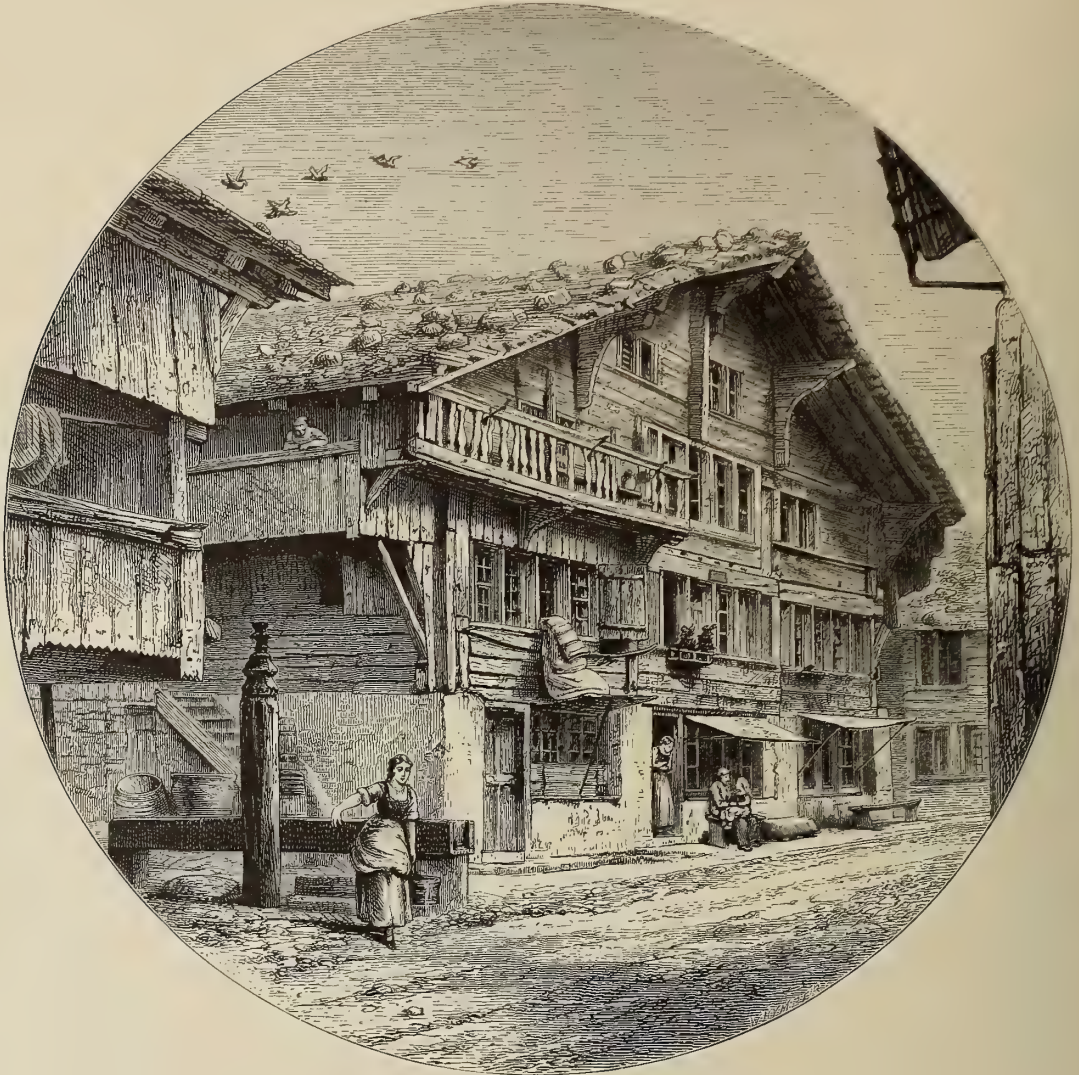
regulate the flow, which is still in use. The water descends in three leaps, of which the central is far the most lofty; the total space descended by the stream in falls and rapids being variously estimated at from seven to eight hundred feet. The scenery, as the sketch will show, is very beautiful; but the place is in the hands of "custodians," and what with twopence here and twopence there, *ciceroni*, beggars, and blood-suckers of all kinds, the traveler will certainly be disgusted, and will probably lose his temper. It is a misfortune that it is hardly possible to enjoy some of the most interesting scenes in the centre and south of Italy because of the swarm of human gadflies—physically as well as morally offensive—that persistently dogs the wearied traveler.



Lake Nemi.

(FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE LORING BROWN.)

THE BERNESE OBERLAND.



Oberland Châlet.

ABOVE the old town of Soleure rises a well-known summit, named the Weissenstein. Forming a part of the southernmost line of the great parallel ridges which compose the Jura, and elevated some nine hundred yards above the lowlands of Switzerland, it commands a noble view. To right and to left run the pine-clad slopes and limestone-craggs of the mountain-wave on whose crest you stand; beneath you lie lake and river, cornfield and woodland—a rich, fertile land, spread out beneath your feet like a great, undulating carpet of verdure, and sweeping gradually upward till it ends at last in a confused mass of flat-topped hills, whose elevation about equals that of your station. Behind this rises a loftier mountain-wave—line after line of bolder, grander summits, steeper slopes and vaster cliffs, crowned by bare limestone-



Heyringen

crag—like broken battlements and ruined towers. They rise above the fringe of the lowland as high as it has risen above the sea; and then, above them, lifted up yet higher for a thousand yards or more, and standing out sharp and clear against the blue sky, is a range yet grander still—a range of snowy peaks tossed on high, like an ocean-wave frozen ere it fell.

They say that from this summit of the Weissenstein you look down upon the mountains of sixteen of the cantons of Switzerland, as your eye sweeps along the Alpine chain from the borders of the Tyrol to beyond Mont Blanc; but that which is the most conspicuous part of your view, that broad carpet of land which stretches from beneath your feet up to the very sky-line of yon icy wall, is the one through which we are about to wander: it is Canton Berne. This, then, has its full share of the three zones into which, as indicated above, the territory of Switzerland is divided. It is in part a land of cornfield and woodland; of meadow and orchard; of moorland, rivers, and lakes; of prosperous homesteads, thriving villages, and busy towns. It is also a land of mountain-pastures, where the grass grows short and sweet, and of endless forests of sombre pine; a land of cliff, and cataract, and torrent, where man wages a constant struggle against the sterner forces of Nature, retreating every winter before the snow-drift and the avalanche, to renew the contest with the returning spring; and yet a land full fair to see in the summer-tide, when the milking-pails are brought once more to the groups of rude huts on the mountain-side, and the cattle feed on a thousand hills, and the pastures are white with flocks. It is also a land of rock and glacier, of snow-clad peaks and desolate crags; a land where ploughman or reaper shall never come—where all is waste, but for the Alpine herb that blossoms among the crevices, or the lichen that stains the weather-wasted crags.

Canton Berne is, in fact, the heart and the epitome of Switzerland; its people, Swiss of the Swiss. It is not, indeed, one of the three forest cantons, which we may regard as the original nucleus of the Helvetic Republic, but it shook itself free from the grasp of the Hapsburgs at about the same time, and entered into the league some few years after the famous fight at Morgarten. It bore its part in the baptism of fire which ushered the confederacy into the adult vigor of national life, and took its full share of the battles which mark the fourteenth century of the Swiss annals. Democratic in origin, it became aristocratic by degrees; and the liberties which were won from the stranger were to no small extent lost to those of the household. So by degrees the burghers of Berne sowed the storm, and at last reaped the whirlwind. The end of the eighteenth century found Switzerland a house divided against itself; and one republic extinguished another, and established a tyranny under the guise of liberty. Thus for a while, notwithstanding a brave resistance, Canton Berne, like the rest of Switzerland, felt the yoke of Napoleon. His fall gave them once more freedom; the wave of progress, that started from the streets of Paris on the days of

July, effaced the last vestiges of the ancient aristocratic power, and Berne is now an almost ideal democracy.

We do not halt now in its picturesque old town, which gave the name to the canton, and obtained it from a bear slain by its founder on the site of the future city. The death of this tyrant of the woods was an event almost prophetic, for, to quote the words of Berthold, the walls of Berne were raised "d'ôter à la noblesse les moyens de continuer sa tyrannie et d'arrêter le cours des violences de ces hommes impies." We must leave—though the traveler must not hurry to do so—the old-fashioned streets, with their shady arcades, the gateway-towers, and the quaint fountains



Eschholz matt.

—the houses with gabled roofs, turreted angles, and oriel-windows—which render Berne the most picturesque among the towns of Switzerland; the cathedral rising on its rocky platform above the rushing Aar, and the noble view of the snowy giants of the Oberland. We leave all this, and after a short railway-journey are on the edge of the second zone of which we have spoken—at the station of Mer.

The lowland district which we are leaving is not in any sense a mountain-land. There are plenty of busy-looking farm-houses and thriving villages. The houses are not quite so picturesque as those which we shall see in the middle zone, but still much more than in France or Germany. This place, with the name of more consonants than consonance, Eschholz matt, will serve excellently well as an example. It is a

large village, or small town, in the smiling Emmenthal, a valley between Berne and Lucerne, among the prettiest and most prosperous of pastoral Switzerland. The district has a brisk trade in cloth, the factories of which it must be owned are never any improvement to the scenery, whatever they may be to the material prosperity of the people; and its dairies are even more celebrated for the excellent cheeses which they export. The people, also, are in many respects distinct from their neighbors, and are noted for their stature, vigor, independence, and their love of dancing and wrestling. A custom like that of the rustic *tercennire* verses of ancient Italy is said to survive here; the village minstrels assembling annually, on the first Monday in Lent, and singing ballads which give a comic or satiric account of the domestic events of the past year. The wrestling-matches of the Entelbuch, as the district is often called, are of great celebrity; and a sight of the crowds gathered at one of them is said by patriarchs to give, better than almost anything else, an idea of Switzerland in the olden time, before railways pierced its hills and steamboats troubled its lakes.

The houses of Eschholz matt, as is common in the district, are mainly of wood, with grand overhanging roofs, in one of which is as much timber as would serve to cover in a mansion in a speculative district elsewhere; and no wonder, for wood is cheap in a land of forests, and men build there for grandchildren's grandchildren—not for the house to tumble down as soon as possible after the lease of the land is out. These projecting eaves are fine places for shelter when it is raining, and rain it can in a mountain-storm. Commonly these are roofs with shingles—that is, flat pieces of wood like barrel-staves. One drawback these houses have—that they make splendid bonfires, and in the dry south wind burn like tinder: thus sometimes, when the *Föhn* (as they call it) is blowing, some ill-swept or ill-built chimney catches fire, or some unlucky child gets playing with matches in a house to windward, and, after an hour or two's desperate struggling, a whole village is homeless; charred beams, gaunt skeletons of carbonized wood, and blackened walls tottering above the fallen roof-trees, being all that is left of so many household memories. Four years ago, in journeying through the upper Innthal, we passed through one large village, the greater part of which had only just risen from the ground after a fire two years previously; and soon after, on the same afternoon, through another, Zernez, which had just been destroyed: one hundred and eight houses were simply effaced—nothing was left standing but one block of houses at the south end of the village—which had, doubtless, been to windward of the fire—the church, which stood on a hill apart, and a small outlying suburb.

But to return to our sketch. In what English or American village would you see such a wonderful structure as occupies the middle of the road in Eschholz matt? That is the fountain. In Switzerland they are not obliged to be content with private wells and admirably-planned reservoirs of typhoid fever. They bring their streams from

the mountain-side, a line of perforated pine-trunks being their simple aqueduct ; and if they do get poisoned—and there have been unpleasant stories of it lately—they do it in company. In a town a handsome column, perhaps bearing a statue, would rise above the tank ; but here in a village we have a pillar of rough stone or a timber trunk to carry the leaden pipe, from which the cool stream flows with a ceaseless



Thun.

plash, so refreshing to hear on a hot summer's day, so startling sometimes at night, when you have gone to sleep hoping for a fine morning, and wake up fancying that a deluge of rain is falling, and all the spouts are running. You can see the little iron trevet whereon to rest the pail ; there, too, are the big stone tanks where the women wash their salads, and sometimes, too, their clothes, and gossip by the hour. There are the lower troughs for the thirsty cattle. This fountain seems to be of a

*Thun Castle.*

most luxurious character, for it boasts a second post and spout, where those short of stature may fill their jugs at their ease, without fear of an involuntary bath in the tank. Behind the fountain stands the village inn, with its little sign of metal-work—the

"Gasthof zur Krone," or what not—and across the way is another and a more enduring house of rest, the village churchyard. The metal crosses—often very quaintly worked, with a good deal of taste, and picked out with gilding—which take the place of headstones in our country, are thickly crowded together; and though there are sometimes a few flowers planted, the Swiss churchyard is often rather a miserable-looking resting-place—indeed, it is hardly worthy of the name in some parts of the country; as, after a time, when the earth has done its work of decomposition, the bones are exhumed and piled in an ossuary, and another corpse takes the vacant place.

Among all the Swiss towns, we doubt whether there is one more attractive than Thun. The views in its environs, as it has been well said, "extend across the blue waters of the lake, across the narrow strip of orchard and vineyard on its shores, up to the oak-forests, up to the pine-forests, up to the bright-green pastures dotted with *châlets*, up to the bare mountain-sides, up to the belt of snow, up to the peaks of the *Mönch*, the *Eiger*, and the *Jungfrau* in mid-air, up to the deep azure above." It would be hard to find a more beautiful view than is obtained from the terrace of the churchyard. As the sketch indicates, it occupies the summit of a low hill which rises rather abruptly from the midst of the town. You look past one of those picturesque stone towers with pyramidal roofs, happily still so common in Switzerland, on to the first sweep of the *Aar*, as it issues purified from the crystal lake, whose waters are gleaming across a narrow strath through a fringe of tall poplars and bushy alders. On the other side rises the pyramidal *Niesen*, guarding the entrance to the smiling *Simmenthal*; to the right extends the rocky chain of the Western *Oberland*, dominated here and there by some snowy summit; to the left is seen a part of the prospect which we have noticed above. Near the cathedral, and on the same hill, stands the old *château*. Parts of it are said to date from the twelfth century, others from the fifteenth. The high-pitched roof that crowns the *donjon*, and the pyramidal capping to the *tourelles*, render it a most picturesque building, the delight of artists, who can readily find many a good point of view, not the worst being that from which our sketch is taken—by an old saw-mill on the left bank of the *Aar*.

The shores of the western end of the lake of Thun still maintain something of the lowland character in the gentler outlines of the hills and the wide meadows about the embouchures of the *Simme* and the *Kander*. Near to the town they are gay with villas and gardens, but the scene becomes more lonely as the steamer coasts the shore, for the delta is rather marshy. We pass the old *château* of *Strättligen*, the cradle of the ducal house of Burgundy, and then come to *Spiez*, perched on a low tongue of land by the water-side—a little village, with a large hotel and a picturesque old *château*, which for three centuries belonged to the lords of *Erlach*, a house great among the burghers of *Berne*. The sketch shows the simple spire of

the village church and the low-roofed houses on the lake-shore—some so close that they seem as if they rose directly from the water, and were a survival of the homes of the pile-builders, who dwelt on the margin of Thun, as on the other Swiss lakes, constructing their nests above the shallows, like the fabled halcyons or the more prosaic grebes. Very pleasant are those little gardens by the water's edge, where one can sit and dream on a hot summer afternoon, watching the dragon-



Spiez, on the Lake of Thun.

flies hovering above or the silvery shoals of bleak glancing below the surface of the water. As the sun sinks lower, you cannot do better than enter one of those boats whose pointed bows recall the shapes of ancient galleys, and rowing out, or gliding with the picturesque triangular sail spread to the soft evening air, watch the sunset colors kindled upon the snowy summits, and the evening purples deepening in the valleys.

But it is not always calm on these mountain-lakes, and the tale of Tell records how the tempest can rage on the Vierwaldstätter See. Thun also is no exception to the rule, and the unskilled boatman had better keep a sharp lookout for squalls, even on a fine afternoon, and hug the shore when he sees the clouds are gathering on the mountains of the Oberland.

The chief excursions, however, from Thun, are toward the south. There, as we have said, rise the Stockhorn and the Niesen, both excellent points of view, and easy



On the Lake of Thun.

to ascend, though two friends of ours did once contrive to lose their way during the descent of the latter, and pass the night with very little to cover them and less to eat, the ruins of a chalet being their only shelter, and the memory of luncheon their sole repast. Longer excursions are the valleys of the Simme and the Kander. The former is one of the most exquisite pieces of pastoral scenery in all Switzerland, combining the richest of meadows, with clumps of walnuts, and orchards of pear and apple, inclosed by the grandest of mountain-scenery. The lover of Nature who



ENTRANCE TO THE GASTEREN THAL.

can content himself with peaks less than twelve thousand feet in height, and glaciers on a rather moderate scale, could hardly spend a week more pleasantly than in wandering along this northern face of the western Oberland, where a crowd of tourists has not yet quite effaced all vestiges of a more primitive life, and the people still retain their self-respect. The other valley also—that of the Kander—is very beautiful, though wilder than the Simmenthal. It leads southward, by the far-famed Gemmi Pass, which has already received its share of illustration in these pages. Not far from where the winding path turns aside to scale the crags which hem in the upper valley of the Kander, a torrent rushes from a narrow cleft in the limestone-rock—so narrow, that at the first glance there seems no road for anything which has not wings; there is, however, room for a narrow track among great fallen blocks and ice-born boulders of rock, which leads to a pass at the head of the valley, a good deal frequented in former days, before the Gemmi was made practicable for beasts of burden. Now, however, it is rarely used, and even the valley is seldom visited: a glance into its depths from a part of the Gemmi track which at one place approaches the edge of the cliffs being all that travelers, except some of the more zealous Alpine climbers, know of the Gasteren Thal—one of the wildest glens in the Oberland.

As the steamer ascends the lake of Thun, grand views are obtained of the snowy peaks of the central Oberland—now of the great ridge of the Blümlis Alp, now of the more raised group of the Altels and its neighbors around the Gemmi Pass, now of the grander forms of the Maiden Peak, with her constant attendants, the Monk and the Giant. Glimpses, too, are obtained of the triple summit of the Wetterhorn, the “Peak of Tempests.” But the grandest of all is one view of the Schreckhorn, the “Peak of Terror.” In such a country as Switzerland, it is difficult to assign the palm of beauty; but we can hardly remember any view that we have seen which is so perfect in all respects as this. The outline of the mountain, always, as the name implies, grand and awful, here assumes an unwonted grace, which, like the flowing folds of royal robes, softens without weakening the majesty of its crags. It closes a vista of folding cliffs and pine-clad slopes in the lower ranges, whose lines form, with those of the peak, a composition absolutely perfect; while for a foreground, in exquisite contrast with the sombre purple of the rocks and of the pines, is the blue lake reflecting the yet bluer heaven.

A broad green strath now bars the way. The lake comes to an end before its proper time, as we are inclined to think, not only because we are far from satiated with its beauty, but because at first sight there seems no reason why it should end. The great cliffs and steep mountain-sides can be traced up into the heart of the mountains, rising from the level floor of the valley just as they rise from the water on either side of us. The plain on which Interlaken stands seems an interference

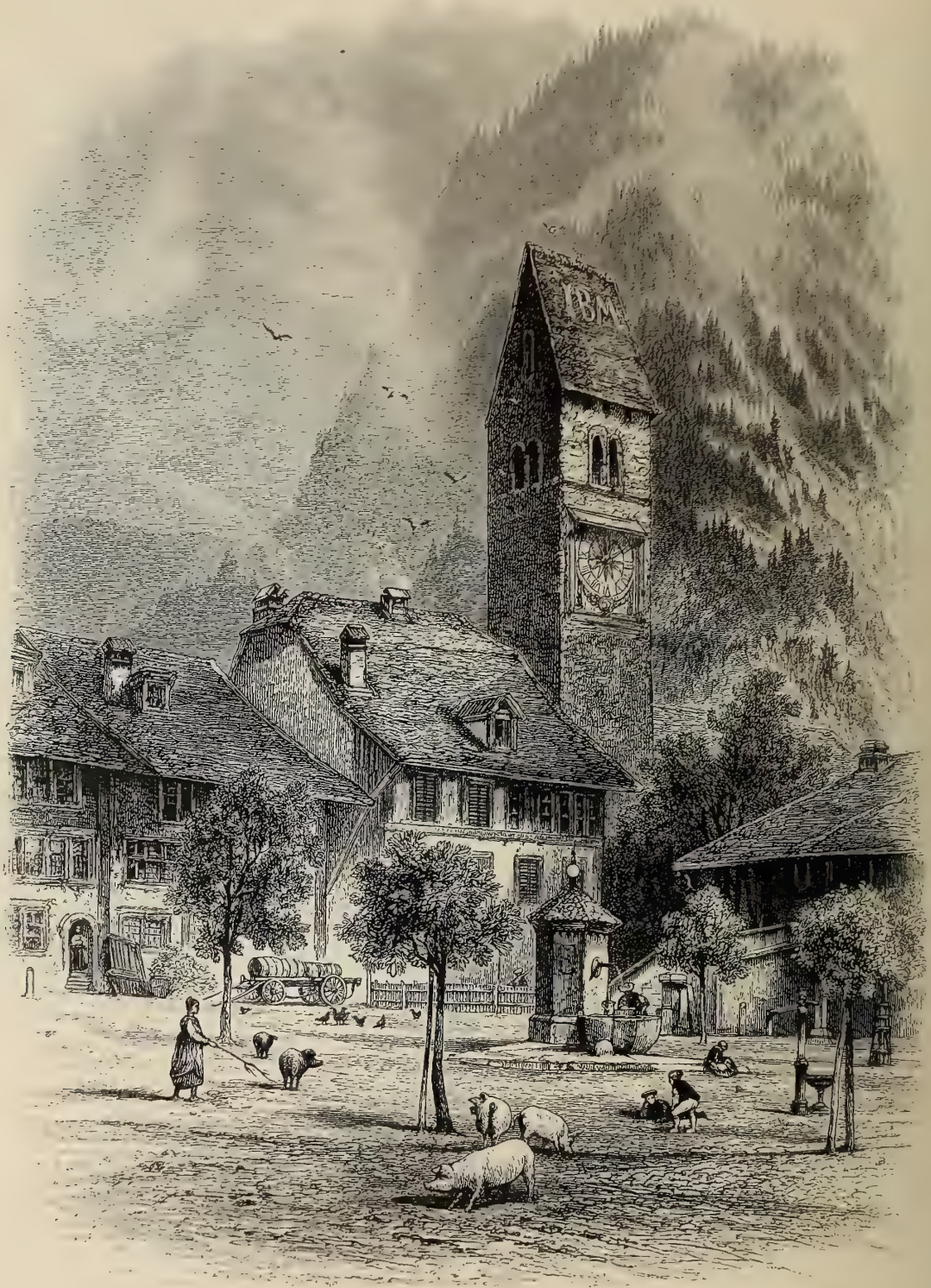
with the continuity of the lake of Thun, and so it is. Time was—though how long ago we cannot say: long before the days of the pile-builders, perhaps before the days when the savage hunters chased the reindeer in the valleys of the Dordogne, and



Houses at Unterseen.

shaped the flint-stones into rude weapons on the then frozen shores of Britain—time was, when Thun and Brienz formed but one lake, and there was water many a score of fathoms deep where now are laid the foundations of the Interlaken hotels. The strath is, in fact, nothing but a great delta. For centuries, perhaps for centuries of centuries, the stream of the Lütchine has been transporting through that gap in the southern wall of the valley the ruins of the Oberland mountains. From the Wetterhorn to the Breithorn all the glaciers and torrents which are ceaselessly carving into crag and peak the northern face of the great central chain, discharge their spoil into the two

branches of the Lütchine. Nearly opposite to this, another though smaller stream comes down from a considerable valley among the mountains on the north. Thus the



Unterseen.

joint deltas have spanned the valley, and all but bridged the lake, and the Aar swings in its serpentine path, now to one side, now to another, as its course is obstructed by the deposits of its tributaries.

Flat, and not over-salubrious, as is this delta, the beauty and the convenience of the situation have made it populous, and the neighborhood of the river is almost a continuous cluster of villages. Neuhaus, the old place of debarkation, on the lake



The Jungfrau, from Interlaken.

of Thun, now superseded by the railway-station of Därligen, was almost united to Unterseen, whence you cross the Aar to Interlaken and its picturesque suburb of Aarmuhle. Unterseen is the oldest settlement, for that existed long before the days of the Alpine Club,

or of "personally-conducted tours." It is still in part a thoroughly characteristic old Swiss small town, with an open place for business and pleasure, where bargains are drawn and bowls played, and with narrow, lumpy, bumpy streets, paved with cobble-stones; houses dark and gloomy, some built of rough, unhewed stone, some of great logs of pine, some half-and-half. The stones, where not splashed with obtrusive whitewash, are dark and rugged; the logs are brown, almost black, with age

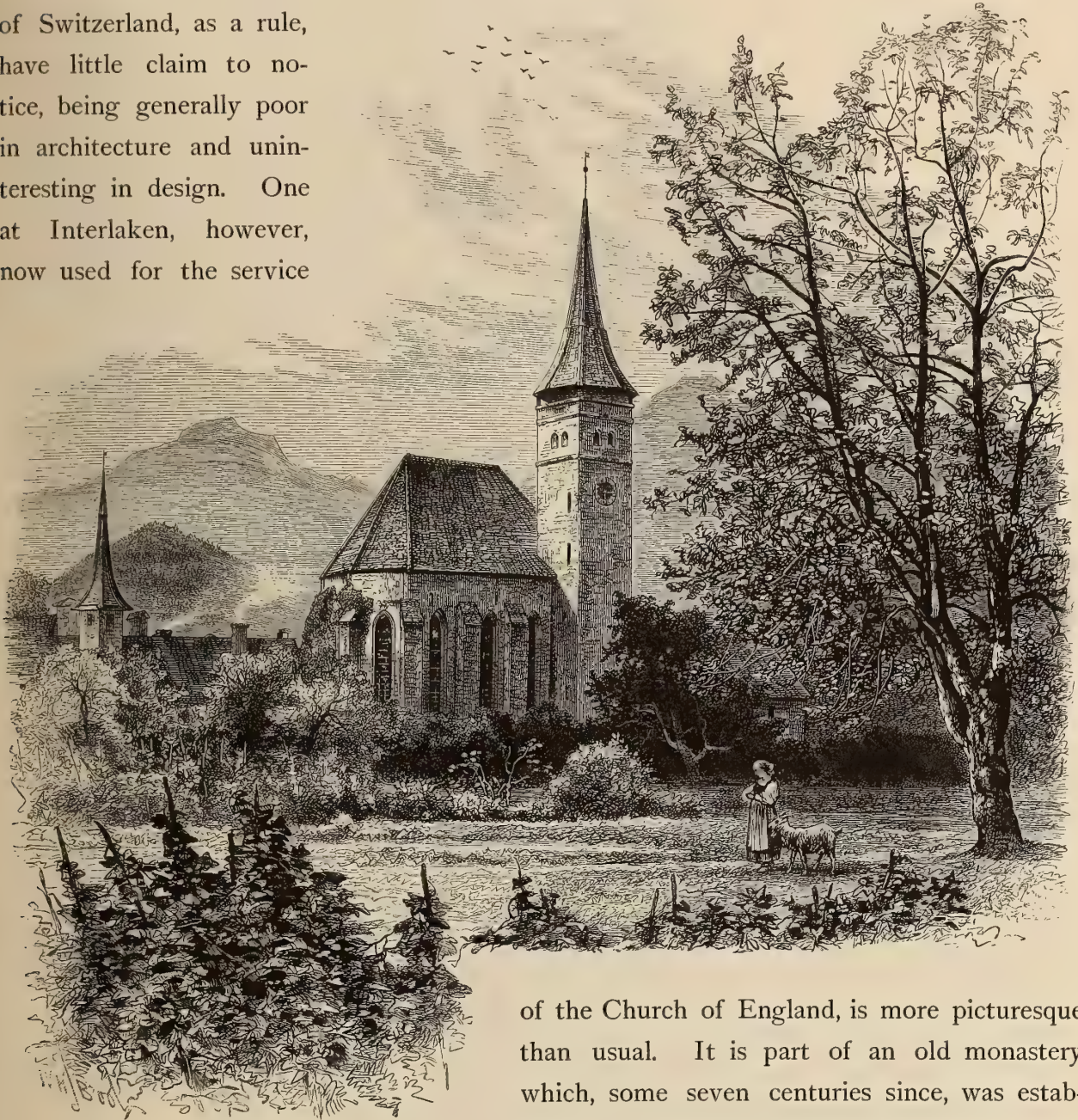
and smoke. The shingle roofs, secured by great bowlders, overhang and darken the already dimmed glass of the windows; everything is rude and rough, and rather dirty, but wonderfully picturesque. A marvelous contrast to the Parisian elegance which greets the eye on crossing the Aar to the hotels of Interlaken. There the reek of the pine-wood smoke—an odor as characteristic of Switzerland as that of peat is of the Highlands—flavored by other odors less salubrious, but not less characteristic of an Alpine village, is replaced by the scent of choice garden flowers, and the old tumble-down houses are exchanged for a line of palaces, which might have been transplanted from the quays of Geneva or the Rue de Rivoli. It is a change, doubtless, in many respects for the better; but still, to the artist the chalet recalls the pleasures of the pencil, the Grand Hôtel des Flâneurs only the pleasures of the palate.

These hotels are for the most part arranged in order along the northern side of a road shaded by fine trees, chiefly walnuts. The other side is unobstructed by buildings, and the green meadows extend up to the opening of the Lütschine Valley. This road, the Höheweg, is the grand promenade of Interlaken. Here the fashionable world lounges up and down; seemingly, as a rule, the more bored in proportion as it is the more fashionable. In fact, writers of repute do not hesitate to draw uncomplimentary comparisons between the vacuous and fatuous expressions exhibited in the faces of loungers along the Höheweg and the unhappy idiots in their asylum on the heights above—extremes, as is so often the case, almost meeting; the *crétin* of excessive civilization in the one place, of defective civilization in the other. But, be this as it may, there are few places which offer an odder admixture than the promenade of Interlaken. There every nationality in Europe may be seen, and almost a Babel of tongues be heard. There are Parisian dandies with lacquered boots, and women who owe all to art, nothing to nature, side by side with pedestrians in the heaviest of shoes and the roughest of shooting-coats. There is a face all rouge and pearl-powder, and there one blistered by the sun, with the skin peeling off. There, sturdy peasants from the Alps, in their rude frieze suits, jostle the *flâneur* of the boulevard, and the ragged goat-boy drives his herd over the lady's waddling pug. There are itinerant minstrels and peddlers by the dozen; sellers of flowers, and fruits, and wooden knick-knacks of all sorts. And so the queer procession passes up and down, while the rocks rise around, and the stately pines stand in serried ranks on the steep mountain-side, and the snowy summits gleam above in their solemn grandeur.

Interlaken, as it has often been said, is a place of one view. To the north, is almost overhung by lofty limestone-craggs, grand, but oppressive, like a prison-wall; to right and to left there is but little distant outlook; but, in front, the Lütschine Valley opens out from the very heart of the Oberland chain. On its right bank, the craggy, pine-clad buttresses of the Schynige Platte descend steeply to the meadows; on its left, the great wall of precipices below the pastures of Mürren falls down yet more abruptly,

and in the vista thus opened rise the mighty cliffs and glaciers of the Jungfrau. In all the range of the Alps there is no other view where wild grandeur and pastoral beauty are so remarkably contrasted and yet so harmoniously blended.

The village churches of Switzerland, as a rule, have little claim to notice, being generally poor in architecture and uninteresting in design. One at Interlaken, however, now used for the service



Church at Interlaken.

of the Church of England, is more picturesque than usual. It is part of an old monastery which, some seven centuries since, was established in this fertile site, and enjoyed at one time a considerable reputation.

From Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, up the valley of which we have been speaking, is a walk of a couple of hours, pleasant enough in the coolness of the early morning, but more fitted for carriage-traveling at all other hours of the day. A maxim indeed prevails, among many of the more active Alpine tourists, never to walk on a carriage-road, but it is one to which I have never fully subscribed. Of course, when the sun is high above the horizon, and the road is a desert of burning white dust, no one will

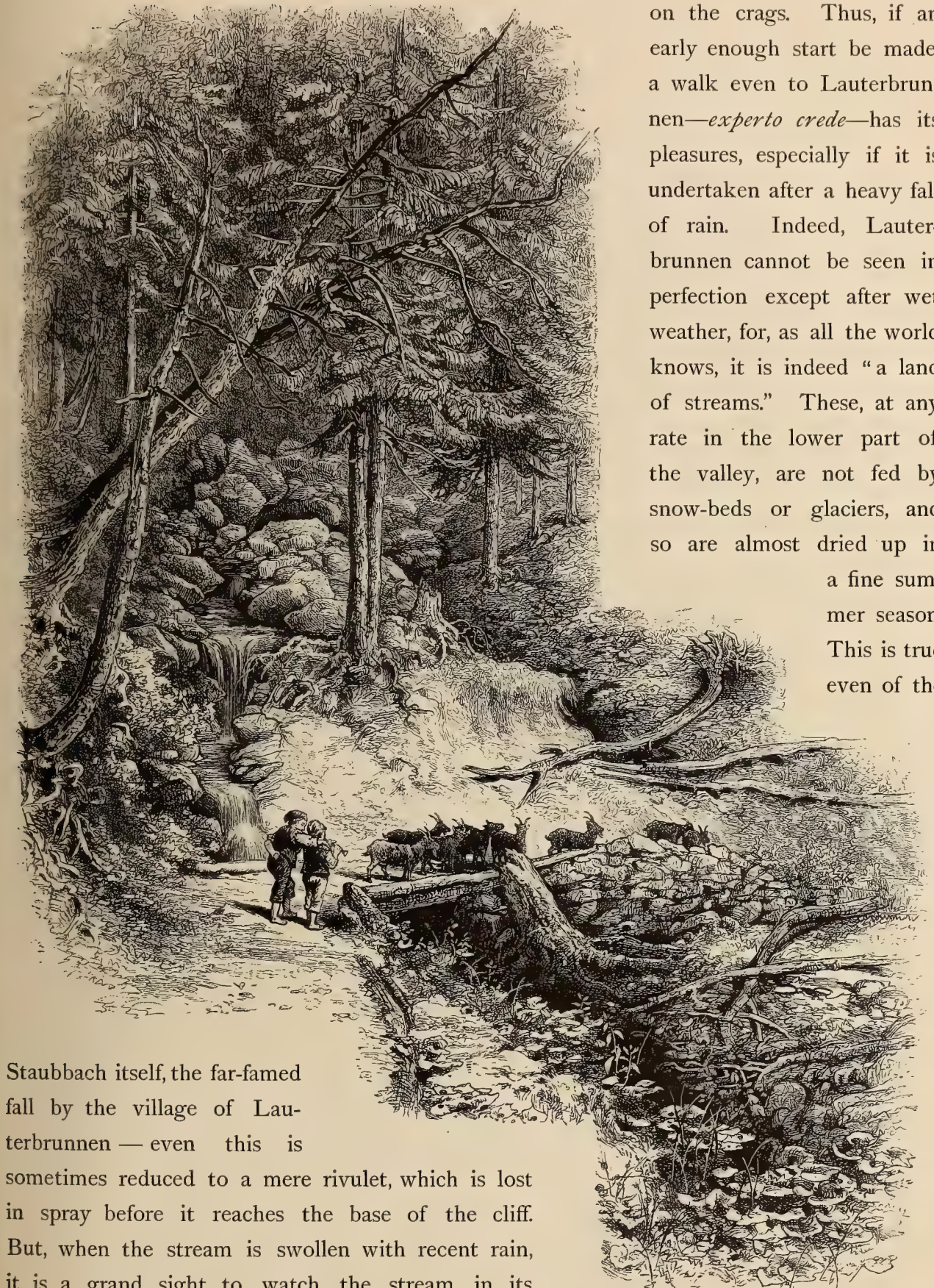
walk upon it who can afford a carriage, or even drive upon it if he can help it; but in showery weather, or in the earliest morning hours, when the night dews are still heavy on the ground, and the cool air is redolent with the scents of the meadow-herbs, a walk, even in such a valley as that near Interlaken, is not without its pleasures; while on the higher passes a carriage-road has not a few advantages. Often on the



Head of the Staubbach.

rough mountain-paths the need of attending to the footing distracts the attention from the scenery, for gazing too intently on the distance may result in trips and stumbles, while on a well-made road one progresses mechanically, with the mind free to note every flower by the wayside, every sparkle of the dew-drop on the blades of grass and needles of pine, every changing tint in the sunlight as it kindles the beacon-fires on the

peaks, and creeps downward on the crags. Thus, if an early enough start be made, a walk even to Lauterbrunnen—*experto crede*—has its pleasures, especially if it is undertaken after a heavy fall of rain. Indeed, Lauterbrunnen cannot be seen in perfection except after wet weather, for, as all the world knows, it is indeed “a land of streams.” These, at any rate in the lower part of the valley, are not fed by snow-beds or glaciers, and so are almost dried up in a fine summer season. This is true even of the



Staubbach itself, the far-famed fall by the village of Lauterbrunnen — even this is sometimes reduced to a mere rivulet, which is lost in spray before it reaches the base of the cliff. But, when the stream is swollen with recent rain, it is a grand sight to watch the stream in its leap down that mighty wall of limestone, three

On the way to Mürren.

hundred yards vertical, "like a downward smoke, slow-dropping veil of thinnest lawn."

High above the left bank of the valley is the tiny hamlet of Mürren. A rough path leads up to it from Lauterbrunnen village, turning the great cliff by a ravine to the north of the Staubbach. As you mount the stony zigzags—a hot and toilsome ascent on a bright summer afternoon—and leave the green meadows of Lauterbrunnen, spread out like a carpet beneath, yet grander views are obtained of the vast craggy wall which seems to bar the valley, and the glaciers of the Jungfrau rise over the gloomy recesses of the Trummletenthal—a wild and gloomy glen, strewn with avalanche *débris* from the icy crags above. As we ascend through boulders, and brushwood, and scattered pines, the great glacier-filled crevices beneath the northern peak of the Virgin Mountain, and the exquisitely pure snows of the attendant Silberhorn, lift themselves higher and higher above the great Alp, so well known to all travelers over the Lesser Scheidegg. The pines thicken around us, and the Alpine flowers begin to peep out among the stones; then we bear away to the left, and cross the stream which feeds the Staubbach—a burn such as one might find on the fells of Westmoreland or the Clwyd hills—a limpid stream, leaping down over boulders and rocky ledges to its last great plunge over the limestone precipice. Beyond this, our path lies chiefly along Alpine pastures, which slope down steeply—sometimes almost too steeply for those who are disposed to be nervous—to the edge of the cliff, which runs for some miles without a break. The view from this gigantic natural terrace is certainly one of the grandest in the Oberland. Far below, in part concealed by the green slopes beneath your feet, lie the meadows of Lauterbrunnen. Beyond these are the bleak, dreary glens, by local legend aptly assigned as the haunts of evil spirits, which run up into the crags west of the Jungfrau from the head of the valley. Across this—seeming, if it were possible, yet more beautiful in form by contrast with the rather monotonous outline of the above range—rises the noble mountain triad which we have so often mentioned, the Eiger. This peak, to the left, like an advanced bastion, always a noble object, is from the neighborhood of Mürren singularly beautiful, as it takes the form of a gigantic, sharply-pointed pyramid—dark rock on one face, and pure snow on the other. Next to it is the craggy Mönch, and the Jungfrau. This last, however, is not so well seen from Mürren itself as from the approach, for it is partly masked by an enormous crag of dark rock, a gigantic buttress called the Black Monk, which thrusts itself almost too obtrusively forward, rather dwarfing and disfiguring the beautiful Jungfrau.

We must now trace our steps to the lake of Brienz, leaving for the present the magnificent scenery of Grindelwald, the mountain-metropolis of the northern Oberland, as Chamouni is of the region of Mont Blanc, and Zermatt of that of Monte Rosa. This lake, though perhaps hardly equal in scenery to that of Thun, has many beautiful

nooks, but the steepness of its banks generally excludes distant views. We must, however, mention, in passing, the Giessbach waterfalls, where a torrent descends from the high Alpine pastures to the lake, leaping down through pine-wood and over crags, crossing in its course a little glen—a sunny oasis in the dense forest.



Chalet at Brienz.

Across the water is the little town of Brienz, a pleasant and picturesque halting-place, where there is a brisk trade in wood-carving. Here, and at Interlaken and Meyringen, are made most of those toys which the returning traveler brings home as souvenirs of an Oberland tour—chamois with legs of the most inflexible type; strange-horned beasts, supposed to represent the steinbok, which many years ago disappeared from the Oberland mountains; bears of all sizes and ages, engaged in every conceivable occupation—wrestling, fighting, dining, drinking, smoking, keeping



THE WELLHORN, FROM ROSENLAUI.

school and shop; for to Canton Berne the bear is more than the wolf to Rome and the lion to Britain.

In the headquarters of wood-carving, the houses, of course, may be expected to show marks of especial care, and to be worthy to serve as types. One of our sketches represents a wooden dwelling-house of the better class, such as would be inhabited by the village doctor, the mayor, the parson, or the hotel-keeper's family. The great logs forming the walls are covered with small plates of wood, the ends of which are cut into a shield-like pattern. These overlap one another, forming a sort of scale-armor. The windows are protected by jalousies, as a defense against the sun and the storm. On the sills are boxes filled with geraniums and crimson carnations. The Swiss, as a rule, do not seem to pay much attention to ornamental gardening, but generally make an exception in favor of their window-sills, which, even in the poorest cottages, are often bright with flowers. Over this house a rarer luxury—a vine—has been trained. The other sketch (*see* initial illustration) shows the sort of house which is inhabited by a guide, or a small tradesman, or any peasant a little above the poorest. All the work is rougher and plainer. One window exhibits a frequent decoration—some bedding hung out to air; and, did you sleep there, you would understand the need of this process; but here, too, the little box of flowers may be seen. The galleries shown in both sketches are often used as out-door storehouses, and commonly give access to the first floor without passing through the house.

Some seven miles above the lake of Brienz, and at the base of the mountain, on a level plain, which the Aar has built up in the course of ages (for the lake must once have extended as far as the rocky barrier of the Kirchel), is the pretty town of Meyringen, also devoted to wood-carving, and a busy place in summer, as it stands at the junction of the main road up the Hasli Thal with the carriage-road from Lucerne by the Brunig Pass, and the mule-track to Grindelwald by the Great Scheideck. At the foot of this is the little hamlet of Reichenbach, noted for its magnificent waterfall. Here, as at the Giessbach, the torrent plunges down the steep mountain-side in a series of leaps, but the volume of water is far greater, the gorges are far wilder and deeper, and the whole scene is on a grander scale. The torrent descends from the glaciers of the Wellhorn and the Wetterhorn. We follow it, to take our leave of the Oberland in one of its grandest scenes. Artists and all lovers of the picturesque agree in counting Rosenlauri among the choicest gems of the Alps. True, the recent retreat of the glaciers has rather marred one of its most striking views, where crags of ice of exquisite blue once overhung a deep and dark ravine, at the bottom of which the torrent roared. Now they say (for I have not cared to visit it since the change) that there is a bare and dreary slope of rock where once were caverns and pinnacles of ice. But the beauty of the forest scenery is unimpaired, and that exquisite view of the craggy pyramid of the Wellhorn, which is eternal as the hills.

THE RHINE.

BOPPART TO DRACHENFELS.



Timber-Raft.

“O THE pride of the German heart,” writes Longfellow, “in this noble river!” And right it is; for, of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none more beautiful than this. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms. If I were a German, I would be proud of it, too; and of the clustering grapes that hang about its temples as it reels onward through vineyards in a triumphal march, like Bacchus crowned and drunken.

It is chiefly in the district of the Rheingau that the river is thus vine-crowned. But “Father Rhine,” the “stream,” in Victor Hugo’s words, “of warriors and of thinkers,” has more sober associations. As the traveler has slowly descended the river, or as he has looked down on its long reaches from the neighboring heights, he will have seen, and at first sight wondered at, the vast timber-rafts that float with the current, and bear onward the heaped-up spoils of many a remote forest among the mountains. One or two of these rafts are shown in our illustrations. Formerly the rafts were nine hundred or even a thousand feet in length. Now they are seldom more than six hundred, and the breadth never exceeds two hundred and fifty feet. The growth of the raft is, however, very gradual. Trees felled on the heights or in the forests bordering the many tributaries of the Rhine are committed to the rushing

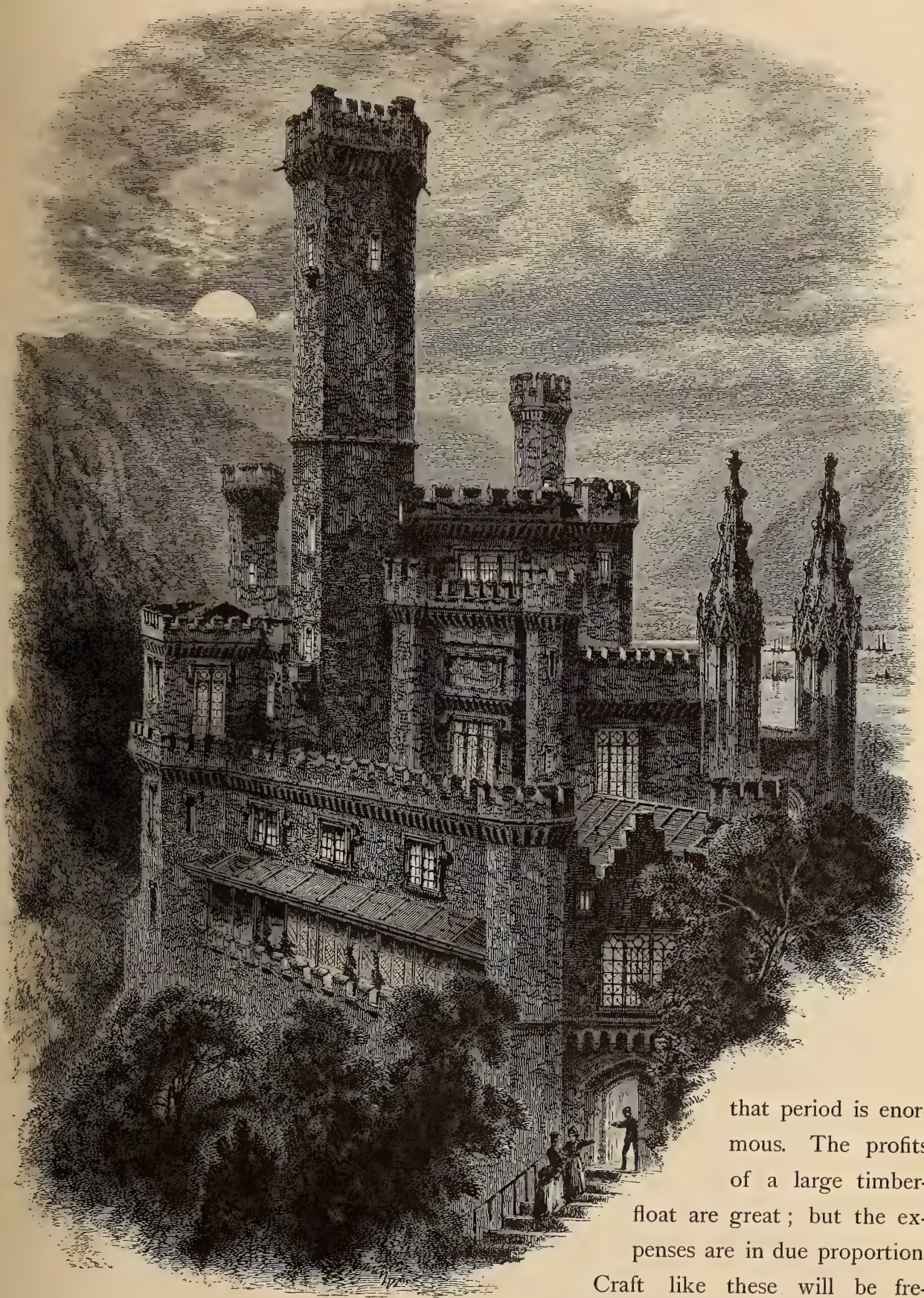
mountain-stream, wherever its waters are sufficient to float them. As the stream enlarges, the logs are caught, bound together, and again set afloat, until at length they reach the great river. At different stations, such a bundle of logs is enlarged by the joining to it of other bundles, which have been floated down other streams. When it reaches the lower part of the Rhine, the fabric is more carefully built up, and the raft is navigated to Dordrecht, where the timber is sold. This is for the most part



Niederalhnstein.

oak and pine. Huts for the rowers and workmen are built on the raft, and the captain has a raised platform from which he can direct their movements. The raft, when finally built up, is fastened by chains and rivets, and is planked with rough deals. The navigation is often difficult; and for a long time it was believed that the secret of safe steering was entirely confined to a boatman of Rüdesheim and his sons. This monopoly, however, has been swept away, and every raft now has its skilled and experienced pilot. A raft-voyage from Bingen to Dordrecht sometimes takes no less than six weeks, and the amount of provisions consumed by the vast "crew" during





Stolzenfels Castle.

that period is enormous. The profits of a large timberfloat are great; but the expenses are in due proportion. Craft like these will be frequently encountered in the narrow gorge of the Rhine, through

which we are winding onward from Boppard. We are still among fortress-crowned heights—

“And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells;”

and we shall speedily find ourselves frowned upon by fortresses which are neither chiefless nor ruined. First appears Marksburg, on its conical rock—a mediæval stronghold, in which the Emperor Henry IV. was certainly confined, although the cell which is pointed out as having been his prison has more doubtful claims on your attention. Marksburg overlooks the town of Braubach—larger but less picturesque than that of Rhense, a little lower down on the opposite bank of the river. The timber houses of Rhense may well delay the antiquary and the artist. The place has been little altered since the seventeenth century; and there are many buildings which may well be of the fourteenth. Rhense belonged to the Elector of Cologne; and, as the territories of the three other Rhenish electors were close at hand—Lahnstein, belonging to Mainz; Stolzenfels, to Trèves; and Braubach, to the Palatinate—the Königsstuhl, where the electors met for consultation, and especially for the election of the emperor, was set up on the left bank of the Rhine, a little below Rhense. It is an open arched platform, with stone seats round it for the electors—seven in number. The old “stuhl” was pulled down in 1807; but it has been rebuilt, in its original shape, and in part with the old materials.

So we advance to Oberlahnstein, where the beautiful stream of the Lahn enters the Rhine on the right bank. Higher up, the Lahn Valley is much wooded. The confluence is best seen from the “proud rock” of Stolzenfels, nearly opposite; and from that famous castle the view up and down the greater river is so wide, so fine, and so historic, that it may well have prompted the “farewell” of Childe Harold:

“Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine.
The mind is colored by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days!”

The castle itself, picturesque and striking as it is, is hardly the Stolzenfels of the Archbishop of Trèves. In that mediæval castle Isabella, the sister of Henry III. of England, was lodged when, in 1235, she journeyed eastward from Cologne as the bride of the Emperor Frederick II., the “wonder of the world.” It remained in tolerable

condition until the French, in 1689, reduced it to a mass of ruin; and in this state Stolzenfels was presented by the town of Coblentz, in 1825, to the then Crown-Prince of Prussia. By this prince (the late King of Prussia) the castle was rebuilt, rather



Ehrenbreitstein.

than restored, at a great cost. Roads were constructed, plantations and gardens were laid out, and the walls of the new chapel and great hall were covered with fresco-paintings by Deger and Stilke. There is an armory, where are preserved the swords of sundry heroes, including those of Tilly, Alva, Sobieski, and Blücher. Swords said to have belonged to the first Napoleon and to Murat were at one time in this

collection, but these have been stolen—perhaps by some indignant soldier of the *grande armée* who did not care that such relics should be exposed to the gaze of exulting Teutons. In spite of its modern restoration, the position of Stolzenfels, and the great mass of the castle, with its lofty and dominating towers, render it one of the most imposing of Rhenish strongholds.

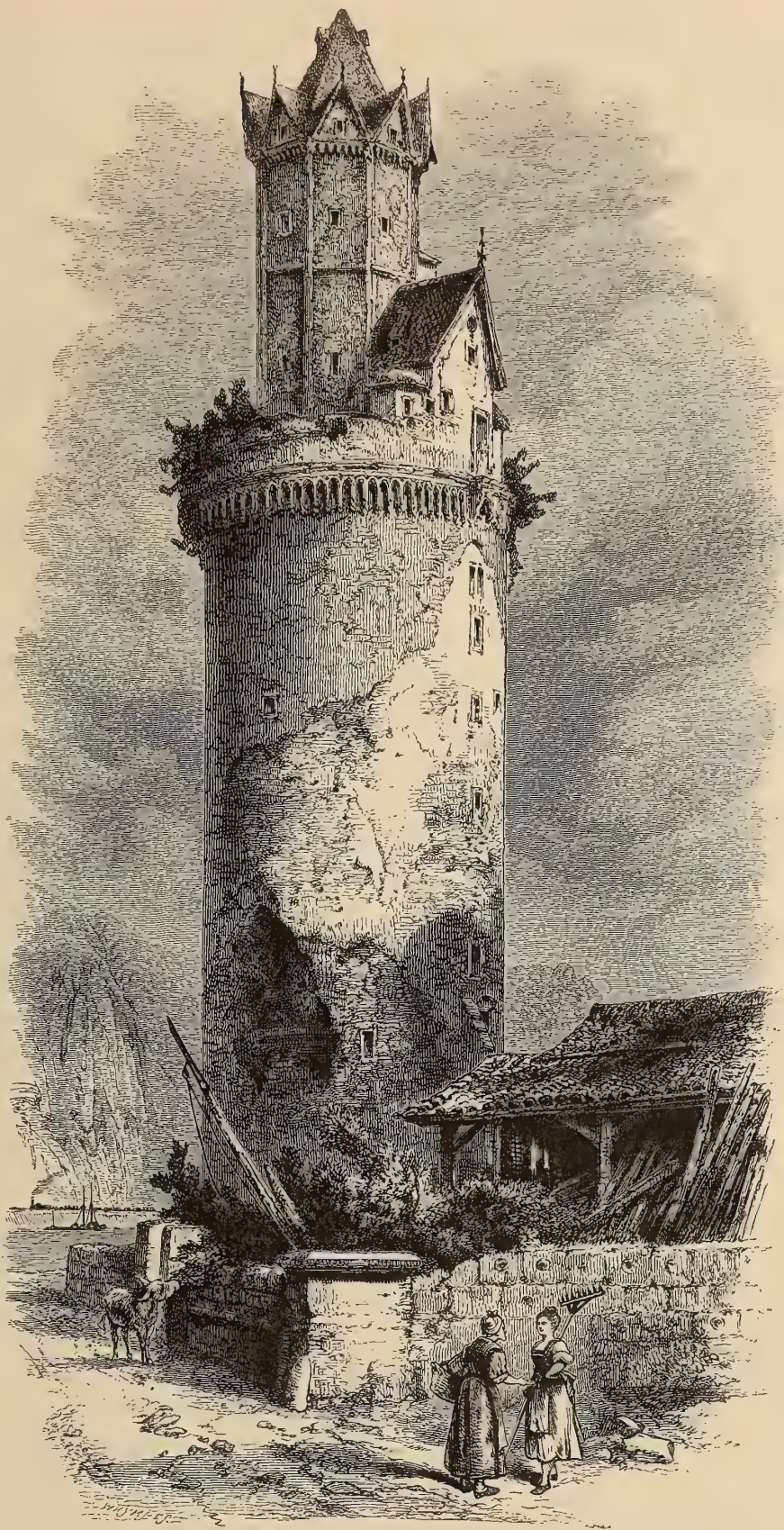


Old Gate at Andernach.

Niederlahnstein, on the right bank of the Lahn, opposite Stolzenfels, is remarkable as the point where the Russians, under St. Priest, crossed the Rhine in 1814. Our illustration shows one of the quaint old houses which linger here, as in nearly all the river-side villages. Soon the Rhine divides its current, to form the island of Oberwerth, where an ancient nunnery has been converted into a country-house; and as Coblenz

comes into view, with the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on the opposite bank, we prepare to take leave of the most romantic portion of the river. The narrow gorge ceases here, and the Rhine becomes a broader stream. But it is this rocky gorge, from Co-blentz to Bingen, which is most truly characteristic of the great water "high-way" of Germany. Picturesque towns and villages—we are quoting Victor Hugo—"are mingled with the wildest Nature. Mists hang in the ravines. The clouds on the hill-sides seem to linger, and to wait for the wind which shall carry them away. Sombre Druidical forests hide themselves among mountains in the gray distance. Huge birds of prey float under a capricious sky, which has something of the two climates separated by the Rhine, and is sometimes bright with sunshine, like an Italian heaven, and sometimes dim with russet fog, like the heaven of Greenland. The bank is rough,

the waves are blue, the basalts are black; everywhere sparkle mica and quartz; everywhere are vast rifts and fissures, and the rocks have the profiles of giants. . . . It is



Tower at Andernach.

clear that Nature, in forming the Rhine, had designed a desert. Man has made a street of the river—a street of soldiers in the days of the barbarians and of the Romans; a street of priests all through the middle ages, when it was bordered almost throughout its course by ecclesiastical states; but in these days a street of travelers and of merchants.”

At Coblentz the Moselle joins the Rhine. Hence the name of the place, which represents the Roman Confluentes—the “confluence” of the two rivers. At this point the Rhine bristles with fortifications. The town of Coblentz is itself surrounded by ramparts, and there are large outworks commanding the valley of the Moselle. The forts on the opposite bank, of which Asterstein is the principal, are not less strong. The lower works of Ehrenbreitstein are almost on a level with the river, and the upper fort contains at least forty-six thousand stand of arms. The whole is a vast fortified camp, and is almost unique in its way. All this “engine of war” is set down in the midst of exquisite scenery; and the views from the bridge which crosses the Rhine, and from the neighboring heights, are all fine. For the finest of all we climb the “broad stone of honor”—“Ehrenbreitstein”—which commands, from the opposite bank, the junction of the two rivers. This was long a chief stronghold of the Archbishops of Treves. Its position, on a detached promontory, rendered it almost impregnable; and though Vauban directed operations against it in 1688, when the place was besieged by Marshal Boufflers, and Louis XIV. himself repaired to it in order to witness its fall, Ehrenbreitstein held out successfully, and the great monarch was compelled to retire unsatisfied. In 1799 it did fall into the hands of the French, after a long and terrible siege. The garrison was starved out. The French held it until after the Peace of Luneville, and blew it up when they retired. It is to this history that Byron refers:

“Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miner’s blast upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light.
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain;
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer’s rain,
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.”

The rock, as has been said, has been refortified, and it is now protected by about four hundred cannon. Three lines of defenses cross what may be regarded as the neck of the promontory. The great platform on the top serves as a parade-ground.

Coblentz is one—perhaps the chief—of the four great fortresses of the Rhine. Mentz is, perhaps, stronger, as it is certainly larger. But Coblentz has special features

which give it unusual interest. It has no such cathedral as Strasburg, the last acquired of these German fortresses, although its ancient churches are of considerable architectural importance. Nor is it by any means so rich in picturesque old houses as that famous and unfortunate city.

No soldier, at any rate, will find himself at Coblenz without visiting the tombs of Marceau and of Hoche, near the fort of Petersberg on the Moselle:

“By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.”

Marceau fell, a young man, in the battle of Altenkirchen, September 21, 1796. He is one of those (Hoche, Kléber, and Desaix, are also named) whose glory, according



Last View of Andernach.

to M. Thiers, was not lessened because they did not live to become marshals. “Ils ont eu l'honneur de mourir citoyens et libres.”

Still floating down with the stream, we admire the distant views of Ehrenbreitstein, and the pleasant villages grouped along the banks, until we reach, on the right bank, the mouth of the Sayn River. The wooded valley of the Sayn is beautiful, and on its bordering heights are perched castles which have played their full part in the “robber”

story of the country. Cæsar's second passage of the Rhine was probably made at this point, by means of a bridge thrown by his troops across the river. Then follows Neuwied, with the Schloss of its prince, in which is preserved a large collection of Roman antiquities, gathered from the buried city of Victoria, brought to light in 1791; but the river-banks here are flat, and comparatively uninteresting. We hasten onward to Andernach, where the mountains once more approach the stream, and the town itself, one of the most ancient on the Rhine—it was the Roman *Antoniacum*—is not unattractive. Here is the view which Victor Hugo looked upon from his window, and which appears in part in our illustrations: "I have before me, at the foot of a steep hill which allows me to see but a narrow strip of sky, a beautiful tower of the

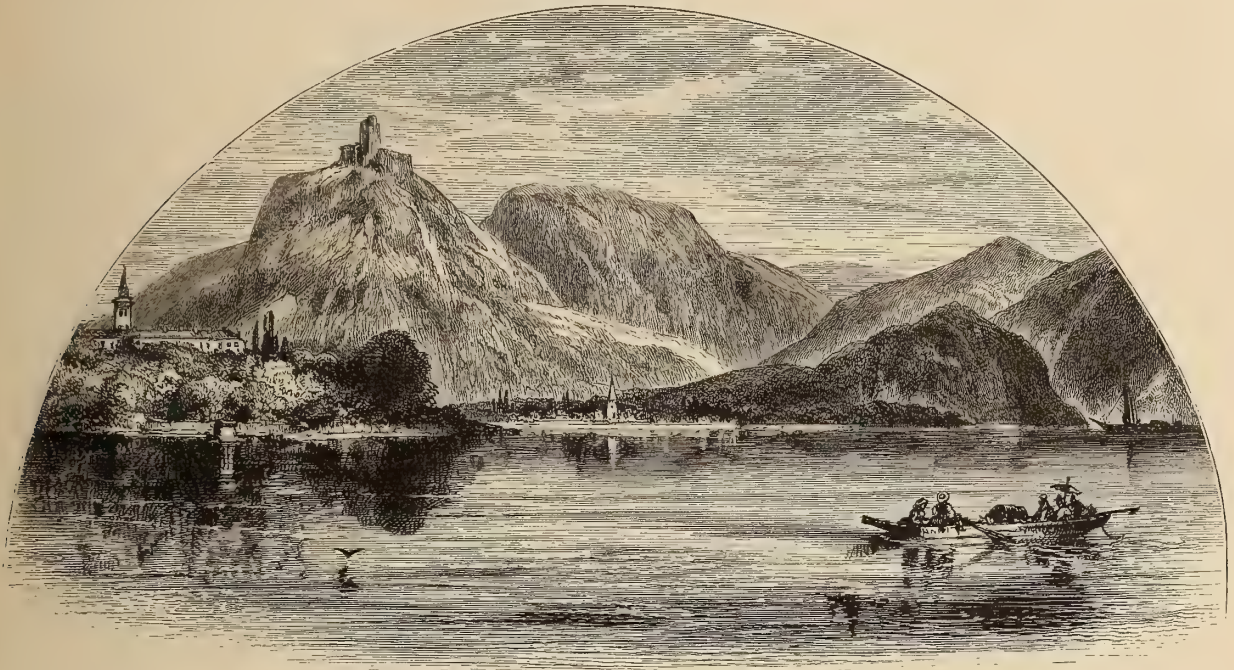


Remagen.

thirteenth century, from which rises—a charming complication, which I have never seen elsewhere—a lesser octagonal tower, crowned by a conical roof. On my right is the Rhine, and the pretty white village of Leutersdorf, seen among trees. On my left are the four Byzantine towers of a magnificent church of the eleventh century, two at the portals, two at the apse. The two great towers of the portals have an outline unusual, but fine. They are square towers, capped by four triangular gables. Under my window gather in perfect harmony fowls, ducks, and children; and a little farther off, peasants are busy among their vines." This Andernach of Victor Hugo still exists, and may still be enjoyed by those who, like the great French poet, are alive to the beauty of every-day sights and groupings. Part of the church may, indeed, belong to the eleventh or even to the tenth century; but the western towers, at least, are of later date. There are many curious sculptures and bass-reliefs. The tower, with its octagonal upper portion, dates from 1520, and is one of the watch-towers by the river; and the picturesque gate represented in our illustration opens

on the road to Coblenz. A great palace of the Archbishops of Cologne lies in ruins not far beyond it.

With a pleasant "last view" we take our farewell of Andernach. Here the mountains again approach the river, and the defile is grand; but there is little of especial note until we reach Remagen, once the Roman Rigomagus. The remarkable gateway near the church, which is undoubtedly of very early date, may well have been attached to a palace of the Frankish kings, and is covered with sculptures not easily explained, but having a curious resemblance to others of still earlier character found in Sweden and the north. Opposite Remagen rise the basaltic precipices of the Erpeler Lei, more



Off Nonnenwerth, Drachenfels.

than seven hundred feet high, hollowed into quarries from which paving-stones are extracted, and converted in part into a vineyard. The vines are planted in crevices of the basalt. But the chief point of interest at Remagen is the Apollinarisberg, the rocky platform which rises on the left bank of the Rhine, a little west of the town. Here is the modern church of St. Apollinaris, whose head is the principal relic preserved in it. The body of St. Apollinaris was brought from Rome, together with those of St. Felix and St. Nabor, by Archbishop Reynold, of Cologne. These treasures were destined for the city of the three kings; but, as they were conveyed down the river, the ship in which they were stopped opposite Remagen, and could in no way be moved, until the archbishop prayed that the saints would more clearly manifest their wishes. Then the ship moved toward Remagen, and the bells of St. Martin's Church there began to ring of themselves. The shrine was opened, the relics were lifted out, and when those of St. Apollinaris were exposed, the bells suddenly ceased ringing. This was accepted as a

sign that the saint desired to rest at Remagen. There his relics were accordingly left, and the ship, with the others, passed joyously onward to Cologne. Since that day the relics of the saint have undergone many vicissitudes, and only a portion of them remain in the present shrine. The church, designed by Zwirner, the restorer of the cathedral at Cologne, is indifferent. The Gothic revival in Germany has hardly equaled the Gothic revival in England; but the frescoes which cover the walls are by Deger, Ittenbach, and A. and C. Müller, and they rank among the best works of the modern German school. The story of St. Apollinaris is well illustrated. In one transept, the statue of Jupiter, at the prayer of the saint, falls from the pedestal in the presence of the Roman emperor; in the other, St. Apollinaris restores to life the daughter of the Governor of Ravenna.

The market-place of Unkel, on the right bank, nearly opposite the Appollinarisberg, contains some picturesque old houses; and the basaltic columns of the Unkelstein, fronting the village, are striking. They extend far into the bed of the Rhine, and have been partly blown up in order to afford more secure passage for the rafts. The hill is extensively quarried—indeed, the road on the left bank of the river is here for some distance hewed out of the rock.

On the right bank of the Rhine, between Linz and Unkel, a range of isolated bergs are in view at some distance from the river. These form no part of the famous Seven Mountains, which do not come into sight until we reach the island of Nonnenwerth, in the middle of the stream. Here we touch a great centre of Rhenish romance and tradition. First appears the ruined castle of Rolandseck, on the left bank. There is little more than a shattered arch and one or two turrets; but, in Longfellow's words, "the ruined tower still looks down upon the Kloster Nonnenwerth, as if the sound of the funeral-bell had changed the faithful paladin to stone, and he were watching still to see the form of his beloved one come forth, not from her cloister, but from her grave." The story is thus briefly told by Bulwer: "Roland the paladin, the nephew of the great Emperor Karl, goes to the wars. A false report of his death reaches his betrothed. She retires to the convent in the isle of Nonnenwerth, and takes the irrevocable veil. Roland returns home, flushed with glory and hope, to find that the very fidelity of his affianced had placed an eternal barrier between them. He built the castle which bears his name, and which overlooks the monastery, and dwelt there to his death, happy in the power at least to gaze, even to the last, upon those walls which held the treasure he had lost." To hint that this world-famous story is but the "fabric of a dream" is cruel; but the resolution of ancient legend into its component parts is as much the natural tendency of the present century as the formation of legend was the natural outgrowth of mediæval times. We will not, however, analyze the history of Roland. It may be enough to say that the oldest form in which the name of the castle appears is Rulcheseck, while the island of the convent below is called Rulcheswerth. "Rulch"

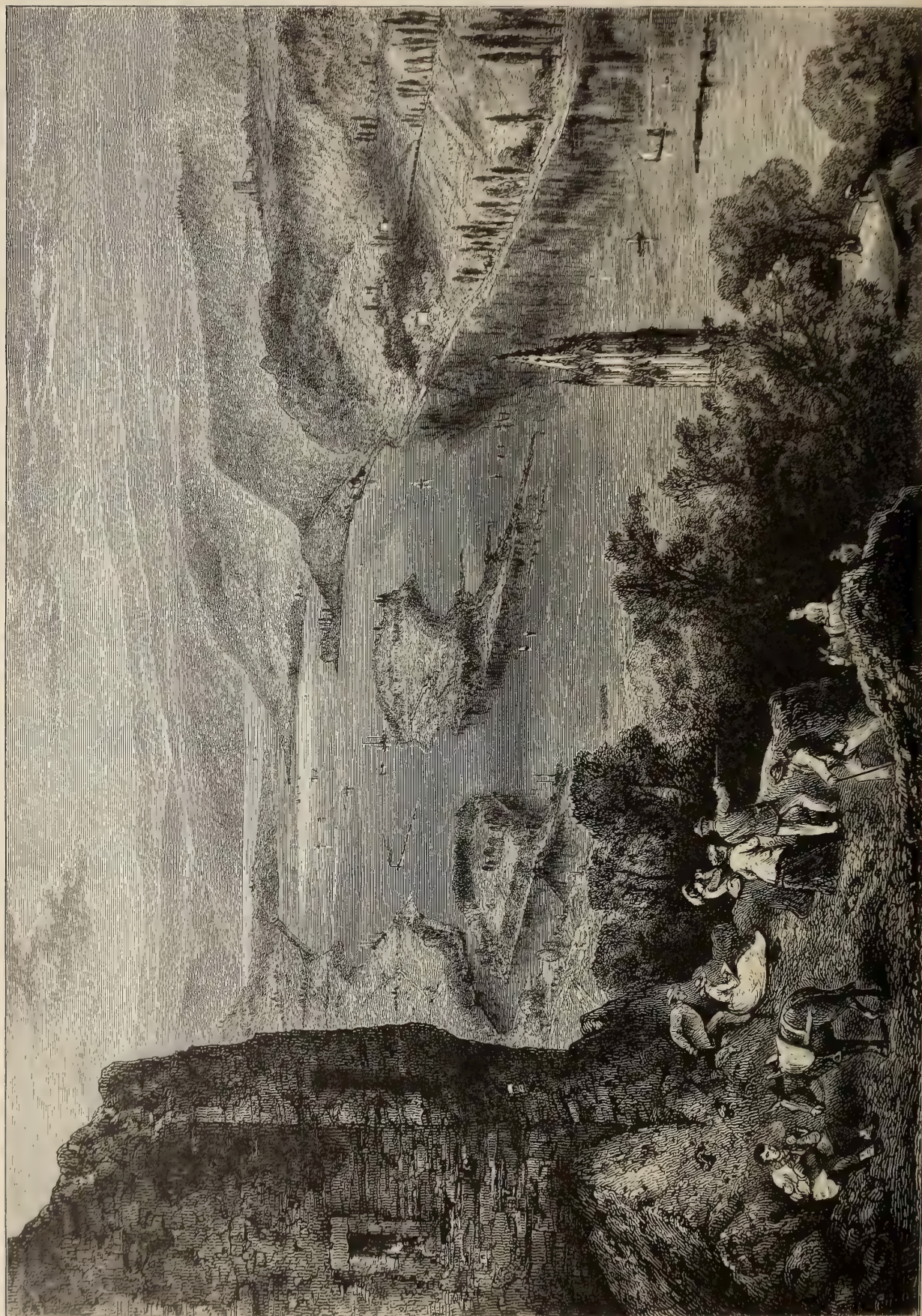
may easily have suggested "Roland." The basaltic rock on which the castle stands is three hundred and forty feet above the Rhine. It commands a very picturesque view of the river. Road and railway pass close at the foot of the rock, between it and the Rhine. Through the gorge of Eliasschlucht it is easy to walk from the ridge of Rolandseck to the circular crater of the Rodenberg, a long-extinct volcano, one of many which once sent forth their streams of lava toward the Rhine and its tributaries. The pit of the Rodenberg crater is one hundred feet deep, and nearly a quarter of an English mile in diameter. Under the cornfields and the thin turf which clothes its sides lie tufa and scoriæ such as might be found in the craters of Vesuvius or of Etna.

The Nonnenwerth Island, with its buildings shrouded among trees, is still a "nun's island," though the first convent, in which the affianced of Roland is said to have been received, and the Ursuline nunnery built on its site in 1673, have alike disappeared. The house which now exists is occupied by Sisters of Charity. But here, as at Rolandseck, the present conditions are of little account. The old story comes at once to the front: "The willows droop in mournful luxuriance along the island, and harmonize with the memory that, through the desert of a thousand years, love still keeps green and fresh. Nor has it permitted even those additions of fiction which, like mosses, gather by time over the truth that they adorn—yet, adorning, conceal—to mar the simple tenderness of the legend."

As we pass the island, the famous Drachenfels—"the rock of the dragon"—comes into view. It carries us back to a legend more ancient and more grim than the Roland story; but the first sight of the Drachenfels recalls not so much the fight of Siegfried as Lord Byron's verses. Often as they have been quoted, and familiar as they may be, what sketch of the Rhineland would be complete without them?—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Beneath the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

"And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,



VIEW FROM THE DRACHENFELS.

And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

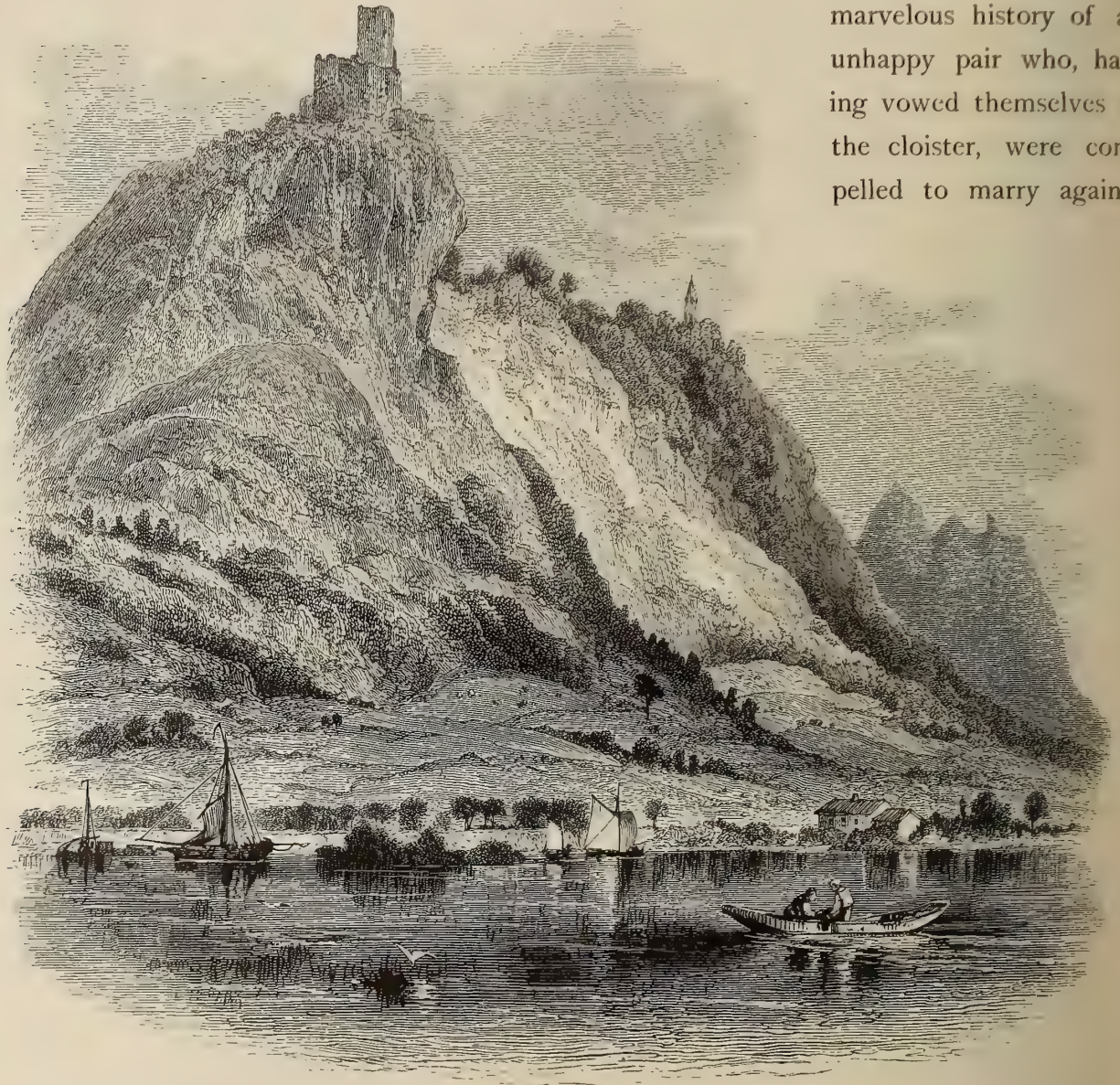
"The river nobly foams and flows;
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns, disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round.
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To Nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!"

The crag of Drachenfels, which rises one thousand and fifty-six feet above the river, is one of the group that is known as the "Siebengebirge," the "Seven Mountains," so called from the seven principal heights which dominate a number of lesser elevations. They are entirely volcanic, and are almost in every case crowned by a tower, chapel, or hermit's cell. The towers were strongholds of the Archbishops of Cologne; and one of them—that on the Löwenberg—was the place in which the Protestant archbishop, Gebhard Truchsess, took refuge in 1585, with his wife, Agnes von Mansfeldt. On the Drachenfels itself is a ruined keep-tower, sole relic of the castle of a noble race, long extinct, which was named from the mountain. The sides of the hill are covered with brushwood and undergrowth, through which the path winds toward the rocky summit. Hollowed in the trachyte of the mountain are the quarry called the "Dombruch," from which blocks of stone were taken for the building of Cologne Cathedral, and the cave of the dragon killed by the "horny" Siegfried, the hero of the "Nibelungenlied." A cloud of legend gathers round the wanderer as he climbs to the highest point; but the scene which there breaks on his sight is such as, for a time at least, to make him forget the old Rhine singers and their traditions. Here is living Nature in her highest beauty. Down the river the view extends for twenty miles, as far as Cologne. Eastward, the Rhine is shut in by the grand rocks which close over it. But in front, and stretching away on either hand, appear Bonn, with its hills and terraces; Remagen and the Apollinarisberg, with the Eifel range at the back; Nonnenwerth and Rolandseck, and the great crater of Rodenberg; and scattered over all the landscape are castles, hamlets, churches, cornfields, and vineyards; while wooded hills and deep gorges, "barred with level gleams of light across black gulfs of shade," rise close at hand and in the far distance, and here and there a slag-cliff projects, telling, like the crater, of ancient convulsion—"as black and blasted at this day as when yon orchard-meadow was the mouth of hell, and the southwest wind dashed

the great flame against the cinder-cliff behind, and forged it into walls of time-defying glass."

Turning in the opposite direction, the eye ranges over the heights of the Seven Mountains, each with its legend or story. On the Stromberg is a chapel of St. Peter, built, as is most probable, within the limits of a Roman fortress. To the Nieder-

Stromberg belongs the marvelous history of an unhappy pair who, having vowed themselves to the cloister, were compelled to marry against



Drachenfels.

their will, and were swallowed in a yawning chasm at the moment of the nuptial benediction, while their souls were seen floating upward to heaven. The Wolkenberg, or "Cloud Mountain," has the legend of a faithless wife; the Oehlberg has a story of "God's Love;" the Hemmerich records the firmness of a Christian maiden, who abandoned her lover for her faith; and the Löwenberg is one of the spots frequented by the Wild Hunter, who is more often met with in the solitudes of the Hartz. This group of hills,

conspicuous throughout the district, and in early times covered with thick wood, was in all probability a marked site during the heathen period; and much of the older folk-lore and heroic tradition has gathered about them. To this ancient period belong the legends of the Drachenfels, which take different shapes, while they agree in making the mountain the abode of a mighty worm, or fire-drake, the guardian of a great "hoard" or treasure concealed in his cavern. This, according to one legend, was the worm killed by the hero Siegfried, who afterward bathed himself in its blood, and so became invulnerable; for which reason he is called Siegfried "the horny." The dragon, says another version, had carried off the daughter of Childeric, King of the Franks, and kept her bound in his cave. She was freed by Siegfried, who killed the dragon with his famous sword Balmung. A third version of the dragon-legend ignores Siegfried altogether. This belongs to the early days of Christianity in the north, and asserts that a fair maiden was, at certain periods, offered in sacrifice to the fierce worm of the mountain, honored as a god by the people round about. The damsel was placed at night outside the den of the dragon, and was never seen afterward. But at last a maiden who had been converted by the teaching of Christian missionaries was chosen as the victim. Round her neck was hung a cross; and, when the fire-drake rushed forth in all its terrors, it not only shrank back from the cross, but fell dead at the entrance of the cavern.



Andernach.—From a Painting by Samuel Colman.

SPAIN.

THE NORTH AND OLD CASTILE.

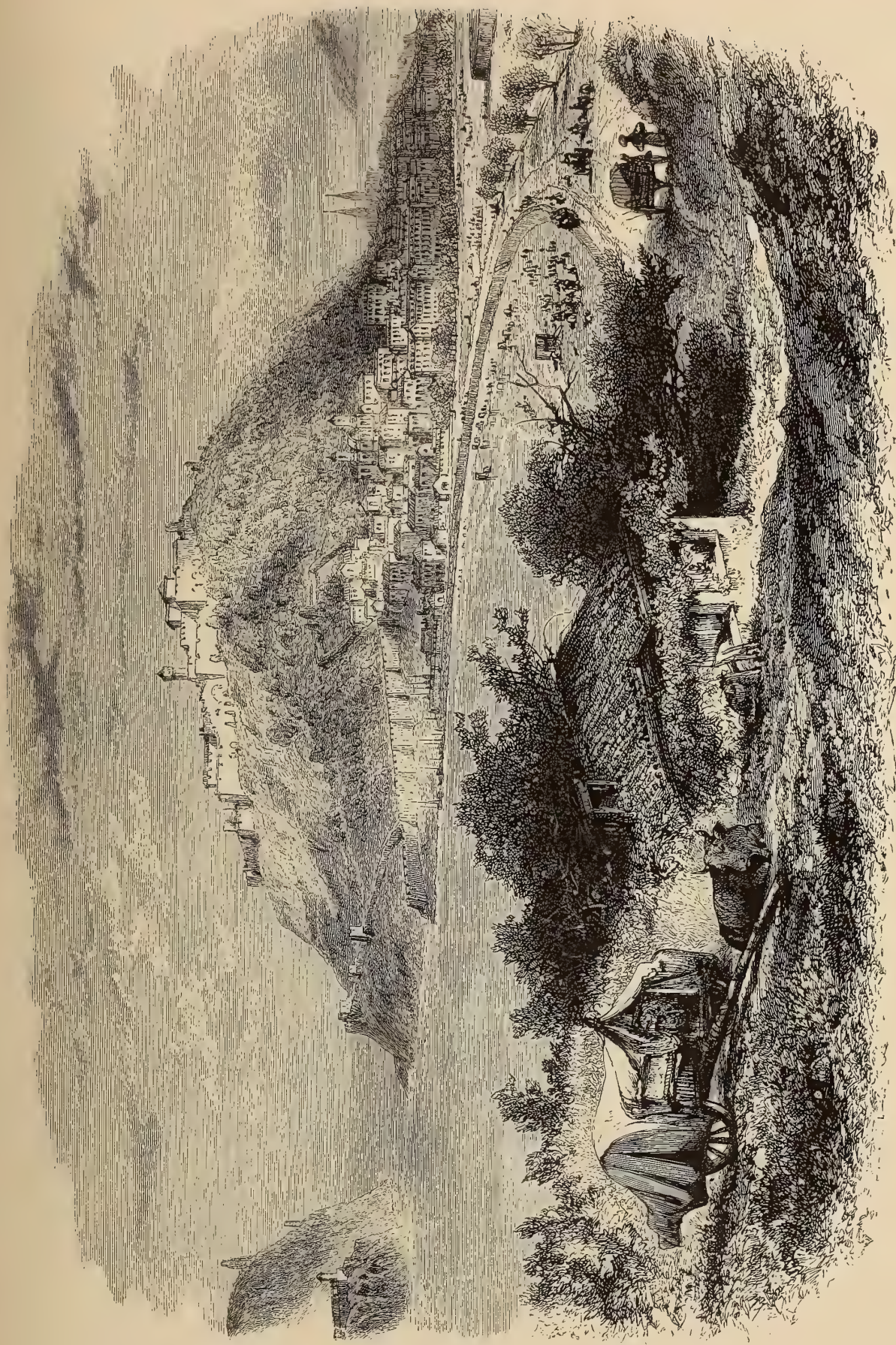


Fuenterrabia.

RICHLY endowed by Nature, teeming with mineral wealth, with a genial climate, a long seaboard, and many commodious ports, Spain contains in herself all the elements of national prosperity. Her sons, a medley of races, fiery Basque, grave Castilian, enterprising Catalan, and gay Andalus, are courteous, dignified, and brave—individually and personally worthy representatives of the people which once owned half Europe, and added a new hemisphere to the Old World; her daughters, often of



The Bridge of Salamanca.

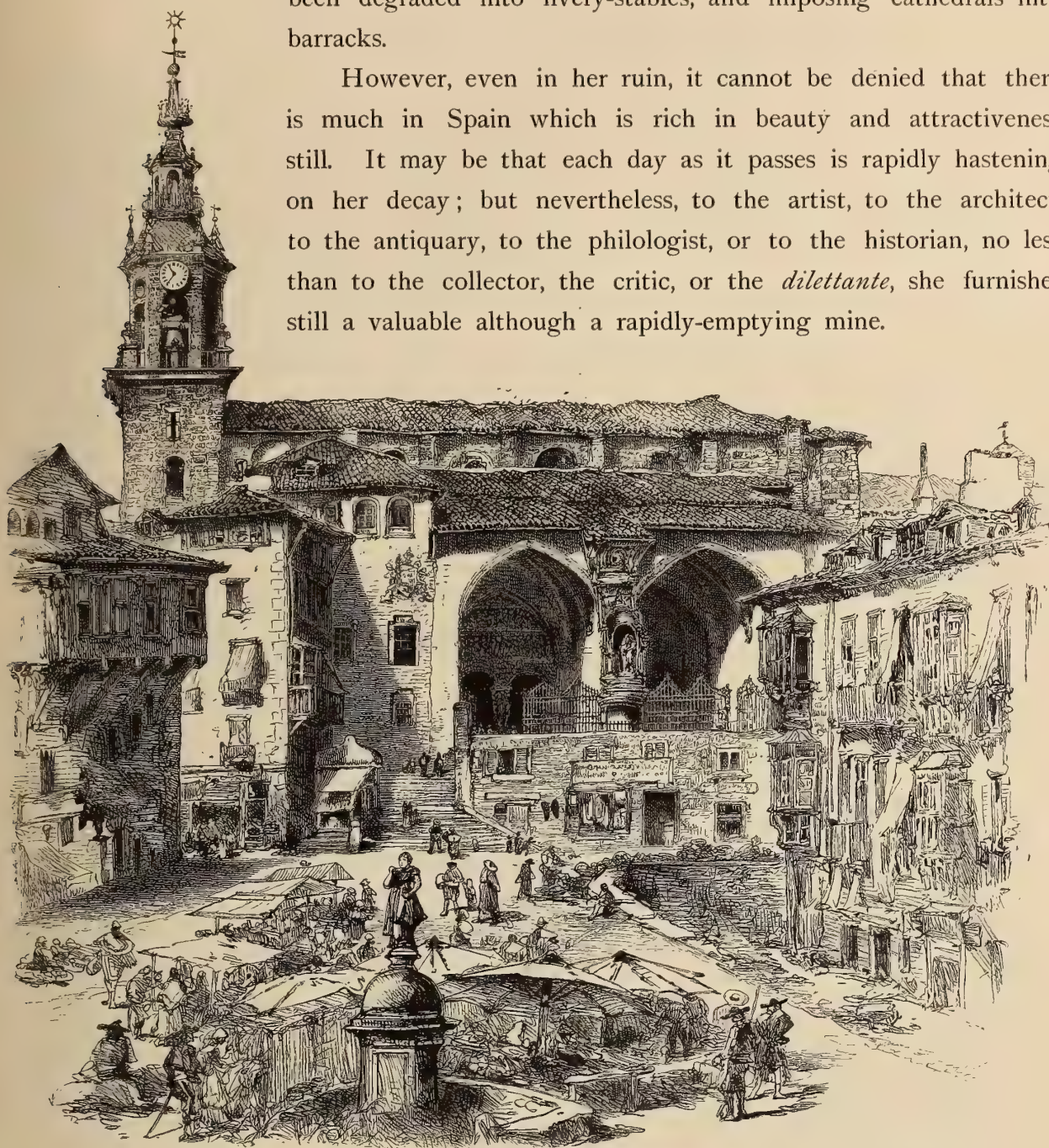


SAN SEBASTIAN.

a rare beauty, are full of grace and charm ; her language, rich and sonorous, deserves the praise of Charles V. as the fittest in which to address kings or pray to God. Yet for centuries Spain has been steadily going down-hill. Her decadence, at first imperceptible, then rapid and undoubted, dates from the death of the monkish monarch who built the Escorial, and essayed with his Invincible Armada to bring England to his feet. Since then, a prey to internal dissensions, to foreign invasion, civil wars, and continued misrule—priest-ridden, poverty-stricken, and not always scrupulously honest—she has sunk lower and lower, till now, like a faded beauty, she sits forlorn amid the ruins of her greatness, with no consolation but in the memories of her triumphs and in the monuments of her pride. Of these she cannot well be robbed. Apathetic, stagnant, half-asleep, careless of the future, too idle to control the present by the establishment of a stable and intelligent government which would give her new energy and new life, she can at least point proudly to her past. Many records still bear witness to her former greatness. In spite of foreign vandalism and native neglect, the country is still rich in magnificent architectural remains. The races which in turn possessed the land labored hard to beautify it ; they had constructive genius and ample materials to their hands. Fine forests furnished oak and pine, the precious metals were indigenous, marble also, and many quarries of admirable stone. What architects designed and munificent patrons, public and private, executed, the pure atmosphere preserved through ages undecayed. Dozens of centuries have not yet erased the mark the Romans made ; there are still extant, and sometimes intact, bridges, aqueducts, military roads, vast amphitheatres, triumphal arches, and fortified camps. The works of the Western Moors stand as unrivaled specimens of their own peculiar architecture ; in decorative richness and elegance of form, their mosques and palaces at Cordova, Granada, and Seville, are absolute triumphs of their kind. Most marvelous and impressive, again, are the colossal churches and superb cathedrals which Christian piety, in these early days of unstinting self-sacrifice, devoutly raised for the worship of God. Many periods of architecture, and many perfect examples of each, are to be met with in Spain—the mysterious gloom of the Byzantine ; the Gothic, in all its stages, from the simplicity of early dawn to the florid exuberance of its prime ; the Cinque Cento, imported and domesticated as the *plateresco*, so called from its similitude to richly-chased silver plate ; the classical Græco-Roman revived, cold, formal, but majestic from its simplicity and its size. A host of master-hands in the sister arts—sculptors, painters, workers in gold, silver, and wood—lent their aid to add lustre to each magnificent pile. By men like Berruguete, the two D'Arfes—whose names still live—statues, pictures, splendid carvings, costly vessels for the service of the Church, were turned out in rich profusion. Sadly diminished are all these splendors, and the processes of degradation and destruction are still at work. Napoleon's soldiery did mischief wide-spread and irreparable ; whitewash

now obscures much which time and rapine had spared; many noble monuments have been turned to baser uses, palaces once replete with lustre and beauty have been degraded into livery-stables, and imposing cathedrals into barracks.

However, even in her ruin, it cannot be denied that there is much in Spain which is rich in beauty and attractiveness still. It may be that each day as it passes is rapidly hastening on her decay; but nevertheless, to the artist, to the architect, to the antiquary, to the philologist, or to the historian, no less than to the collector, the critic, or the *dilettante*, she furnishes still a valuable although a rapidly-emptying mine.



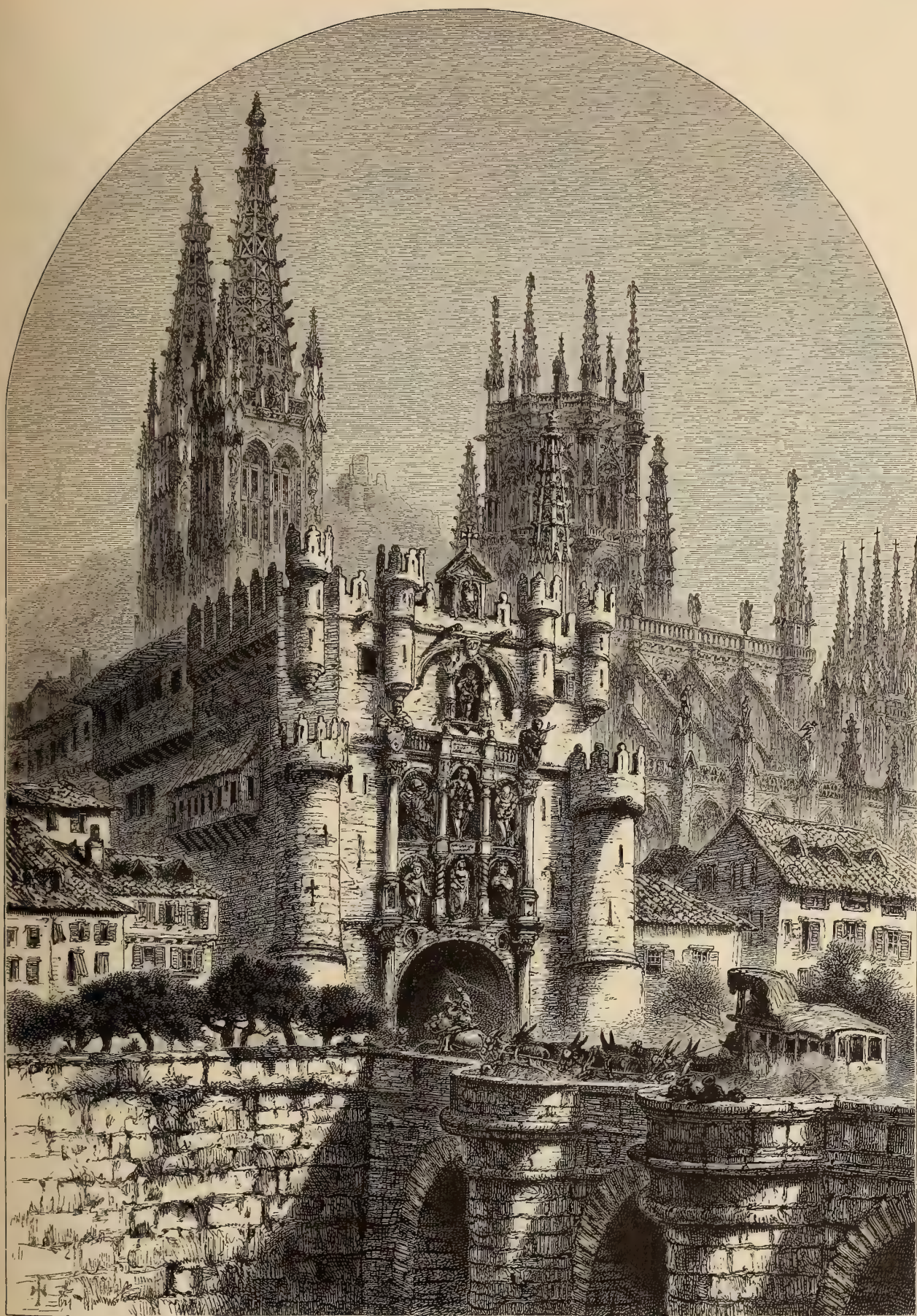
Plaza de la Constitucion, Vittoria.

The traveler entering Spain, nowadays, in a snug railway-carriage, gains speed and comfort at the expense of much picturesqueness and local color. Of old the quaint, creaking *diligence*, with its team of wiry mules urged on by the stones and shouts of its driver, crossed the frontier-bridge; now the train quickly rattles over the historic Bidassoa, famed in the histories of the nations it divides. Here lies the little island, no bigger than a "fried sole," Gautier says, called sometimes Pheasant Island, although none



Avigornagna, Bilbao.

are within miles; more properly the island of Conference, because here kings and great ministers met to settle treaties, royal marriages, and affairs of state. Lower down, near the mouth of the river, stands Fuenterrabia, once a strong frontier outpost for Spain, now nearly a ruin. The Virgin of Guadalupe had it under her especial protection; for its brave resistance to the Prince of Condé it was dubbed "city" by Philip IV. and given a pretentious coat-of-arms. Milton has immortalized it by placing near it the



PUERTA DE SANTA MARIA, BURGOS.

death of the Paladin Roland and Charlemagne's defeat; but he was probably topographically wrong. Less legendary and more closely connected with England's glories are the deeds which Wellington achieved as he brought the Peninsular War to a close. The consummate generalship which struck at King Joseph's communications with France, forcing him to retreat in hot haste from Madrid, culminated in the overwhelming defeat of the French at Vittoria. "The enemy," says Southey, "was beaten before the town, in the town, through the town, out of the town, behind the town, and all about the town." "Never was army so hardly used by its commander," is Napier's verdict. Joseph certainly was no match for Wellington, and his vacillation intensified his inferiority. In this disastrous battle he lost everything; the crown he had usurped, his reputation, his spoils—pictures and precious possessions—all of which fell into the conqueror's hands. Vittoria, made thus memorable in military history, is now a busy, thriving town; it has a *colegiata*, which ought to have been a cathedral, many pretty public walks, or *alamedas*, an old town with tortuous streets, and a *plaza*, or square, where on market-days the country-folk gather, and, seated under umbrellas, offer their fruit and vegetables for sale.

Another noted name in that famous war was San Sebastian, besieged by the English soon after the battle of Vittoria. Rey, a fine old French general, held it stoutly. The first assault, prematurely delivered, signally failed; but the second, long delayed by the neglect and supineness of the English Government in furnishing *matériel*, was, after a sanguinary struggle, successful. Yet it was long in doubt till an accidental conflagration was followed by explosions which sent three hundred veteran French grenadiers to their death, and left a gap for the stormers. The rampart was crowned and carried, but the French fought stubbornly on. At nightfall Rey, with the shattered remnant of his garrison, retired into the castle, and still held out; but the town and the main works were in English hands, unhappily for English honor. Never was success stained with greater excesses. Houses were ransacked, churches profaned, the most wanton outrages perpetrated by the English troops. Carpets and rich tapestry strewed the bloody pavement; wine flowed like water in the streets; officers who nobly sought to stay the rapine were murdered foully by their maddened, mutinous men. Such horrors wait upon war; but the memory of these deplorable atrocities should make Englishmen pause ere they throw stones at others who similarly offend.

Modern San Sebastian has been called the Brighton of Madrid. The blue-blooded *grandees* flock hither to escape the fierce heats of a capital which the local proverb credits as the "three months and nine months of hell." A theatre and a bull-ring add to its attractions; the town is smart and picturesque, the sands excellent, the bathing invigorating, the society sparkling and full of gayety and fun. There are no bathing-machines at San Sabastian, nor elsewhere in Spain. Reed huts, or shanties filled in with

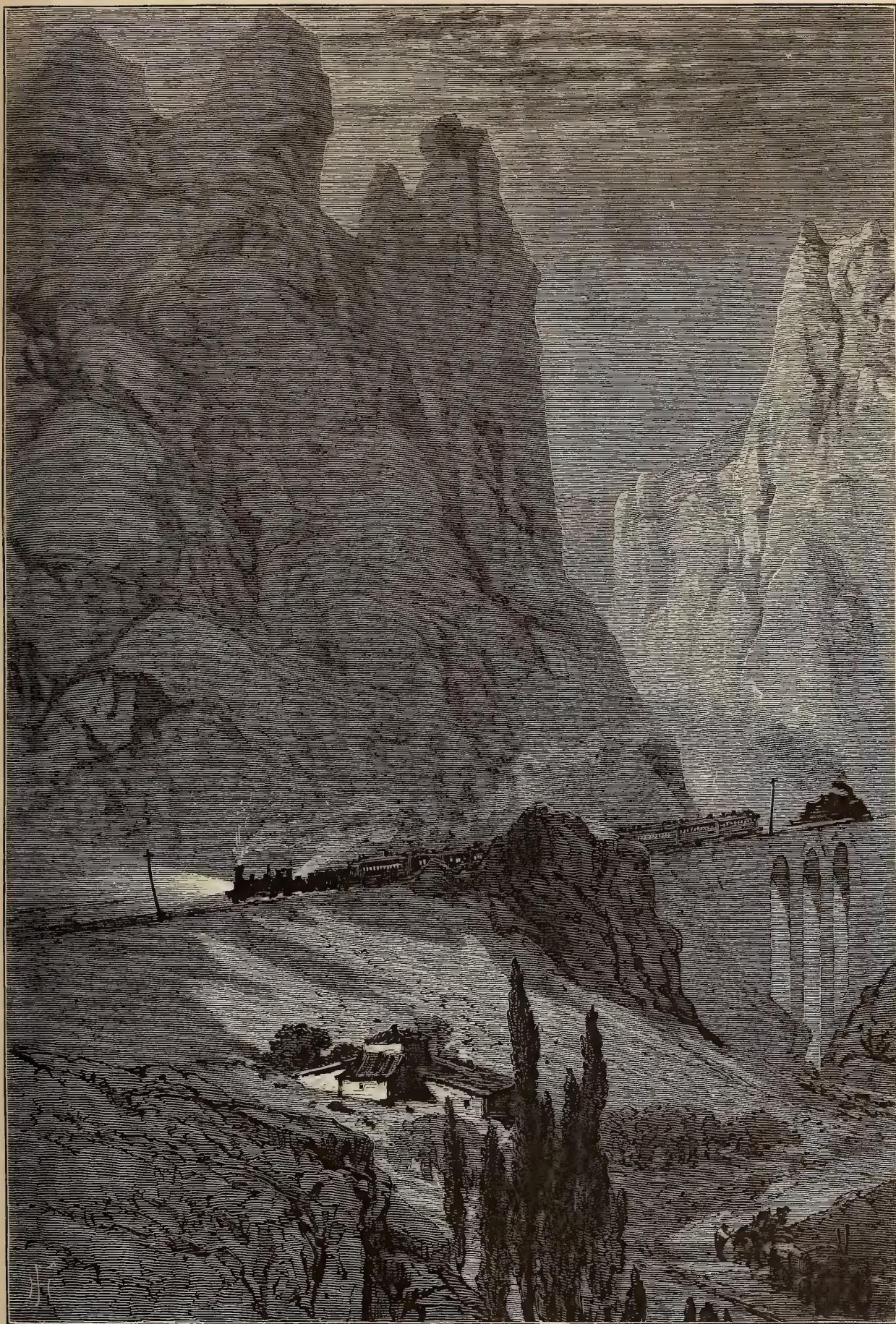
fresh boughs, supply their place, and lines upon lines of these, the *campamento*, or campground, give a peculiar but not an unpleasing effect to the scene.

This is the heart of the Basque country: San Sebastian is the capital of one of the three provinces, Bilbao of another, Vittoria of the third. None of these cities is more prosperous and improving than Bilbao, which has now quite recovered the reverses it encountered during the Carlist wars. It was twice beleaguered, first by Zumalacarreguy, the noted Carlist guerrilla chief, who received here a wound of which he subsequently died, and the siege was raised. A second siege, commenced after the Carlist victory over Espartero at Avigornagna, was also unsuccessful. A purely Basque village is Avigornagna. Around its fountain gather the Basque women with their long hair plaited in *trenzas*, and the men drive through the single street their creaking, heavy-wheeled carts. It owns a church, chiefly interesting from the records preserved in it relating to the Basques—a fine people, a brave, hardy race of mountaineers, proud, impulsive, and indomitable, difficult to lead. Gonsalvo de Cordova, the “great captain,” said he would rather be a keeper of lions than govern Basques. From the earliest times they have possessed “*fueros*,” rights inalienable, prominent among which are universal nobility and immunity from taxes and conscription (though by a recent act of the Cortes they are hereafter to be taxed alike with the inhabitants of the other provinces). Thus every Basque is by birth a gentleman, and even upon the poorest cottages may still be seen crests and proud armorial bearings. The Basque language is one of the most ancient in Europe, and long puzzled philologists—Hebrew, Phœnician, Mongolian, Chaldean, Greek, having each been claimed as the parent-stock. The Basques themselves assert that it was spoken in the garden of Eden by Adam and Eve. The serpent, it may be remarked, could hardly have known it, if we are to credit another Basque tradition, which declares that the devil studied for seven years, and only succeeded in learning three words. It is flexible and copious; one word will sometimes express a whole sentence; but the words have sometimes sixteen syllables. The pronunciation is so difficult that the Andalusians say the Basques write “Solomon” and pronounce it “Nebuchadnezzar!” It is now nearly conclusively proved that the Basque is the last remnant of that Iberian tongue which, long before foreign invasion, was spoken all over the Peninsula.

Magnificently engineered is the line of railway which approaches Madrid from the north. It escapes the worst of the Pyrenees by skirting their western extremity, but through much of its length the gradient is more or less steep, and it is pinched in frequently by narrow, precipitous defiles. Of these the strangest is the Pass of Pancorbo, between Vittoria and Burgos. Near it is a ruined castle, wherein, says tradition, Count Roderick seduced Cava, and thus laid the foundation of his own ruin, and the Moorish conquest of Spain. This defile, hemmed in by vast rocks curiously curled and twisted, is a true gate or portal to the wide plains of Castile. At the narrowest part two grand overhanging masses of granite have the appearance of a giant bridge broken in the

middle, while a second smaller arch which has been cut in the thickness of the rock encourages the illusion.

Thus strongly guarded stands Burgos, the city of the Cid Campeador, and ancient capital of Castile—a town founded, say the old historians, by King Burgo—hence its name, which others, more probably, derive from the root which gives the German “burg” and our “borough.” This fast-decaying city, noted now for little but the manufacture of cheese, is rich in historical memories and in treasures of the past—a world-famous cathedral, many curious churches, and an ancient castle towering high above a pointed hill. This castle, which was once the palace of the kings of Castile, in which the Cid was married, and the English Edward I. espoused Eleanor of Castile, was besieged by Wellington in 1812, fruitlessly; but in spite of miserably inadequate means the place would have fallen, but for the mistakes of subordinates and Spanish allies. As it was, the duke had to sacrifice the fruits of his victory at Salamanca, and, retiring in hot haste, postpone for another year the expulsion of the French from Spain. The cathedral is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. No better conception of it can be gained than from the bridge leading to the fine gateway of Santa Maria represented in the woodcut—a gate built to curry favor with Charles V., whose statue adorns it, placed in the centre of Burgalese worthies and great men. Above the line of this gate the light, airy towers of the cathedral shoot up into the sky from slight bases of lace-like stone—so fragile that a strong gale might suffice, as it seems, to overturn them, but serenely confident, as Gautier says, with the ardor and courage of a true faith. These towers of creamy white stone, elaborately carved, and with their filigree fringes, were erected by the Bishops d’Acuña and Cartagena. Around them are grouped many other pinnacles, the spires of chapels, and a multitude of statues placed on every coign of vantage. The exterior and general effect of the cathedral is not a little marred by the mean buildings which hem it close—not an uncommon misfortune with the cathedrals of Spain. The principal façade, known as the Puerta del Padon, has also been nearly ruined by the modernizing spirit of a chapter who, toward the end of the last century, removed the three deeply-recessed Gothic doorways, and substituted a poor Græco-Roman front. But another entrance, the Puerta Alta, remains, and with its wealth of decoration—a profusion of carved figures representing, in the main, the struggle of Good and Evil—gives a good notion of what the other gateway must originally have been. The interior has three naves, cut at right angles by a transept which leads from the Puerta Alta to another gate, the Puerta del Sarmiental. Much of the space is occupied by the choir and its massive railing, or *reja*, within which is the Lantern, a work so beautiful that Charles V. declared it should be kept under a glass case, and Philip thought it must have been made by angels and not by man. Pages would hardly catalogue the marvels this glorious edifice contains—its massive pillars covered with sculpture, its innumerable statues, its jasper pedestals, its railings in marvelously-wrought iron and bronze. Many



THE PASS OF PANCORBO.

are the chapels it incloses, and of varied merit, but that known as "the Constable's" is a church in itself, magnificent and complete. It was founded by Don Pedro Velasco, head of the house of Haro, and hereditary Grand Constable of Castile. His tomb, of jasper, surmounted by his effigy in white marble, lies close to the altar, and by its side that of his wife, lying on marble cushions, with a lap-dog, emblem of her fidelity, at her feet.

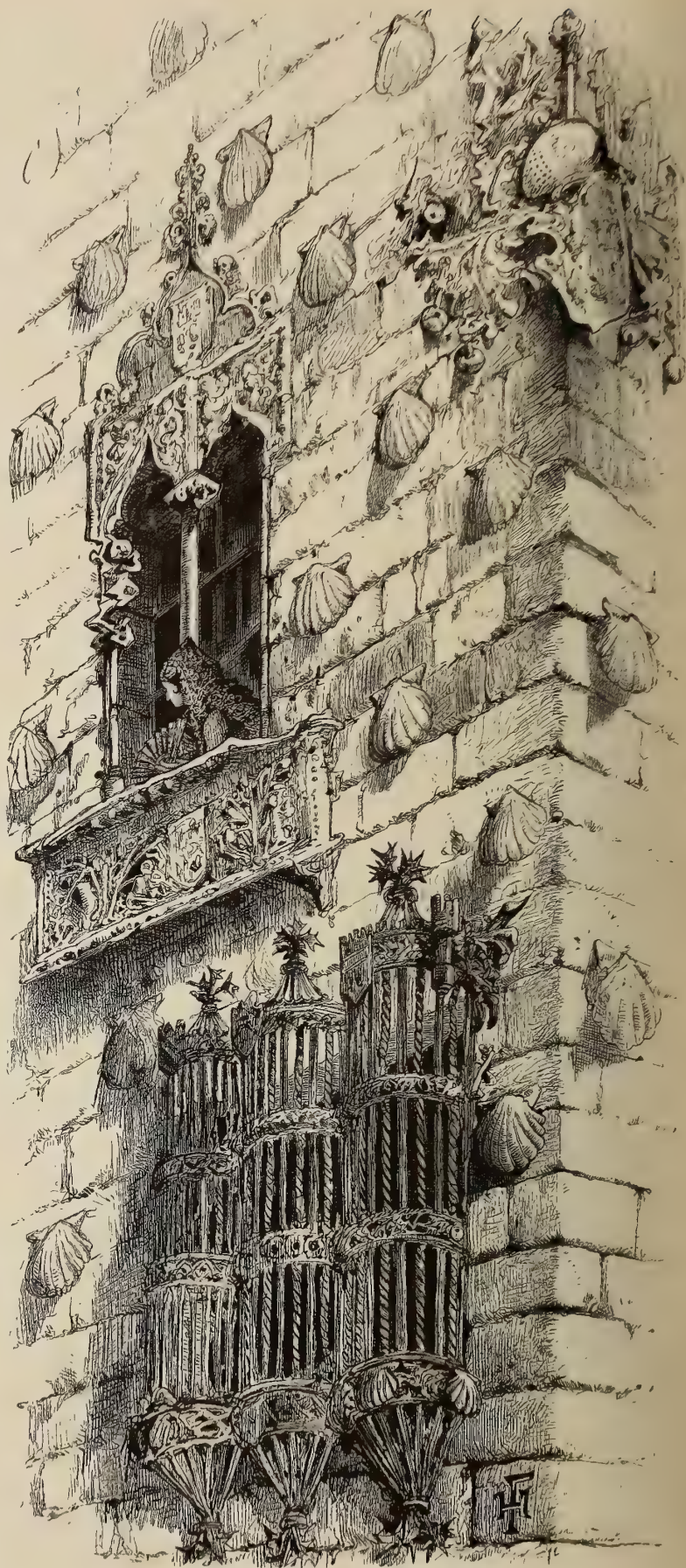
Burgos abounds naturally with records of Ruy Diaz de Bivar, the famous warrior whom certain Moorish chieftains he had conquered saluted as their "Seyyid," or lord—hence his title of Cid. Invincible and illustrious in war, the Cid was yet something of the adventurer and soldier of fortune, ready to fight for any pay in any cause. The well-known coffer or trunk of the Cid, still shown in the cathedral, is a proof of his sharp practice. This iron-bound-strong box, filled with sand, he lodged with two Jews as a security for a loan! The simple Hebrews are reported to have lost both interest and principal sum. After a long life of contention, the Cid died, full of honors, at Valencia, a city he had wrested from the Moors; but he was brought to San Pedro de Cardeña, a convent near Burgos, to be interred. His tomb, erected by Alonzo the Wise, still stands in the convent-chapel, and the remnants of an equestrian statue still surmount the convent-gate. His bones were removed from Cardeña, Gautier tells us, by the French General Thibaut, who intended to place them in a sarcophagus upon the public promenade, "in order to inspire the populace with heroic and chivalrous sentiments." It is said by the same writer that General Thibaut used to keep the bones by him in bed, so that the glorious contact might raise his own courage! Now, finally, the bones rest in a wooden box in the town-hall of Burgos.

Burgos was the ancient capital of Old Castile, but Valladolid supplanted it, and became also capital of all Spain. This city stands upon the banks of two rivers, but in a wide, dusty, treeless plain. Under the early kings who favored it, and made it their chosen residence, it rapidly progressed in wealth and prosperity. "*Villa por villa, Valladolid en Castilla*," said the local proverb, and no doubt in the fifteenth century it had no rival in Christian Spain. Seated in a fertile district, it was also well supplied with fuel, and, as Navagiero, the Venetian ambassador, wrote, with beef and bread, and every requisite for the sustenance of man. Trade and commerce gathered within it crowds of opulent merchants; the high dignitaries of the Church, who enjoyed princely revenues, the rich and powerful grandees and noblemen of the court, built themselves palaces and lived here in state. Artists of every category flocked here, secure of patronage and favor: painters, mostly foreigners of no particular eminence, perhaps—but these were early days of art; sculptors, rather the best that Spain has produced—Benoquete, the co-pupil of Michael Angelo; Juan de Juni, fierce and passionate, who, being Italian, and having a deeper knowledge of the human figure than the Inquisitori suffered Spaniards to acquire, threw more of fire and action into his works;

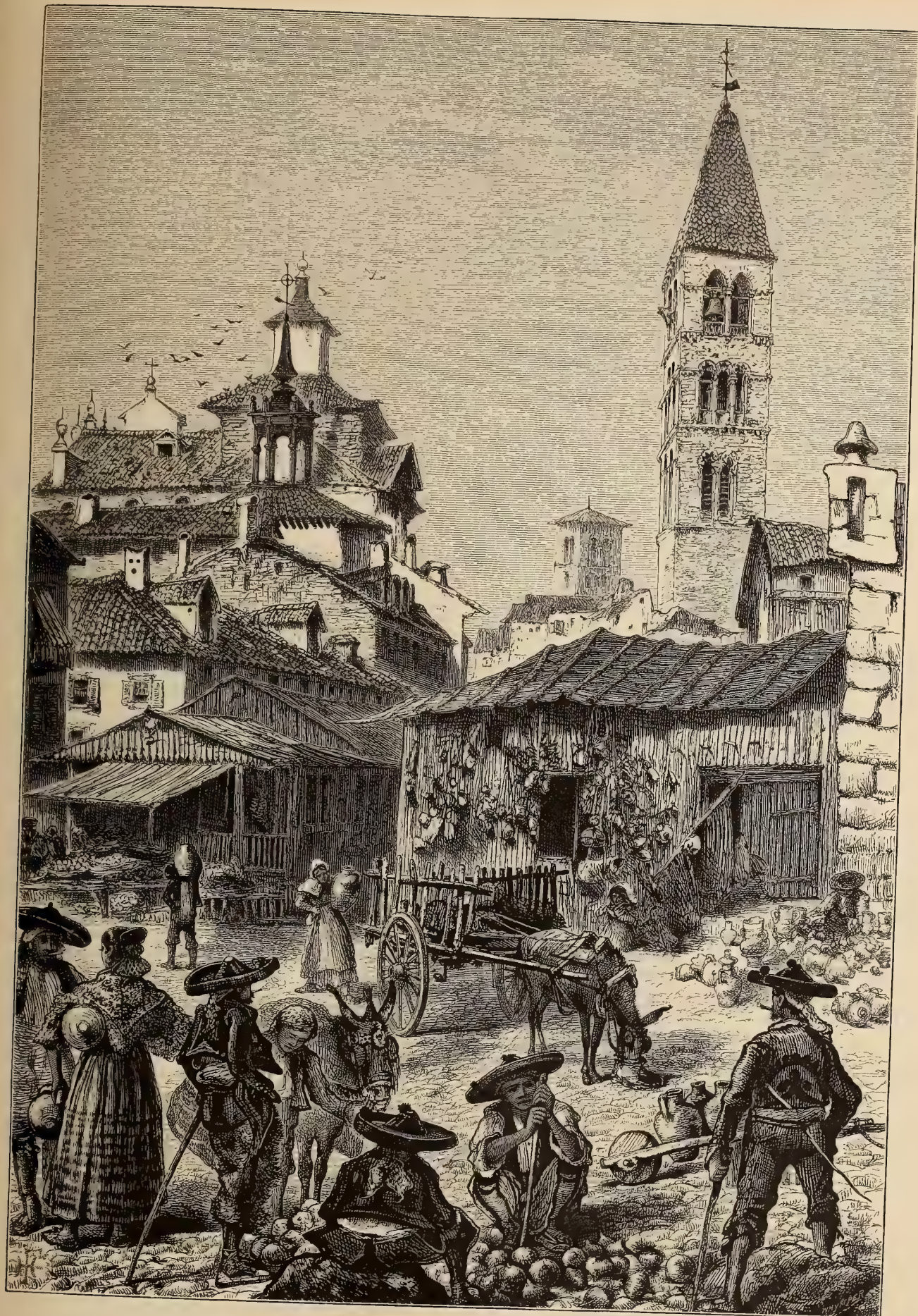
last of all, pious, gentle Gregorio Hernandez, who prefaced his labors invariably with earnest prayer. Valladolid, again, was the headquarters of the Spanish silversmiths, who ranked first among their craft—a craft of high repute where the precious metals were almost a drug, and every palace and every church owned vast and valuable possessions in plate. Here settled the German D'Arfes, names of eminence second only to that of Cellini, many of whose masterpieces remain to attest their transcendent skill. Such is the magnificent *custodia*, or vessel for keeping the sacred host, in the sacristy of the cathedral at Valladolid, standing six feet, and elaborately chased with the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Other great names are associated with this ancient city, the centre and home of the grave, dignified Castilian. Here Cervantes lived, in a modest house just over the Esqueva, a streamlet which traverses the town; here Columbus died in humble circumstances—he who had enriched the country of his adoption with a new continent; here lies buried another great man, Pedro de la Gasca, the simple friar who, staff in hand, without an army, without money, without fleet, went forth alone to recover, by his tact, courage, and uprightness, that Peru which Pizarro, its first conqueror, sought to alienate from its sovereign, Charles V. Gasca was entirely and splendidly successful: he came back poor as he went, but he would take no higher reward than a bishop's mitre on his return. Valladolid was the birthplace also of Philip II., who, although he neglected it for the then mushroom city of Madrid, in his way honored it, and, as he thought, most highly. The Great Inquisition was more active here than in any city of Spain, and here, in the Plaza Mayor, were celebrated two terrible *autos-da-fé*. In this great square, having seats for twenty-four thousand spectators, surrounded with imposing mansions having balconies and arcades, Philip's scapegrace son Don Carlos honored the first with his presence; at the second Philip himself assisted, surrounded by archbishops, princes, foreign ambassadors, and the principal ecclesiastics and grandees of the court. When this "act of faith," which executed cruelly thirteen poor souls for conscience' sake, was ended, Philip took the oath to protect the Inquisition, and as its champion drew his sword. To these shows flocked the people (who still love bull-fights, and hold human life more cheaply than any European nation) in such crowds that no less than five shillings—relatively an enormous price—was paid for front seats.

Valladolid owes to Philip its cathedral, a grand, severely simple Doric edifice, designed by Herrera, who with other great architects of his time, like Maclinea, who built the palace of Charles V. at Granada, and Covarnibias, who added the staircase and cortile to the Alcazar of Toledo, labored to tone down the florid richness of the Gothic style. He wished to make this work "*todo sin igual*"—altogether unequalled—but he was called away to construct the Escorial, and the cathedral remains unfinished to this day. It is not the only fragment in Valladolid, where time and rapine have worked as many ravages as anywhere in Spain. Its architectural treasures were hardly

used by Napoleon, who ruthlessly doomed to destruction two noble specimens of Gothic art—the convents of San Pablo and of San Gregorio—both belonging to that bigoted but powerful order, the Dominicans, which gave Spain Torquemada and her fiercest inquisitors. Only their façades are left, but these are marvelous specimens of intricate Gothic tracery. Close by San Pablo is the house where Philip was born. Now the spirit of renovation and improvement is contributing its quota to the disfigurement of the city. Fine old mansions and palaces are being modernized, old streets pulled down to make room for new; but the tide has turned, and prosperity once more dawns upon Valladolid. The population, which, from one hundred thousand when this was the royal residence, had declined to twenty thousand according to Ponz, at the latter end of the last century, is once more on the increase. Ample water irrigates and fructifies the neighboring fields; manufactures are springing up, railway and canal bring the town trade. Its markets are now thronged with busy crowds, as seen in the wood-



Casa de las Conchas, Salamanca.



MARKET-PLACE, VALLADOLID

cut: peasants in many costumes; here the *chano* from round about Salamanca, in his low, broad-brimmed hat, with jacket open at the elbows, and wide leathern belt around his waist; there the *maragato*, the sedate and scrupulously honest muleteer, the universal carrier, who clings to his distinctive but scarcely picturesque dress.

Another ancient city close at hand, which has long since declined and fallen from its high estate, but which, unlike Valladolid, shows no symptoms of recovery, is Salamanca, once the principal seat of learning in Spain. Writing of it ages back, an old Castilian apostrophizes this city as "home of the sovereign Muses, universal mother of all the sciences, famed academy of the world."

Salamanca had good claims once to its title of *Roma la chica* ("Little Rome"). Time was when it owned, besides its sumptuous cathedral, with its splendid chapter, twenty-five parish churches, twenty-five colleges, twenty monasteries, eleven nunneries and many hospitals, hermitages, and chapels besides. Napoleon made short work with quite half of these, and now desolation and ruin are settling fast on what remains. The cathedral, however, built of an enduring creamy-yellow stone, still looks fresh and new. It is a splendid specimen of florid Gothic; its external decoration profusely rich, magnificent its interior. Below it, but not separated from it, is the old cathedral, an interesting specimen of twelfth-century architecture, built by Fray Geronimo, the confessor of the Cid, a massive pile, strong as a castle, hence its name, "*Fortis sala mantina*," contrasting curiously with the epithets of other neighboring cathedrals, "Toledo the rich," "Holy Oviedo," and "Beautiful Leon." Numerous enough are the remains of grand old college-buildings, of convents, schools, and private mansions, in this half-forgotten, fast-decaying city. One of the most noteworthy houses is that known as the Casa de las Conchas, not from its owners, but from the shells, *conchas*, of carved stone which profusely but symmetrically decorate its façade—these, the heraldic device of its former owner, the Conde de Val de Caranzo, according to Ponz, are not cut out of the blocks of stone, but must, from their regularity, have been applied after the building of the wall. "It is a nearly perfect house," Mr. Wyatt says, "answering in art, and nearly in point of time, to the florid Burgundian style of the Low Countries, with which there was much intercourse at the probable date of its construction, the close of the fifteenth century." It has a beautiful *patio*, or central court, and a number of picturesque windows, rich with heraldic designs.

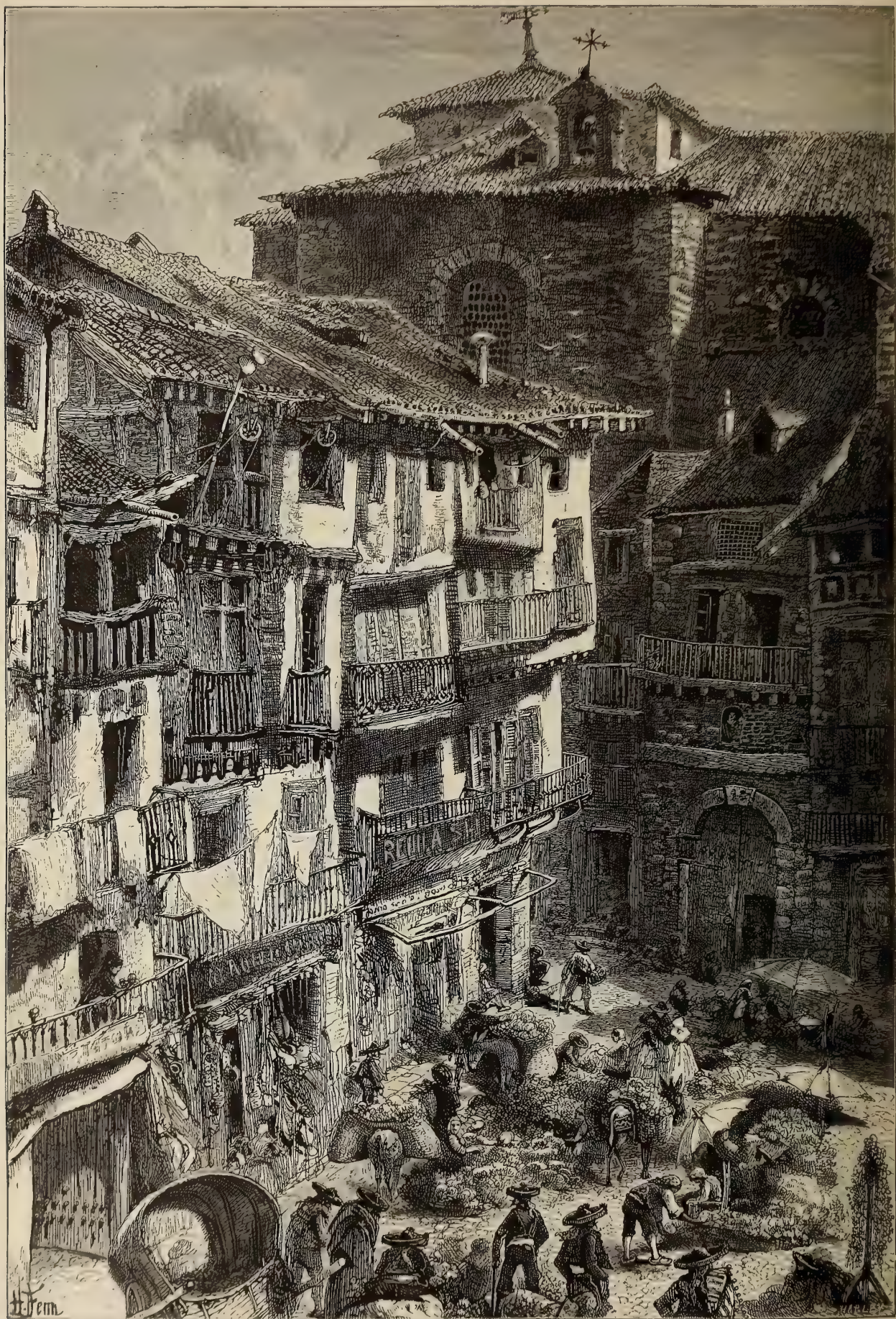
The Tormes is spanned at Salamanca by a splendid bridge, a Roman remain, still in excellent preservation, with Roman arches, twenty-seven in number. This bridge was built by one of the emperors Spain gave the empire, Trajan, whose birthplace was Seville, and who never forgot his native land. Higher up the river, and above the town, is a second magnificent bridge, that at Alba de Tormes itself, a palace fortress once of great repute, and in our day noted in connection with the battle of Salamanca, one of England's greatest victories in the Peninsular War. The Spaniards,

to whom the post was intrusted, withdrew from it without Wellington's knowledge or permission, and thus suffered the French, when badly beaten, to make good their retreat. This battle of the Arapiles, as it has been also called, from two isolated mills, which were the pivot or turning-point of the fight, was one of the most marvelous



Avila.

strokes of military genius ever displayed by the "Iron Duke." He and Marmont had been finessing and coquetting with each other for weeks. The French general was superior in force, and at first, seemingly in manœuvre, Wellington had actually decided to retreat upon Ciudad Rodrigo, when Marmont rashly pushed forward his left, fearing his enemy would escape him, and separated it by a fatal gap from his centre and reserves. The duke saw the error instantaneously, and as quickly took advantage of



MARKET-PLACE AT SEGOVIA.

it. "I never," he says himself, "saw an army receive such a beating." Again, "If we had had an hour's daylight, the whole army would have been in our hands." But the ill-judged action of Don Carlos d'España in relinquishing Alba de Tormes helped the darkness, and the French managed, though sadly mauled, to escape.

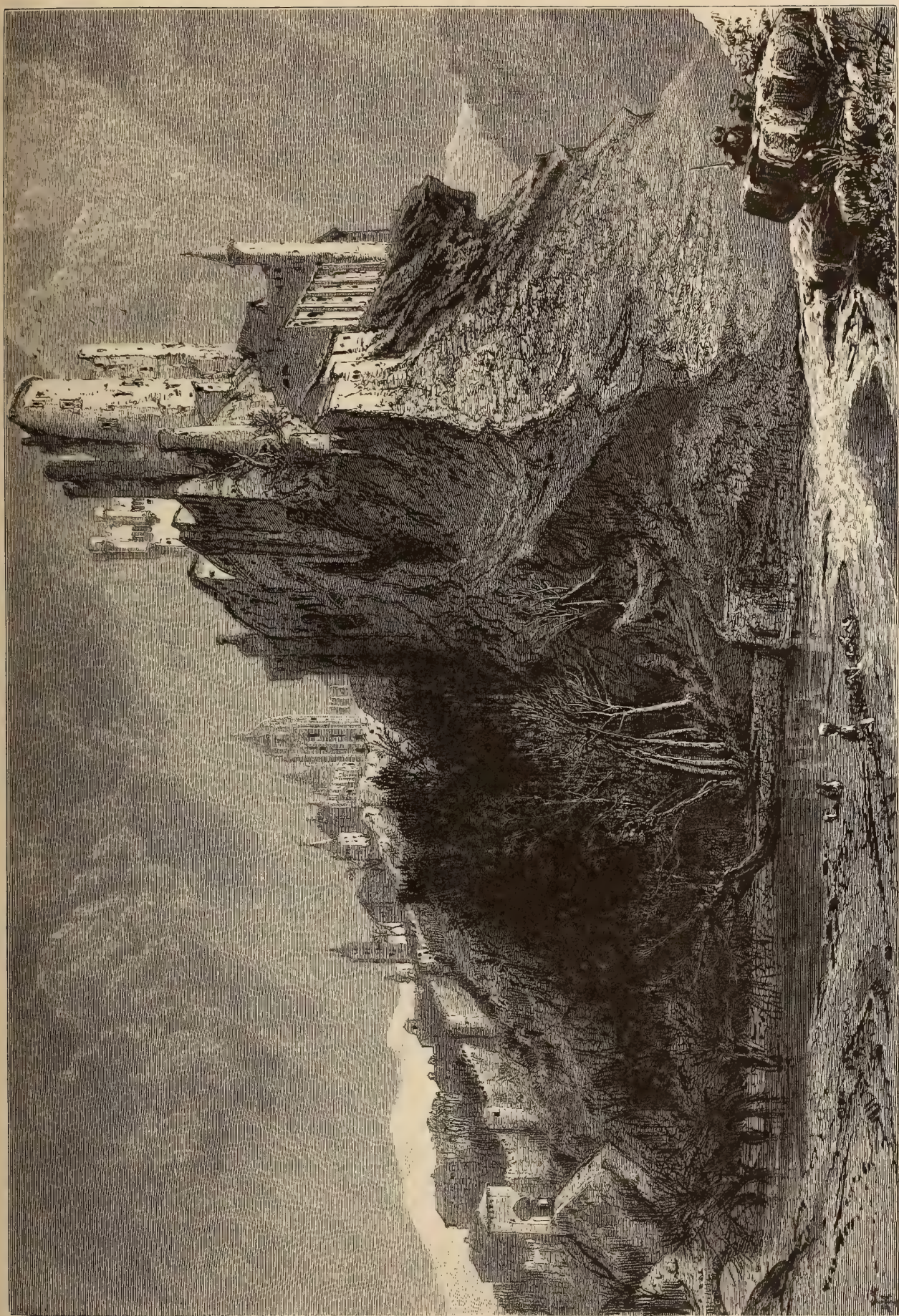
Salamanca lies a little off the railway, but, regaining the line and traveling onward to Madrid, Avila is reached—an old fortified town of the most striking appearance, with walls still nearly perfect, dating back to the eleventh century, and in circuit about two miles. Ponz tells us these walls took nine years to build, and were the handiwork of a Roman "master of geometry," one Casandro, and of Florin de Pituen-ga, a French geometrician. Two thousand workmen labored on them, and when completed they had eighty-eight towers, and the place as a whole was counted almost impregnable. Avila lies in a rugged, mountainous district, but a fertile valley and smiling *vega* immediately surround it. It has a history, not inglorious, through the middle ages, and did many deeds of which it may well be proud. It was loyal to Alfonso VII. when an infant, and, proclaiming him king at the tender age of four, fought for and pro-



Aqueduct at Segovia.

tected him till he was eleven. The city to this day enjoys in reward the title of Avila del Rey, and bears upon its shield a tower with a royal figure at the window. Another name it earned was, Avila de los Caballeros, from the number of knightly families residing in it, many of whose ancestral mansions still remain, and, although ruined, prove plainly how great a state these old grandees kept up. Among others, the house of the Condes de Polentinos, with its machicolated gateway and ponderous but richly-worked masonry, its spacious *patio* and suites of palatial rooms, bears witness to the wealth and importance of its owners, although there are now no traces of the costly furniture, the mirrors, pictures, cushions of gold brocade, the tables, cabinets, the orange-trees and jasmines in silver boxes, which, as described by Madame d'Aulnois, a mansion of this kind formerly contained. A city owning such notable citizens was rich, naturally, in other glories. It owns a cathedral like that of ancient Salamanca—half fortress, half church—castellated without, perfectly simple but very impressive within. But it owns some splendid stained glass, and, amid a quantity of admirable iron-work, two beautiful iron pulpits, which attest the marvelous skill of the Spanish smiths. The churches at Avila are more interesting, perhaps, than the cathedral, rich in relics, monuments, and tombs.

Less ecclesiastical than purely historical, having to do with kings and soldiers, camps and courts, rather than churches and saints, are the memories which hang about Segovia, another fine old Castilian city, falling fast, unhappily, into decay. Once a strong place and a royal residence, it has sadly degenerated now. High above the town towers the great *alcazar*, or castle, at whose bases two rivers meet—the Eresma and the Clamores; the latter, as it rushes noisily along, well deserving its name. Fortress, palace, prison, school—all these in turn has this glorious *alcazar* been. The warlike Moors, ever ready to seize upon strong points, recognized its military value, and topped the hill with a citadel, whereof the central tower and some of the walls still remain. Successive monarchs repaired and strengthened it, and close around it built up the stately palace, now nearly in ruins. This was the treasure-house of Henry IV.; Isabella the Catholic issued forth from it to be proclaimed Queen of Castile; Charles V. came here, also Philip II., from time to time; and in it an ancestor of the Conde de Chincon, its hereditary *alcaide*, entertained Charles I. of England with a supper of enormous trout. The strong buttresses and flanking towers, the great central keep studded with angular turrets, its commanding position, give it an imposing, impregnable air; but, within, the stern features of the fortress were of old relieved by regal magnificence and splendor. The royal chapel was richly gilded and decorated—and many fine arabesques it still contains, although shorn of its florid decorations—where, “gilt from top to bottom,” in the throne-room, or hall of the kings, are still to be seen the statues of a number of the sovereigns of Spain. This princely edifice was degraded by Philip V. into a prison. Here Gil Blas, according to Le Sage, was laid

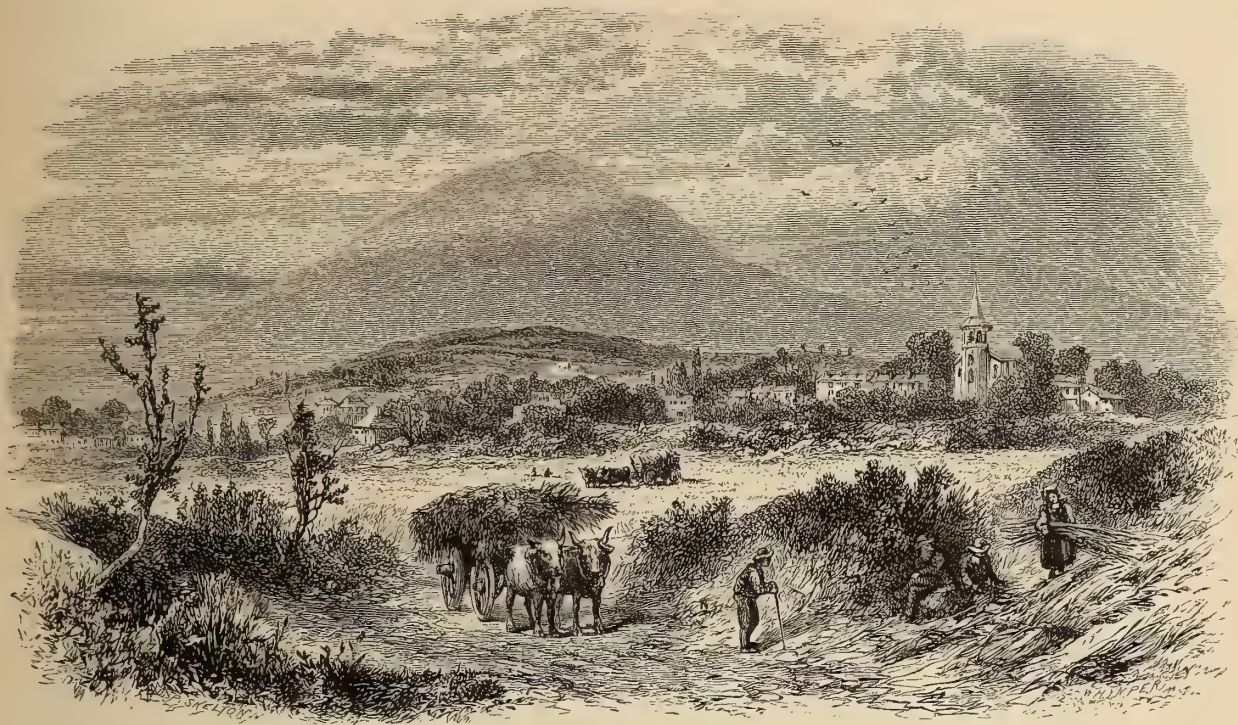


SEGOVIA, NORTH SPAIN.

by the heels; and here certainly was confined the notorious Duke de Rippenda, the favorite of Philip V., who escaped from it, and, after a life of wanderings and vicissitudes in Morocco, died in abject poverty near Tangier.

Another monument of the past, the great aqueduct of Segovia, happily remains intact, and does its duty nobly still in bringing pure water to the town from the Sierra Fruenfria, some three leagues away. This gigantic work is Roman. Trajan—emperor, Pontifex Maximus, and Spaniard—gave it, with many other structures, to the land of his birth. But local tradition credits no less a person than the devil with the honor of its erection. He was wooing, but in vain, a fair Segoviana, who would not accept him unless he promised to save her the trouble of bringing water up the hill from the stream below. The aqueduct was built, therefore, and in one night; but one stone had been omitted, so the Church, to whom the question was referred, declared the compact null and void. This bridge, “El Puente,” still figures in the city arms. It is composed of enormous blocks of a spotted gray granite, and has three hundred and two arches in double rows, the lower varying according to the level, the upper the same height throughout. The houses of the town, mean and rickety in many places, actually touch the aqueduct; but this, by force of contrast, adds to rather than mars the effect. The Moors of Toledo, when they sacked Segovia, broke several arches, and the bridge remained thus for nearly four hundred years, till Isabella the Catholic intrusted its repair to one Juan Escovedo, an Asturian monk, who executed the commission so cleverly that the new work was hardly distinguishable from the old. But chief of all such glories is the cathedral, a magnificent specimen of florid Gothic, built by the famous architect Juan Gil de Ontañon, to replace one which the *Comuneros*, the reforming “commoners,” had, in 1520, ruthlessly destroyed. The new cathedral was built on the model of that of Salamanca, having the same architect; and it possesses a quantity of excellent stained glass, rich pavements of precious salmon-colored marbles, and a *retablo*, also designed by Juan Juin, representing the Descent from the Cross—one of the finest pieces of sculpture in Spain.

AUVERGNE AND DAUPHINÉ.



Puy de Dôme.

THE traveler whose sole knowledge of France is obtained by hasty journeys from Calais to Paris, and thence to Strasburg or Basel, is apt to smile at the epithet *la belle* as the exaggeration of a pardonable patriotism. The northwest seems but an extension of the duller districts of Cambridgeshire, England, with now and then an attempt to rival the slopes of Kent and Sussex—an attempt whose failure is the more conspicuous from the fresh memories of the English copses and hop-gardens. The eastern region is but a barer Gloucestershire or Northamptonshire, to which only now and again some interest is lent by a quaint château or a church of unusual architecture, but whose villages want the picturesqueness of the snug cottages and mullioned granges of either county. The vine-clad *coteaux* of Burgundy do indeed charm by their novelty, if not by native beauty. Still better things are found in the wooded glens of the Vosges; but this is hardly France—now that Alsace has become Elsass. Yet there are lands in France well worthy of the name *la belle*, not only in the newly-added mountain-districts of Savoy and the Maurienne, those *versants occidentaux* of the Alps, which were the materialization of the French idea, not only among the olive-groves and palm-trees of Nice, which were the price of Italy's freedom, but in almost the whole of the centre and the south—over all the vast tract of land between the heathery dunes and

pine-clad sands of the western coast, and the wide alluvial plain through which the Rhône sweeps onward to the sea. In the midst of this is a great upland country full as large as Wales—a plateau whose general level is almost as high above the sea as the topmost ridge of Cader Idris—from which rise a crowd of scattered hills and mountain-groups sometimes as high again, among whose glens some of the chief rivers of France commence their course, and a hundred tributaries start to swell their waters. This is the old province of Auvergne—a country which has made its mark upon the history of France—a country whose story in prehistoric days reads almost like a romance.

Those groups of hills which rise so strangely, and often so abruptly, from the upper level of the plateau do not recall, even to the passing traveler, any memory of the highlands of Cumbria or of Wales. Here and there, it is true, some craggy ridge or peak seems to bear an outline more familiar, but most of them are either great rounded domes of sparsely-covered rock or truncated cones with steep and often barren sides. It is, in short, an old volcanic land on which we are gazing: the fires are all extinct; the lichen now whitens the lava-stream, and grass grows in the hollow of the crater; but yet many a cone is as fresh as if its ashes were not yet cold, and even those craggy ridges themselves are but the carious fragments of long-extinct volcanoes. It is a scene strange, wild, yet not without its beauty, most of all when these hills loom out purple against a stormy evening sky, or glow in the rays of the setting summer sun. It is a land, too, which here and there can rival even the softer beauties of Languedoc and of Bearn; as where the broad valley of the Allier spreads itself out between the Forez Hills and the slopes beneath the chain of the Puy de Dôme. Let us stand for one moment in imagination on its highest peak—the Puy de Sancy, fully six thousand two hundred feet above the sea—and glance around. To the north, almost at our feet, sheltered by the jagged walls and pine-clad slopes of a rugged glen, nestles the village of Mont Dore, famed for its baths; beyond it rises a bare range of moorland pasture, and far away to the northeast is a long line of craters from the midst of which towers up the huge mass of the Puy de Dôme, overlooking a plateau-land bare of trees, but golden with the summer corn; to the east the Chambon descends from its lake down a winding glen toward the Allier, whose valley is dimly seen through a haze, beyond which rise the Forez Hills, blue in the distance; to the south the plateau, diversified here and there by a grove of pines or a crater-lake, stretches from the foot of the crags beneath us to the rugged masses of the Cantal group, and so far away over rolling hills to the distant ridges of the Mezenc; to the west, and toward the far north, when the moorland pastures have ceased, the plateau slopes gently down, till it almost seems to fade away in the distance, in a vast undulating carpet of cornfield, meadow, and forest.

This, then, is the story of the land on which we have been gazing. The plateau

is a huge mass of granite, which even in far-off ages of the world rose as an island above the waves beneath which were deposited the limestones of the Cotswolds and the chalk of the Kentish cliffs. When both these had begun to stiffen into solid



Royat.

stone, when the carving-tools of Nature had begun to engrave the first rough outlines of the river-valleys of England, Auvergne presented a scene very different from the present.

Where that haze now rests over the valley of the Allier, there extended from side to side a great lake, larger than Geneva, to which the escarpment of the plateau now high above the valley-bed, formed but a shelving shore; while from craters,

now silent and ruined, glowing showers of volcanic ash were discharged into the air, and great sheets of basalt spread themselves over the plateau and turned the water into steam as they invaded the shallows of the lake. Yet amid these visitations strange plants grew, and strange beasts wandered on the shore, and as they died were entombed among its silts, or buried beneath the showers of volcanic dust. So the ages ran their course, till at last, when centuries, more than we can count, were past and gone, the valley of the Allier, broad and deep, had replaced the waters of the lake, and many a lateral glen had furrowed the flanks of the plateau, and carved into bastions the sheets of basalt. The volcanic forces, however, were enfeebled but not quelled; again and again they broke forth at intervals among the uplands, throwing up fresh cones, and pouring forth new streams of lava, some of which flowed down the lately-excavated valleys, between walls capped by the older basalts, till they spread themselves out in the valley of the Allier. These, also, as we shall presently see, have in some cases been again hewed away by the action of the streams, but how long a time has elapsed since the last volcanic explosion was heard we cannot tell. Some, indeed, think that the latest outbursts occurred even in historic times; for it is hard to explain some sentences in works written about the end of the fifth century by a Bishop of Clermont and an Archbishop of Vienne, except on the supposition that they were alluding to volcanic eruptions in Auvergne. Be this as it may, the land has not a few historic interests. On one of these bastion-like masses of basalt overlooking the valley of the Allier was Gergovia, the stronghold of the Gaulish chief Vercingetorix, who long held at bay the legions of Cæsar, and checked more effectually, perhaps, than that historian cared to own the conquering progress of the Roman eagles. Many a smaller crag of basalt, many a precipitous fragment of a long-ruined cone is still crowned by the picturesque remains of some stronghold, once tenanted by a peer of France, or by one of the robber-chiefs, to whom, and not too soon, the *grands jours* gave a short shrift. The towns of Auvergne were noted even in Roman days: they gave titles to episcopal sees before Goth, or Vandal, or Moor, came to harry the land; they saw the rise of stately churches and cathedrals when more prosperous days returned, and the land was more rarely disturbed, and by domestic foes alone.

Not many English or American travelers, scientific excepted, find their way to the uplands of Auvergne; but of late years an increasing throng of Continental tourists has crowded to the mineral springs which break out profusely in several places, the last indications of the volcanic fires now extinct. One of these, at Mont Dore, we have already mentioned; another more accessible is at Royat, a village near Clermont-Ferrand, and so within a four-and-twenty hours' journey from London; we will take it as an illustration of an Auvergne bathing-place. Clermont-Ferrand itself stands on a low eminence in the open valley of the Allier, in full view of the Puy de Dôme



THE VALE OF ROYAT.

and its attendant craters. From near the foot of this mountain a streamlet takes its rise, as it did long ago when the waters of the great lake began to sink, and has carved a deep ravine in the escarpment of the plateau. Down this, at a later date, a flow of lava descended, for a while disputing with the stream the possession of the bed of the valley. The latter has, however, prevailed—water has conquered fire, and the river regained its ancient course. Just where the glen begins to open out toward the Allier, the springs of Royat break forth from the ground; the old town, which we shall presently notice, nestles in the ravine, perched upon lava-crag above the river; the new has gathered around the springs, and reaches out toward the valley. A collection of modern villas and hotels, there is little in it to interest the traveler, except the strange arrangements sometimes caused by the steepness of the slopes against which the houses are built. For example, we arrived at the largest hotel at night, and, after mounting some four flights of steps to a bedroom, inquired for the *salle-à-manger*. To our surprise, instead of having to seek a lower floor, we were requested to ascend yet a story higher, where we found a huge room something like an overgrown pavilion. A dining-room on the roof seemed a novelty; but next morning the mystery was explained: for, owing to the rapid rise of the side of the valley, the roof of the house in which we were quartered was level with the ground outside at the back, and on this was built a second house, part of the same hotel. To this the roof of the first formed a terrace, whereon stood two pavilions—the *salon*, and the dining-room. But to return to the springs: as is commonly the case, there is more than one, each having its own virtues. The most noteworthy issues beneath a little summer-house in the park in front of the hotel, where it comes bubbling and leaping up—an ever-troubled Bethesda—in a circular basin of stone, where the patients congregate to drink and listen to the music of inevitable bands. Near at hand are the baths themselves, fitted up in the customary style, but on a smaller scale than those of Mont Dore. The queer-looking sedan-chairs also, so marked a feature at the latter place, are more seldom seen at Royat. At Mont Dore, the stairs, the streets, the square, are all alive in the early morning with blue-bloused porters trotting up and down with machines that look like sentry-boxes passing into sedan-chairs by some process of evolution. The high temperature of the Mont Dore waters, the mode of cure, and the nature of the maladies treated, render the seclusion of the patients from the morning air necessary, but at Royat it is more seldom practised. There, in fact, being ill does not generally seem incompatible with a fair amount of eating and drinking, and with carrying on life not unpleasantly. It is rather remarkable that, though these springs are now so much frequented, and were known to the Romans, they were practically deserted in the interval till some thirty or forty years ago.

Almost immediately above the springs the valley narrows to a mere gorge. Never wide, it was once, as we have said, choked up by an old lava-flow, and the Tiretaine

has done no more than fray itself a passage through the solid rock. The crumbling lava and beds of scoria strewing the slopes around make a fertile soil; and the glen in places is almost blocked up by its wealth of vegetation. The fine walnuts and Spanish chestnuts, the ivy and creeping plants brightening the gray lava-crag, the irregular houses of Royat grouped around its ancient church, afford us many an attractive scene as we ramble by devious paths from the lower to the upper town. We hardly know which to prefer of the two views here given—the one from the approach to old Royat, which shows little more than the antique church standing near the brink of a lava-crag, and looking down over the thickly-clustered trees in the valley of the Tiretaine; or that from behind the village, where the eye passes over the vine-clad slopes around the baths to the broad fields of the Allier and the blue line of the distant hills. The church, so conspicuous a feature in all the views, is a singular structure. The greater part dates from about the eleventh century, and is a plain, massive, yet effective Romanesque building; but some two hundred years later its guardians converted it into a fortress by strengthening its walls and adding machicolated battlements, which still remain in fair preservation. The octagonal lantern, however, and, we believe, almost all the tower, is a modern restoration.

Down in the glen by the side of the Tiretaine is the grotto of Royat, a picturesque hollow near the base of the lava-stream, where a number of springs break out from the rock, and form a convenient laundry for the women of the village. These springs are not mineral, but are simply rills which have worked their way beneath the lava from the sides of the valley. This rock in the vicinity of the grotto becomes columnar, and offers an interesting subject of study to geologists. The columns, however, are far less regular than those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, which have already been depicted in these volumes, nor would you be able to rival them anywhere in this part of Auvergne. Farther south, examples inferior in extent, but perhaps even more striking by their regularity and unbroken length, may be found at Murat, in the Cantal, and in the Organs of Espailly, near Le Puy-en-Velay.

There are plenty of volcanic cones lying within a fairly easy walk of Royat. One, indeed, though its crater has perished, almost looks down upon the village; but the indispensable excursion is to Puy de Dôme and the craters immediately adjoining. This mountain, one of the highest in Auvergne—for its summit is more than four thousand eight hundred feet above the sea—is not itself a volcanic crater, but an enormous boss of trachytic rock, which rises about sixteen hundred feet above the plateau at its base. Grass covers its steep sides, from which the gray rock only here and there peeps out. Its summit commands a magnificent view over the volcanic craters which are ranged in line to north and to south of it, across the wide valley on the east, and over the plateau in the west to the craggy group around the Pic de Sancy. It has been a great high-place in more senses than one from a very early

time, for on the summit have been discovered the ruins of a Roman temple, which appear, from their size and character, to have belonged to an important building. On



Grotto at Royat.

another part of the summit were the ruins of a mediæval chapel, which for some reason or other enjoyed a worse reputation than their pagan neighbor, as they were believed to be the rendezvous of the witches of the district. Religion and superstition alike

have now given place to science, for an observatory has been lately erected here—a site appropriate not only by reason of its natural advantages, but also because

on it the first experiments were made for determining atmospheric pressure.

The plain below is covered deep with volcanic cinders, overgrown generally by heather or a coarse herbage, over which the cattle wander and flocks feed, guarded by Auvergne shepherds in their long cloaks, and by large dogs, who sometimes express their



Doorway at Riom.

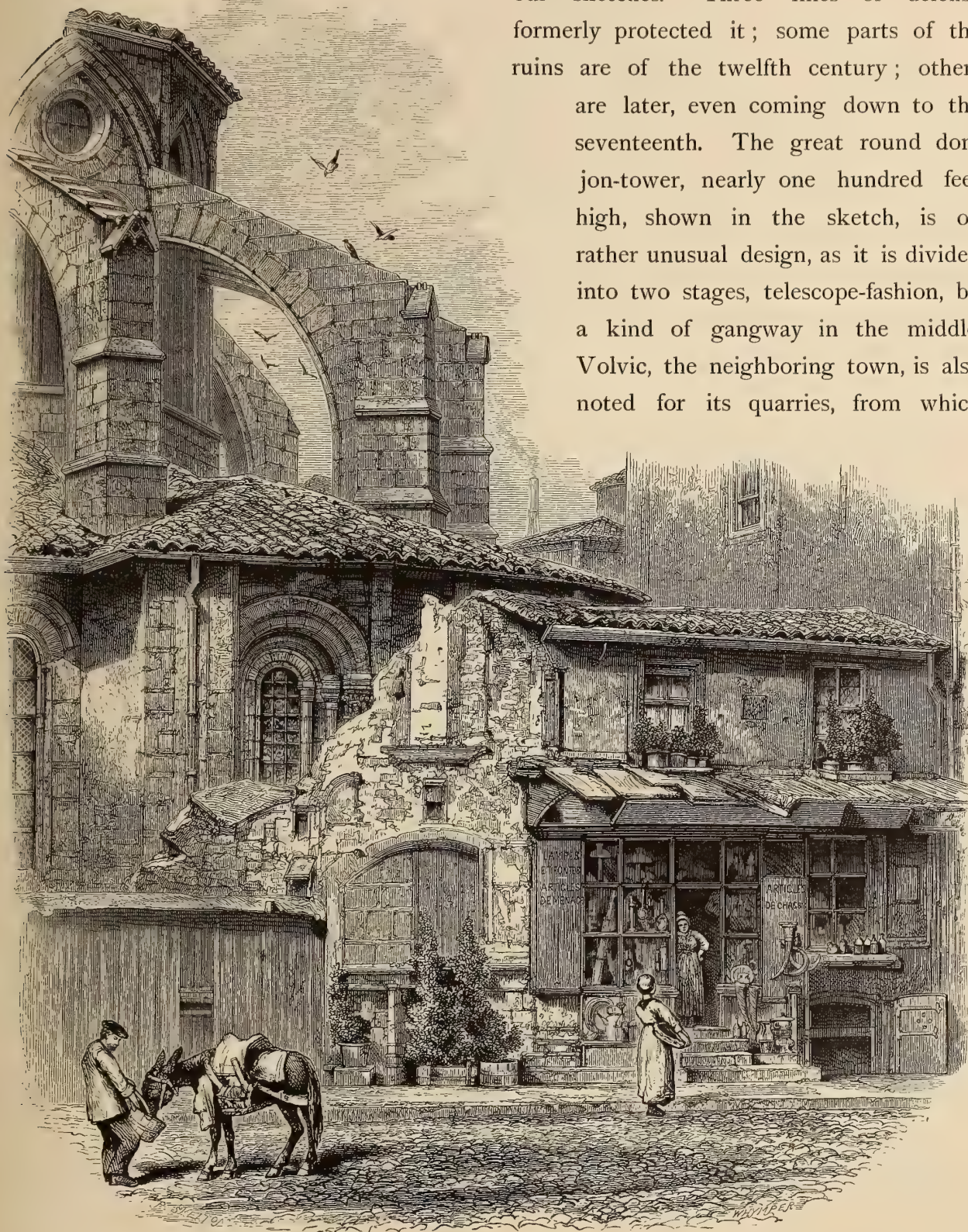
objection to the passing traveler to an extent that makes it wise to carry a good stick. Leaning against the northern flank of the Puy de Dôme, as may be seen in

the sketch, is a ruined cone, which bears the name of the Petit Puy. Its crater has almost perished, but on its flank still remains one in remarkable perfection, called the "Hen's Nest" (*Nid de la Poule*)—a most appropriate title, for it is sunk deep into the mountain-side, with scarcely any elevated rim. It is quite small, being only about one hundred yards deep and wide. Craters, however, are plentiful enough on either side of the Puy de Dôme, and we need only walk two or three furlongs from the base of the Petit Puy to commence ascending one of the largest in the country. This is the Puy Pariou, a perfect cone, the highest point of whose margin rises more than seven hundred feet above its base.

The above are far from being the only features of interest in Auvergne. Its buildings are often as noteworthy in architecture as they are picturesque in situation. The scoriaceous materials of the older cones have in many cases consolidated into a hard rock; the hand of Time has hewed away the crater-walls, and left only broken fragments, huge blocks and crags, or mounds of columnar basalt, which rise abruptly from the valleys: on these are perched churches, castles, villages, even towns. For example, it would be hard to find a more picturesque site than that of Le Puy-en-Velay. The town is clustered on the slopes around a volcanic crag (which modern taste and piety have crowned with a colossal statue of the Virgin, cast from the cannon of Sebastopol): on the one hand, a noble cathedral, built in darker ages, rises like a subordinate mountain-peak above the roofs of the houses; on the other, a great pinnacle of rock, steep almost as a spire, supports a tiny church which seems to have been dropped upon its summit from the sky, and reserved for the sole use of winged visitors. Both these churches are well worth studying, as are many in Auvergne. Of these not the least noteworthy are *Nôtre Dame du Port*, in Clermont-Ferrand, and the church of Riom. Riom was for a good while the rival of the last-named town, and is still the second city of Auvergne: it is the seat of an appeal court, and has always been celebrated for the learning and high character of its magistracy. The town of itself is of little interest, and its streets have a sombre aspect, owing to the dark-gray lava used as a building-stone; but some picturesque nooks and corners are to be found, as will be seen by the sketches, and several old houses, with their sculptured doors and corner towers, have escaped the restorer's hand. The windows of the side-chapel in one drawing will give a good idea of the simpler style of the Auvergne Romanesque, while the chevet and its flying buttresses above clearly belong to a later date. The women are wearing the close white cap with a frilled border—the usual head-dress of the female Auvergnat. Moderator and paraffin-lamps in the shop-windows seem like anachronisms among the venerable relics of antiquity; but the nobler animal waiting upon the lower, as exemplified in the foreground, is an allegory exhibited in all ages.

The castles of Auvergne, as has been said above, must not be left without a

word of notice, as they so often form a conspicuous feature in the scenery. Among the most remarkable, both for size and situation, are the Château de Polignac, near Le Puy-en-Velay; Murols, in the valley of the Chambon; and the Château de Tournoël, near Volvic. The last is among our sketches. Three lines of defense formerly protected it; some parts of the ruins are of the twelfth century; others are later, even coming down to the seventeenth. The great round donjon-tower, nearly one hundred feet high, shown in the sketch, is of rather unusual design, as it is divided into two stages, telescope-fashion, by a kind of gangway in the middle. Volvic, the neighboring town, is also noted for its quarries, from which



A picturesque corner at Riom.

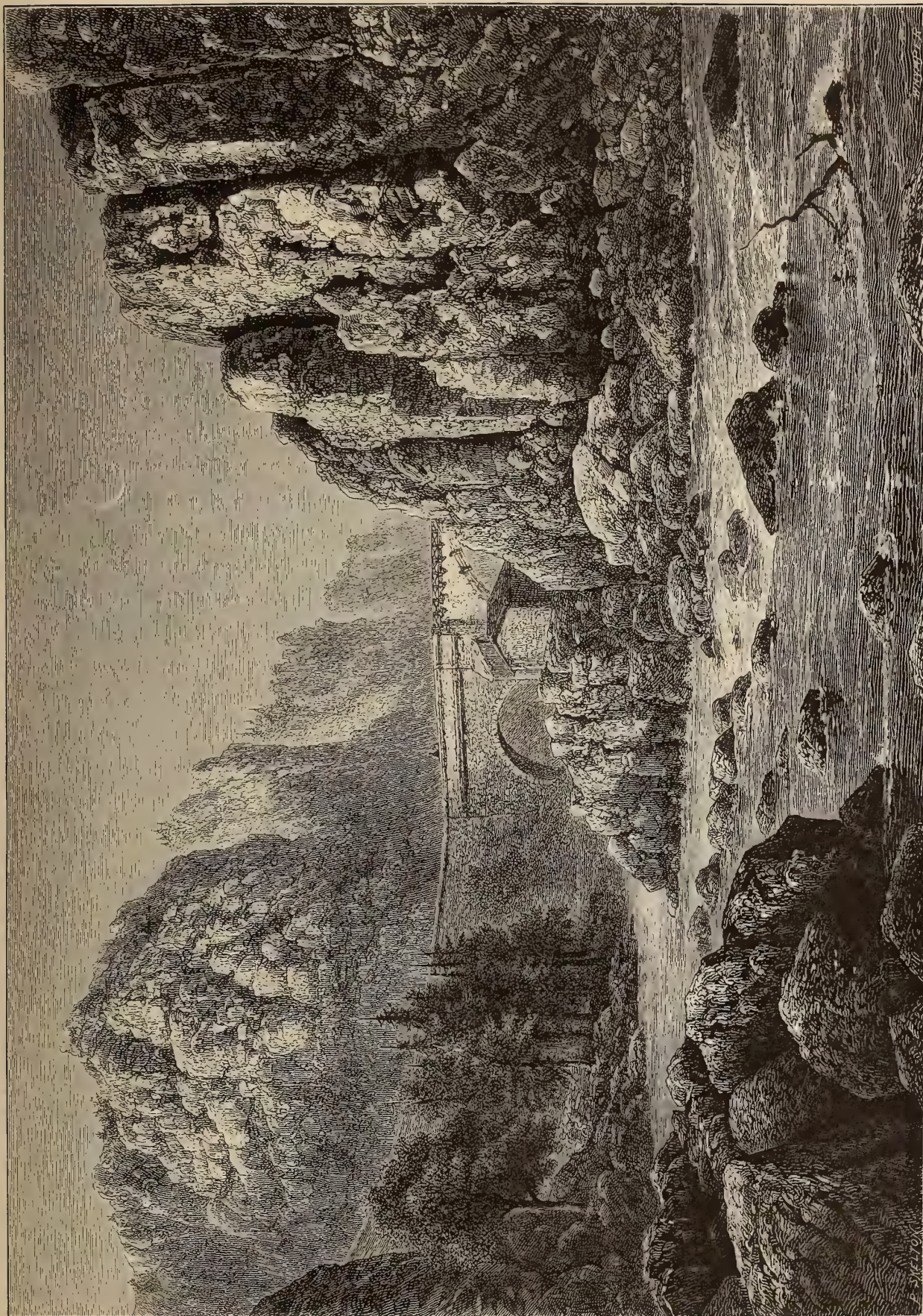
the stone has been derived for the construction of the most important edifices in Auvergne. It is a dark-gray lava—one of the great flows that have broken out



from the volcanic cones above; and the quarries, which, like those of Niedermendig, are sometimes subterranean, have been worked for at least six centuries.

Not one of the least interesting towns in the department of the Puy-de-Dôme is Thiers, on the eastern side of the Allier Valley, at the foot of the Forez Hills. It is the "Ville Noire" of George Sand, who has made Auvergne a favorite theme of her pen. Busy, active, and industrious, it has somewhat the air of a mediæval town. The streets are steep and narrow, the houses dark and dirty, their ground-floors occupied by unglazed shops,

Château de Tournœil.



GORGE AT THIERS.

piled together in an untidy but picturesque fashion. The river, sweeping between its rocky banks among the water-wheels, affords some interesting nooks, and the neighboring scenery is fine, as our sketch will show; but go where you will, in almost any part of Central France, you will not wander far without finding subjects for the sketch-book; many of the valleys—as, for example, that of the Upper Loire—affording, like this, scenes which remind us of Alpine or Pyrenean borders.

From Auvergne to Dauphiné is a far cry in every sense of the word, long in distance, generally longer still in time, as the railways are far from direct, and these cross-country trains proceed at a leisurely pace. Here Lyons may well arrest the traveler's steps for a while, with its fine situation on the banks of two rivers, and its memories of ancient days. If, however, he wishes to shun the turmoil of a great manufacturing town, he can seek quieter Vienne farther down the river, which was a flourishing town before the name of Lyons occurs in history. He will find its Roman ruins—its obelisk, its temple, its arch, and its theatre—injured though they are, to be worth study; or he may descend yet farther down the river to Valence, in the land of the Rhône wines, from whose vineyards comes the well-known St. Peray. Here died Pope Pius VII., a prisoner out of the Vatican in a rather different sense from his successor of our days within it. Here, too, his captor, Napoleon, studied while yet only a poor sub-lieutenant of artillery. The cathedral, though small, is of architectural interest, as are one or two of the houses; the most remarkable being the *Maison des Fêtes*, which, though sadly mutilated, as will be seen from the sketch, is still a fine relic of fifteenth-century architecture, belonging to a period, better illustrated in France than in England, when the Gothic style was modified by the influence of the Renaissance, and a rich, sometimes really beautiful, blending of the two resulted.

Among the mountain-spurs, about seven miles south of a station of the line from Valence to Grenoble, lies a quaint but rarely-visited place called Pont-en-Royans—once the capital of Royannais—the lords of which occupied a fortress, now ruined and not easy of access, and probably lived by plunder, as did so many more in those good old times. The town, if one may dignify a place of about twelve hundred people with that name, is squeezed into a narrow, rocky glen, and perched on either brink of a gorge, across which a bridge is thrown to unite the two sections. The sketch will give the best idea of the way in which the picturesque old houses—dingy enough, it must be owned—are built up stage on stage, with pillars and retaining walls, from the bed of the torrent, while above their roofs rises the craggy side of the glen, half masked by a rich vegetation. So narrow is the gorge, that formerly the sole street had but a single row of houses, built up, as we see, from the river-bed, and opposite to them rose the steep rock. This, however, is altered now. The rock has been blasted to allow a second row to be wedged in—probably not greatly adding to the salubrity of the place—while others are perched here and there higher up the

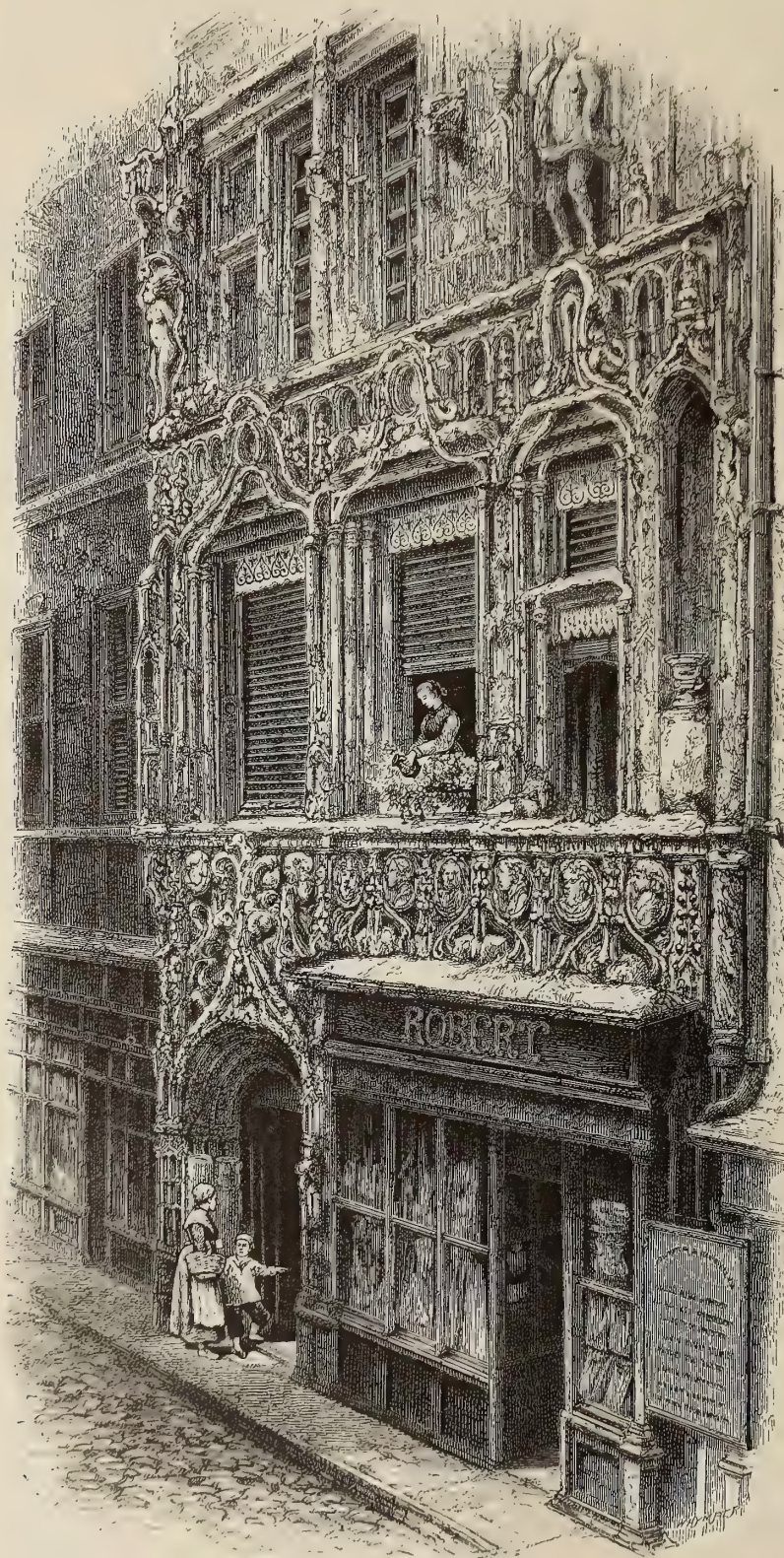
crag, wherever it has been possible to smooth a space large enough for their reception. A brisk trade in cloth-making is said to have existed here early in the last century. Now prosperity seems to have taken its departure, and there is nothing but a little silk-weaving, wood-turning, and fishing. This last, as the sketch shows, does not involve much trouble or preparation. From the balconies overhanging the stream ropes are suspended, from which huge circular nets depend. All day long these nets are going up and down, now dipping into the water and disappearing out of sight, now gently raised to see if anything is entangled. At last the fisherman sees a silvery streak wriggling among the meshes, and hauls up the captive, perhaps a hundred feet through the air, to his eyrie. Here it is duly tumbled into a tub, the whole process causing great delight to the *gamins* on the opposite bank. It is the laziest form of fishing ever invented, and seems to be as profitable as it is easy; for the fish that are not consumed on the spot are sold first-hand at three francs a pound, and are eaten at last by the epicures of Paris.

Returning to the railway, we come in due course to Grenoble, a fortified town on the banks of the Isère, which sweeps round a bold mountain-spur to its confluence with the Drac. Gray lines of fortification creep picturesquely up the steep hill-side, commanding and protecting at once the town, which lies low on the opposite bank. Few towns in France are more finely situated, almost every prospect having for its background the bold crags and snowy summits of the Dauphiné Alps, whose jagged outlines contrast well with the more rounded slopes and abrupter precipices of the limestone-ridges on either side of the smiling Grésivaudan. A few miles farther, in the Combe de Gavet, we enter upon the characteristic scenery of the Dauphiné Alps. The mountains tower on either hand craggy and bare, pines are sparsely clustered upon their flanks, the limes and walnuts so characteristic of the scenery of the Drac Valley have almost disappeared, and huge blocks fallen from above wellnigh overhang the road. All around the level and fertile fields, which now occupy the site of this old lake-bed, precipitous mountains rise, and the glittering white peaks, which here and there overlook these gigantic buttresses, show that we are now very near to the land of perpetual ice and snow.

Beyond Bourg d'Oisans, the principal village of the district, the valley, which has expanded for a time, narrows. We are now entering upon scenery almost unknown to English tourists, although it is rarely equaled, and perhaps never surpassed, by that of any of the great Alpine highways. This or that one may offer single views—like the Ortler from the top of the Stelvio Pass, or short portions, like the Via Mala on the Splügen—which may be superior; but, take it as a whole, we know nothing (and we know them all) to surpass in grandeur the scenery on the road from Bourg d'Oisans to the Pass of the Lauteret. After mounting to some height, the wonderful defile of Combe de Malaval is entered. Here steep precipices rise on either hand,

bare, bleak, and barren, seamed by the torrent, worn by the avalanche, affording but rarely a scanty support to the stunted pine, and grudgingly welcoming even the Alpine

herb. Sometimes dark crags impend over the road; sometimes gigantic boulders well-nigh block up the valley, seeming to bar the torrent which leaps from rock to rock in its headlong course, and speeds onward and downward an eddying mass of foam. On the right, high up against the sky, white crags of ice now and again crown the cliffs, from which the glacier-torrents come leaping down to the river below. To emerge from the almost awful sternness of this defile to the sloping cornfields and pasture around La Grave seems almost a relief, though right in face of it rises, crag above crag, and glacier above glacier, the almost inaccessible Meije. So steep is this mountain that from the top of its serrated crest to the torrent-bed at its base—a height of eight thousand feet—it seems like one great wall. From this place to the summit of the Col de Lauteret, the scenery, though really grand, seems almost tame by comparison. After crossing this depression in the narrow isth-



Maison des Fêtes, Valence.

mus which unites the *massif* of the Dauphiné Alps to the main chain, we descend into the valley of the Durance, under the fortifications of Briançon.



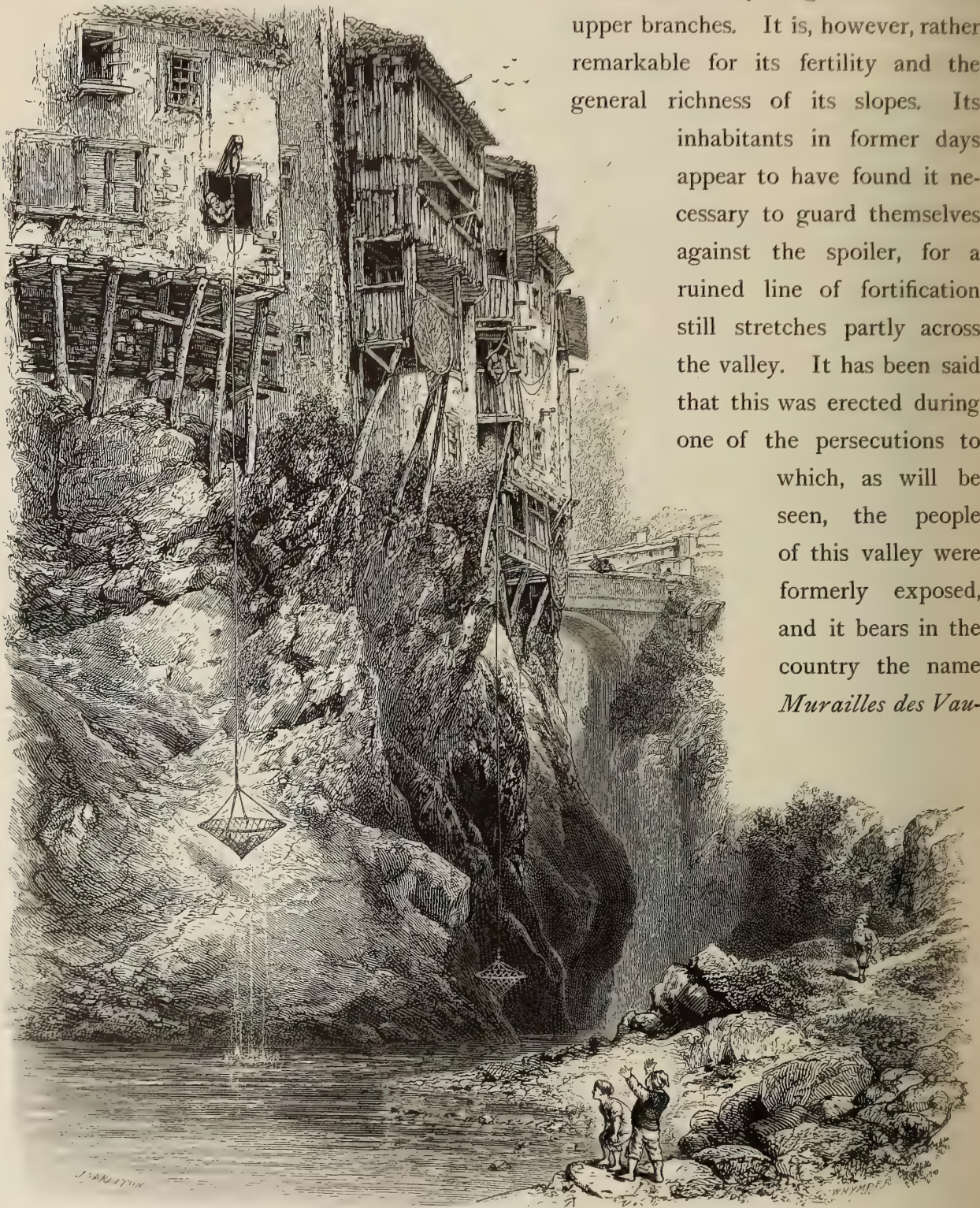
PONT-EN-ROYANS.

The Vallouise leads to some of the finest scenery in Dauphiné; its lower part, however, is not superior to that of many Alpine valleys, and gives little promise of

the extraordinary magnificence of its upper branches. It is, however, rather remarkable for its fertility and the general richness of its slopes. Its

inhabitants in former days appear to have found it necessary to guard themselves against the spoiler, for a ruined line of fortification still stretches partly across the valley. It has been said that this was erected during one of the persecutions to

which, as will be seen, the people of this valley were formerly exposed, and it bears in the country the name *Murailles des Vau-*



Fishing at Pont-en-Royans.

dois, but nothing certain is known concerning the origin. Corn grows well here, and green pastures extend far up the mountain-sides; while walnuts, beeches, limes, and

larches flourish, clothing the lower slopes of the mountains, and forming varied groups on the level straths at their feet.

Ville-Vallouise, the principal village, lies about six miles up the valley. Though nearly four thousand feet above the sea, it is surrounded by cornfields and well-grown deciduous trees, and is as smiling a scene as could well be found. Like most of the French Alpine villages, we miss, indeed, the picturesqueness of the wooden houses so common in the Swiss Alps; but the beauty of the situation renders the want of these less conspicuous than usual. Still, were it not for the church, the village itself would be utterly uninteresting. This, however, is an unusually fine one for so humble a place. It has a tower and spire of a design common in Dauphiné; the angles of the tower being capped by four blunt pinnacles—vertical, and flush with the wall on the two outer sides, and curved at the back—from the middle of which the spire rises. The effect, as may be seen from the sketch, is very pleasing. The porch, however, is more ambitious in design, and is an extremely fine one, the arches and capitals being richly sculptured. The former are pointed, but the latter, like the entrance-door, seem rather to be Romanesque in design. The columns, which are of a handsome marble, found near Guilestre, on the opposite side of the Durance Valley, rest upon couchant lions or griffins, and the whole has rather an Italian aspect.

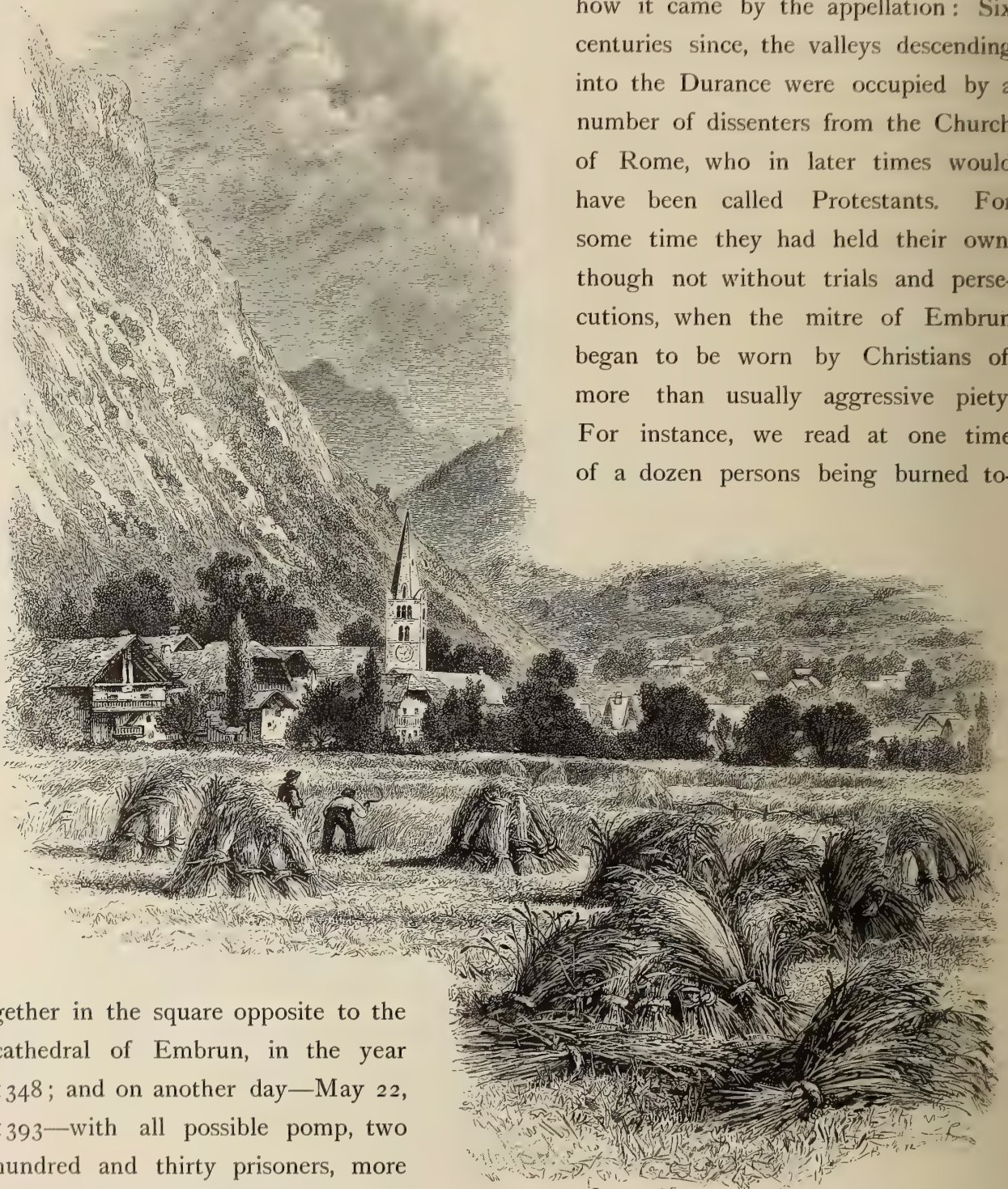
For some little distance above Ville-Vallouise the scenery continues comparatively rich and smiling. Then, by degrees, the broad-leaved trees shrink down the mountain-side, the corn becomes more stunted, and the craggy crests above wilder and bleaker; then great mountain-buttresses begin from time to time to show themselves in advance, till at last the great mass of the Pelvoux rises in front, framed in by the sides of the valley. Very few views in the Alps can surpass this. Walnut and apple trees still flourish around the chalets; the path winds up and down among bowlders, half overgrown with moss and fern, while in front tower the enormous precipices and rocky pinnacles, capped with snow and ice, which form the huge mountain-mass of the Pelvoux. This is in shape a kind of truncate cone, built up of monstrous rocky buttresses more than seven thousand feet in height.

The valley forks at the base of the Pelvoux, one arm sweeping round toward the northwest, and terminating at the back of the mountain, where two great glaciers come down from the inner Alpine recesses. One of these is a broken mass of pure white ice, the other is thickly strewn with broken rock. The effect of these two ice-streams, so strongly contrasted in color, and separated only by a narrow spur of rock, is very singular.

The other arm, called the Val Sapinière, extends beneath the southern face of the Pelvoux and of some wild, rocky peaks, even more striking in outline, which lie to the west of it, till it also is barred by a fine glacier. This glen, nurturing only a few storm-beaten trees—a waste of bowlders overhung by precipices—is in harmony

with the terrible tradition which renders its name a scandal to Christianity. High up among the cliffs on the left bank of the valley, and among the buttresses of the

Pelvoux, is a cave bearing the name of the *Baume des Vaudois*. This is how it came by the appellation: Six centuries since, the valleys descending into the Durance were occupied by a number of dissenters from the Church of Rome, who in later times would have been called Protestants. For some time they had held their own, though not without trials and persecutions, when the mitre of Embrun began to be worn by Christians of more than usually aggressive piety. For instance, we read at one time of a dozen persons being burned to-



Ville de Vallouise.

gether in the square opposite to the cathedral of Embrun, in the year 1348; and on another day—May 22, 1393—with all possible pomp, two hundred and thirty prisoners, more than half of whom were from the Vallouise, were condemned in the same cathedral to die at the stake. But the crowning barbarity was yet to come, when a kind of crusade was proclaimed against the Vaudois, or Waldenses, as they were called.

The inhabitants of the Vallouise retreated before the invaders to the Val Sapeinière, and sought refuge in the cavern, which is cut off from the valley beneath by formidable

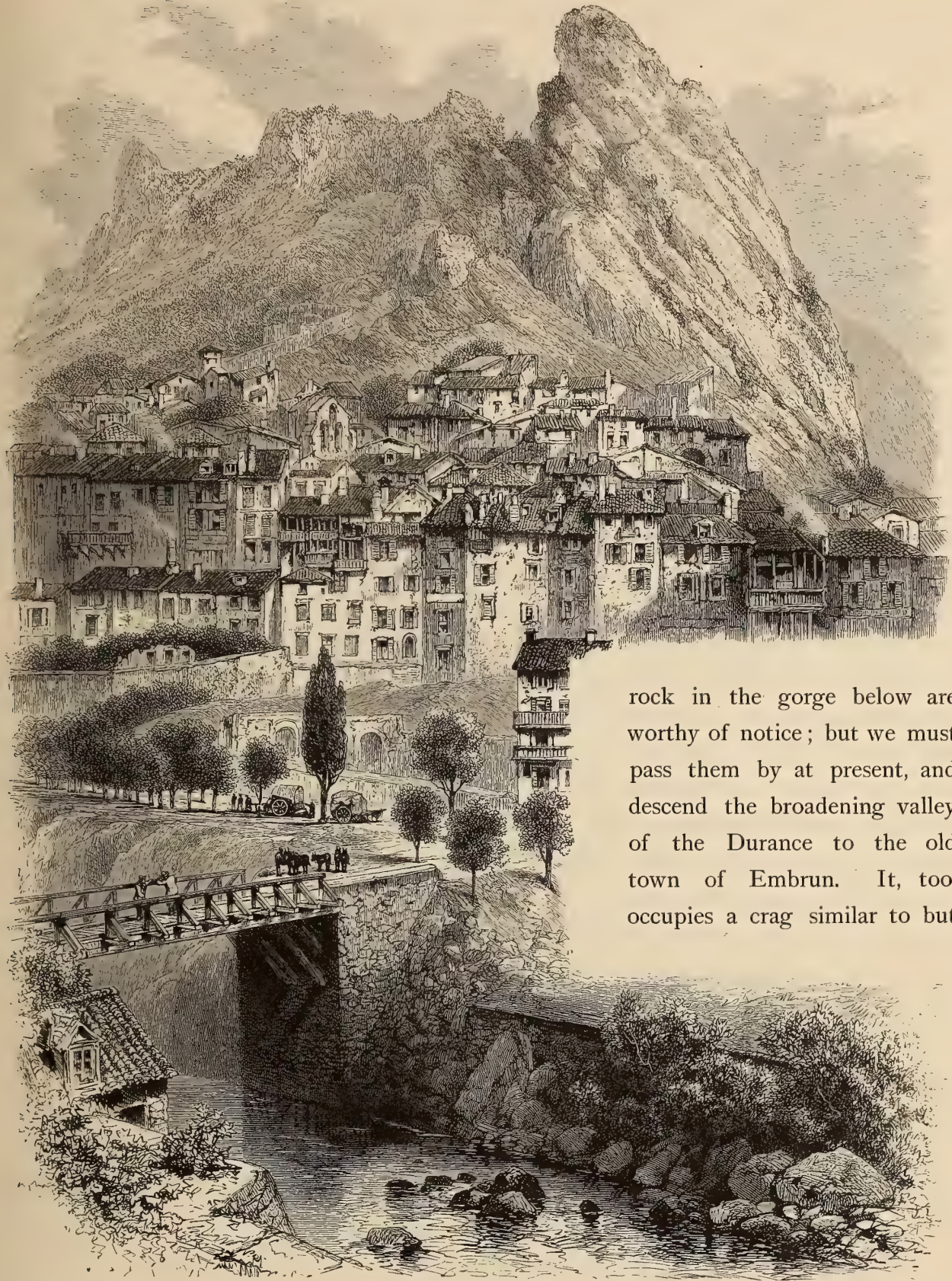


Porch of the Cathedral, Embrun.

precipices, and is said to be of considerable size, and well supplied with water. They drove thither their sheep and cattle, which they stabled in the lateral recesses

of the grotto, and had conveyed provision enough (it is said) for two years. They placed the women, children, and aged, in the inmost part, and then, after blocking up with rocks the sole path leading to their retreat, the younger men posted themselves at the entrance to resist any attack. A shrewd captain among the assailants, seeing the hopelessness of an attempt from below, determined to try the device practised long ago by Herod against the robbers of Galilee. Accompanied by a band of men, and provided with all the ropes which they could collect, he ascended to the pastures above the precipices. These are comparatively easy of access, being still frequented every summer by the shepherds of Provence; and from the brink of one of the cliffs you can look down on the rocky platform at the mouth of the cavern. On to this he lowered his soldiers with ropes. The Vaudois, doubtless, might have overpowered them in detail, but the sight of their enemies dropping as it seemed from the sky caused a panic, and when resistance was attempted it was too late. They fled into the recesses of the cavern. The leader of the assault hesitated to seek them there, where they would fight with the energy of despair, and his own men would be at a disadvantage from their ignorance of the localities; so he collected a quantity of brushwood—doubtless most of it juniper, which still clothes the rough slopes above, and the smoke of which is extremely pungent—piled it in the mouth of the cave, and set it on fire. The plan was simple, not very laborious, and remarkably successful. This eminent missionary of the Gospel waited quietly till the fire had gone out, and the smoke had cleared away, then he marched into the cave to investigate the result, probably fairly confident of the success of his experiment on the asphyxiating properties of juniper. There was not a living creature to be found. How many perished we do not know. The annals state about three thousand, and add that four hundred infants lay dead in their mothers' arms; but the number is probably exaggerated.

Returning from the Vallouise into the Durance, we pass before long, on our right, the entrance of the Val Freyssinières, so well known in the earlier part of this century for the self-denying labors of Felix Neff, the Vaudois pastor, one might almost say missionary, of this district of the Alps; for, though "heresy" has not reëstablished itself in the Vallouise, there are considerable congregations in this neighboring valley and on the opposite side of the Durance. His abode was at Dormil House, in the upper part of this valley, one of the wildest spots in a wild region; but he traveled over the whole region on both sides of the river, laboring literally night and day, not only to convert, but also to educate and to civilize. Utterly exhausted by toil and privation, though but in his thirty-second year, he died at Geneva, whither he had been removed for better nursing and a more genial climate. Proceeding onward, we leave on our left the strong fortress of Mont Dauphin, perched on a commanding crag, and guarding the outlet of the beautiful valley of the Guil. Its situation is very picturesque, and the weather-worn pinnacles of the conglomerate

*Serres, Dauphiné.*

rock in the gorge below are worthy of notice; but we must pass them by at present, and descend the broadening valley of the Durance to the old town of Embrun. It, too, occupies a crag similar to but

lower than that supporting Mont Dauphin, and its fine cathedral-tower is a conspicuous object from afar. A town of the Caturiges, it became a Roman city in the earlier

days of the empire, and was constituted by Hadrian the metropolis of the Maritime Alps. It was converted to Christianity by St. Marcellin, and, as the legend goes, was saved by his interposition from the Vandals a century later; but afterward either the saint became negligent of the town or the town of the saint, for it was pillaged by the Lombards and sacked by the Saracens, who retained possession of it for fourteen years. In the thirteenth and following century it distinguished itself by its ardent zeal for orthodoxy; but, notwithstanding its devotion to the chair of Peter, it can hardly be said to have prospered, as it only numbers about three thousand inhabitants. Except a few minor antiquities, and a curious massive tower, called the *Tour Brune*, and said to be of very ancient date, the cathedral is the only important building in Embrun. Part of this is Romanesque, of a rude and probably early type: indeed, the building is said to have been founded by Charlemagne on the ruins of a Roman temple, but very little of the present structure can be assigned to his epoch. The north porch here represented is the most interesting part of the cathedral. It is stated to have been the pattern of many others in the neighborhood—as, for example, that at Vallouise already mentioned—and is well worthy of study as a type of a design rare on the western side of the Alps.

The traveler who wishes to return into the valley of the Rhône from the Durance, and does not care to follow that river to its confluence, must make a considerable circuit through the lower mountains south of the great peaks of Dauphiné, and, passing through Gap, either turn off northward to regain Valence, or follow a road which will lead him westward to Orange—whence the princes so well known to English history derived their title—through Serres. Here we halt, and take out the sketch-book for the last time before quitting the country. It is a picturesque spot, like so many of these Provence towns, perched on a craggy hill-side above a mountain-stream—the Buech—which, like the river at Royans, is noted for its trout. Serres was rather a noted place in the middle ages, being even then of great antiquity; now it is in rather a decadent condition. Some fragments of wall on the rocks commanding the village once formed parts of the towers; they are popularly believed still to act as lightning-conductors, and preserve Serres from being struck. The church is of some interest, and the château of Lesdiquières, the Protestant leader of the sixteenth century, still remains. The neighboring country is extremely beautiful, mountain-crag and rich lowland being contrasted; while there is in the one something of the Dauphiné grandeur without its savageness, and in the other all the sunshine of Provence without its aridity.



The Holstein Gate, Lübeck.

OLD GERMAN TOWNS.



The Andreas-Platz, Hildesheim.

IT is not much more than forty years since Americans and Germans, and perhaps a hundred years since Englishmen and Germans, began to know each other intimately, and now Shakespeare is acted on every German stage, and the history of the English language and literature is a principal study in every German university.

Within the last ten years, also, the works of the principal American authors are translated and published in Germany soon after their appearance here. The country, nevertheless, has far less that is familiar to the American than to the English traveler. If an Englishman feels himself more or less at home in all German towns, especially do these old-world places, with their lofty churches, their richly-decorated town-halls, their timber-streaked houses, their gates and walls which separate the narrow streets from the silver stream and fresh meadows beyond, remind him of his own England in the middle ages. Such a town by preëminence is Lübeck, one of the most picturesque and the least changed of any of these cities. The situation is peculiar. As Hamburg, at the mouth of the abounding Elbe, occupies the left shoulder of Germany, where it joins the Danish neck, and sends its commerce over the North Sea to all the civilized world, so Lübeck, at the right shoulder, on the little river Trave, has an outlook into the Baltic, and its closest relations are with Scandinavian and Russian ports. Steamers run every day to Copenhagen, and nearly as often to St. Petersburg and Christiania. Geographically a part of Holstein, it always preserved its independence among the constant rivalries of the regal and ducal branches of that house; and it has now sunk contentedly back into the bosom of the German Empire, from which it originally sprang. Lübeck was built somewhere about the beginning of the ninth century, an outlying post of civilization against the Slavonic Wends, who peopled the neighboring districts. It was burned by them, but revived again, and in the thirteenth century was made a free town of the empire by Frederick II. Its citizens fought with the Danes, and even destroyed Copenhagen and the Danish fleet. In 1251 it became head of the league of the German Hansa, a confederation of trading towns, united for mutual benefit and support. The fleet of Lübeck was master of the eastern sea, and its influence decided the issue of northern wars. After a short period of great prosperity, it suffered the fate of Florence, and succumbed to the tyranny of ambitious nobles. About the time of the Reformation, Jürgen Wullenweber—that is, George Woolweaver—raised the standard of freedom, and made a gallant attempt to revive once more the ancient power of the Hansa. After him the town sank gradually into insignificance; but it retains many traces of its former power, and there is, perhaps, no city except Nuremberg which holds up so vivid a picture of German life in the middle ages. The town is best seen from the old fortifications, now turned into promenades and planted with lime-trees. The twin towers of the Domkirche, or cathedral church, rise conspicuously in the landscape. It is of massy character, built in the Romanesque style; and so heavy are its walls that the foundation is not strong enough to bear them, the towers sloping slightly, like those of Pisa or Bologna. A few steps farther will lead us to the Bellevue Bastion, where the Trave leaves the town, and we shall see opposite to us the old town-gate, the Burgthor, where, after the battle of Jena had sealed the fate of Prussia, Blücher held his ground against the mighty

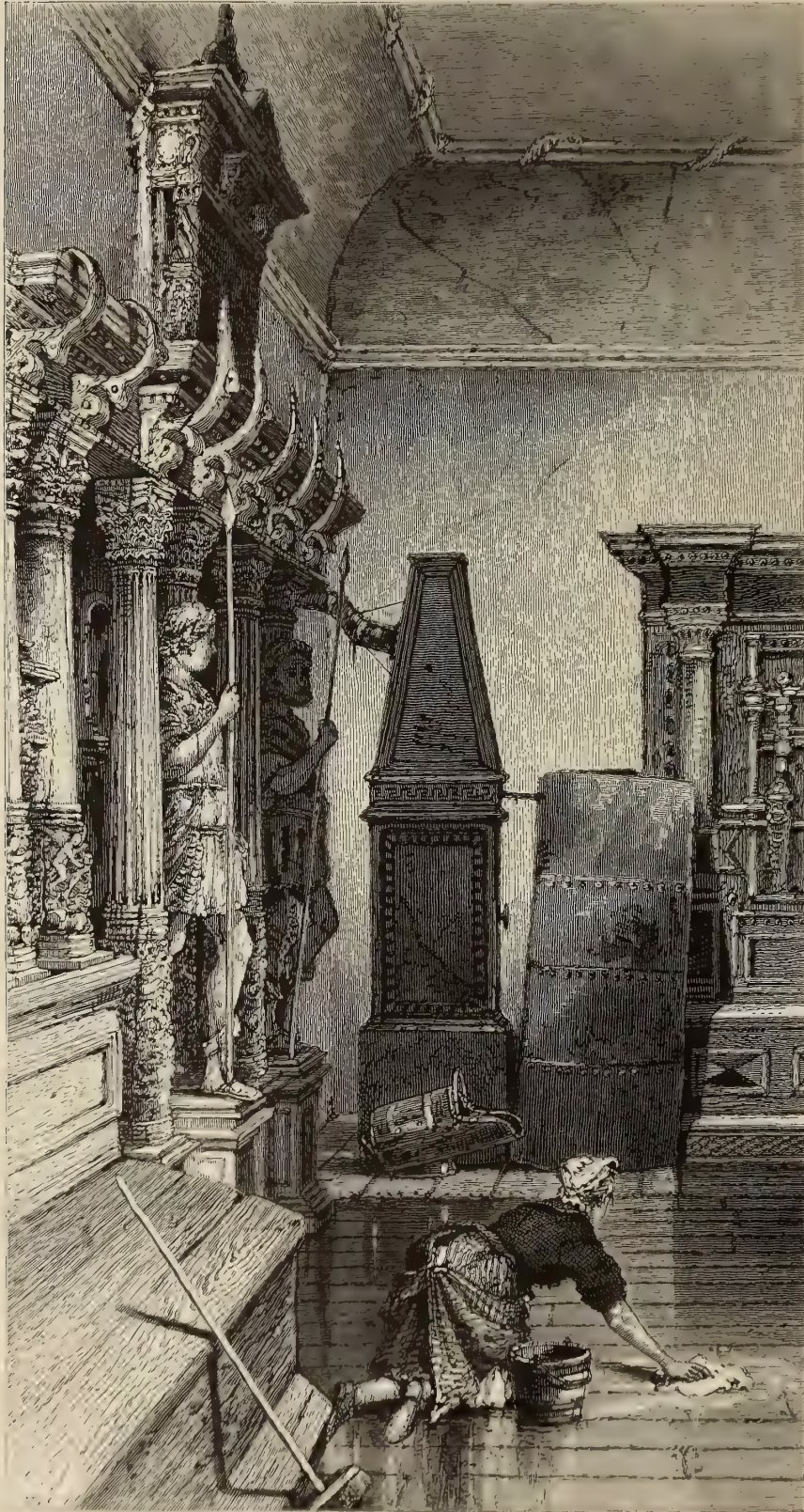
onslaught of Bernadotte, Soult, and Murat. But the centre of the life of these independent cities is to be found in the market-place. In modern days we arrive by railway, and a few steps will bring us to the mediæval Holstein Gate, flanked by its



The Burgthor, Lübeck.

massive round towers—a model of middle-age fortification, dating from the latter half of the fifteenth century. We then cross the Holstein Bridge, and, passing up the Holstein Street, find ourselves in the market-place. The open space is full of busy traffickers in vegetables and fruit, and the simple articles of household requirements.

Right before us is the Rathhaus, or Town-hall, built of red-and-black glazed bricks in the year 1517. The old Town-hall was destroyed by fire, but some portions of it are still preserved within. Here the mighty Lübeck transacted the affairs of the Hansa;



The War-room of the Rathhaus, Lübeck.

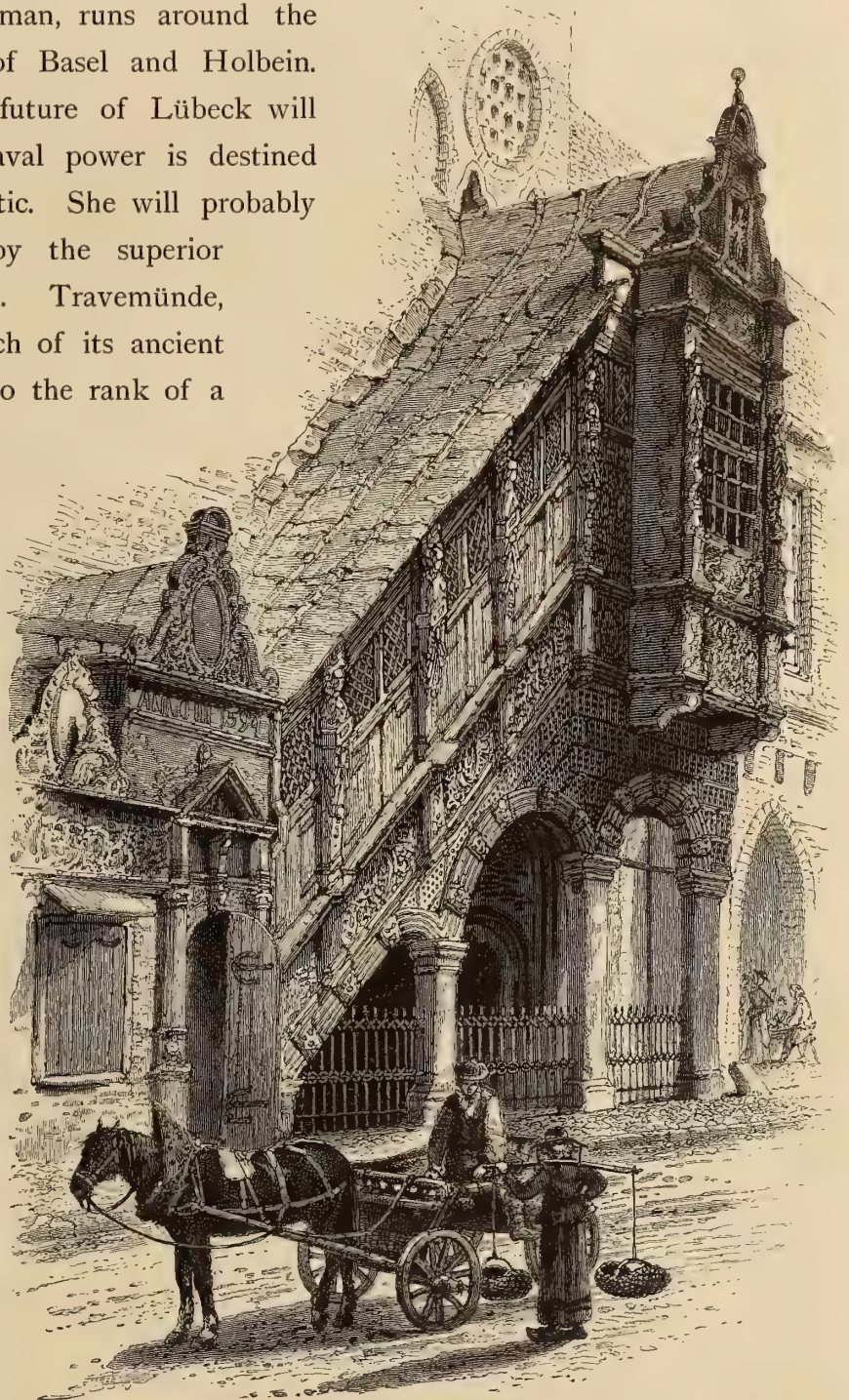
and here the ambassadors of the eighty-five towns who acknowledged her supremacy held their sittings. The old magnificence of style has not been improved by modern additions and alterations. The large hall which held the sittings of the Hansa is now cut up into separate rooms, but traces of its former grandeur are still visible. Next to the Town-hall is the Exchange, and opposite stands the Marienkirche, or Church of Our Lady, one of the most magnificent Gothic buildings of the early part of the fourteenth century. The twin towers are among the highest in Germany. Here is the Chapel of the Indulgences, where the sale was carried on which incited Luther to burst the bands of Rome. Overbeck, the painter, who, perhaps, of all moderns, has felt most keenly the purity and refinement, if not

the strength, of the religion of the middle ages, was born in this far northern city; but his life was in the south, which he loved; and his name is forever connected with Rome and with Assisi. A dance of death, with racy mottoes in Low German, runs around the dead chapel, reminding us of Basel and Holbein. We cannot tell what the future of Lübeck will be, or how far German naval power is destined to extend itself in the Baltic. She will probably be always overshadowed by the superior position of her rival, Kiel. Travemünde, eight miles off, has lost much of its ancient commerce, and is reduced to the rank of a third-rate bathing-place.

Most of those who visit the quaint and picturesque streets of Lübeck do so from admiration of its past. As lovers of antiquity, we may be allowed to hope that no pressure of civilization will destroy those records of its history, the House of the Company of Shippers, which for three hundred years has been the home of that guild, the traders to Bergen, the traders to Novgorod, the forerunner of the greatness of St. Petersburg; the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, founded by the rich merchant Morneweg, who, like Sir Rich-

ard Whittington, came to Lübeck a poor beggar-boy, and died possessed of princely wealth; and the many other marks of municipal vitality which now beats with so strong a pulse in the members of the German body.

Passing on our way to Hanover, the railways soon bring us to Lüneburg, another



Stairs to the Rathhaus, Lübeck.

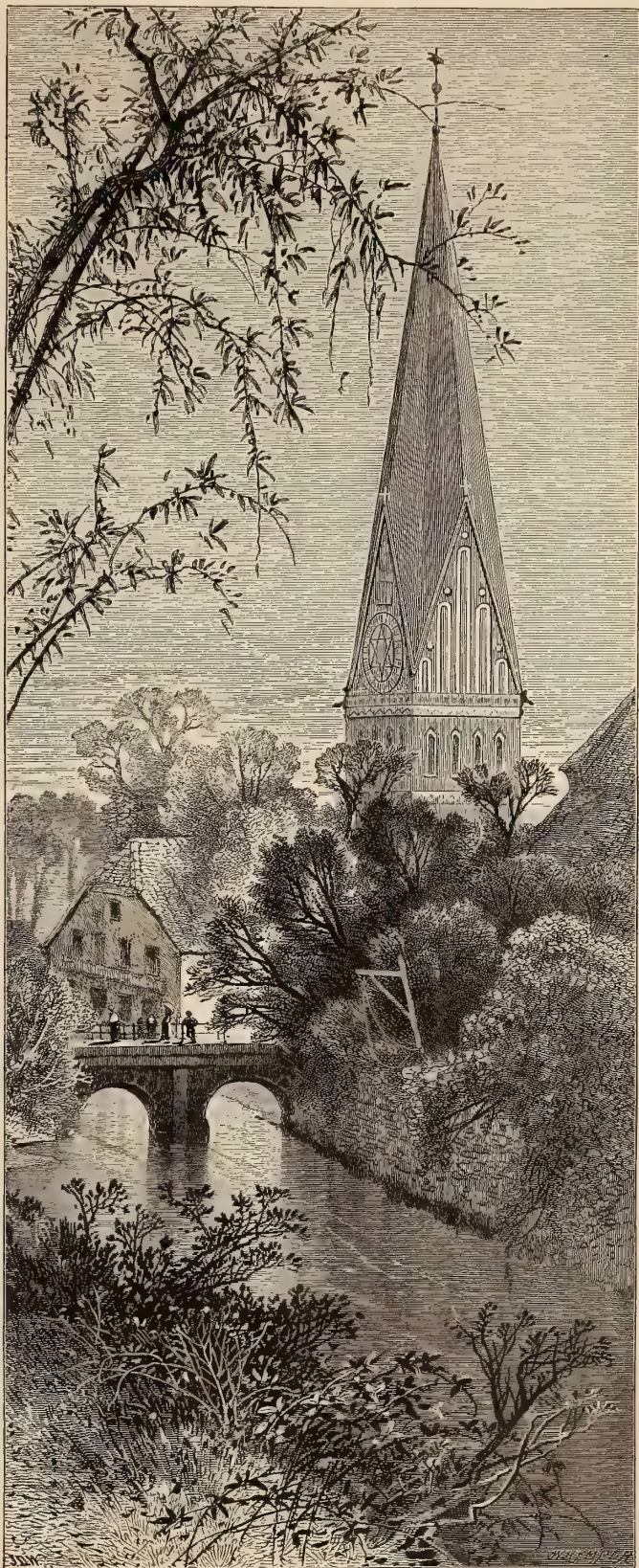
of the old Hanse towns, with its unchanged remains of ancient architecture, not the least important of which is its cathedral, with its quaint spire. It lies at the foot of the Kalkberg, a chalk hill rising suddenly out of the surrounding plain. The Town-hall, in the market-place, is one of the most interesting buildings, although it is difficult to trace its ancient splendor through the numerous alterations which it has undergone. The church of St. John, with its lofty pinnaced tower, worthily represents the Protestant piety of the inhabitants; and in a side chapel may be seen the ancient marble pillar which in the heathen times was set up on the Kalkberg, and bore the image of the moon which gave its name to the town. The princes of Lüneburg find their last repose in the church of St. Michael. In ancient times the chief glory of this church was the so-called Golden Table—a covering for the high altar made in great part of solid gold, and set with precious stones. It was adorned with sculptured figures of rare beauty, and was celebrated through all the country round, although the name of the artist was unknown. Just at the end of the seventeenth century the famous thief Nickel List, or Nick Cunning, with his gang, robbed the costly table of its gold, and two hundred precious stones, chiefly rubies and emeralds. He was executed for it in the following year. The altar-covering, shorn of the rest of its valuable ornaments, lies in the museum at Hanover.

Lüneburg is also celebrated for its salt-works. The springs furnish the salt-baths loved by Germans—a very poor substitute for the open sea. But Lüneburg is best known in connection with the wide extent of breezy heath which lies between it and Celle. The traveler, as he passes through this district in a railway-carriage, may imagine that it is little but a uniform desolate waste. A nearer acquaintance will reveal a thousand unsuspected beauties and varieties. It may be compared to the English Dartmoor, which has found plenty of poets and novelists to sound its praises. In changing contrast with the broad moor are groups of pine-trees. Where trees cannot grow the ground is covered with the common heather, generally of a gray-brown tint, in summer lightened up with tiny pink-colored blossoms. In the damper soil we find the double heather with larger flowers, and whortleberries and blackberries. In other parts the coarse grass springing up in tufts shows the shimmer of the sandy soil beneath, and here and there the botanist will discover reindeer-moss, and other similar growths; occasionally the scene is lighted up with yellow gorse or broom, and junipers rising to the height of trees offer a large return of berries. In the midst of beeches and oaks are hidden away the villages by which the waste is peopled. Solid houses and farm-buildings show that life here is no unbearable penance; herds pasture under the shadow of the branches.

The heath is not without its tragic memories. The tradition still lingers among the peasantry of the Princess of Ahlden, wife of George I., King of England, who was divorced in consequence of an intrigue, and spent the end of her life in these

solitudes. "Sure enough," says Carlyle, "it was in this year, 1693, that the famed Königsmark tragedy came ripening fast toward a crisis in Hanover. And next year the crisis arrived. Perhaps it was on this very visit—on one visit credibly it was—that Sophia Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover: high words rising, where low cooings had been more appropriate; harsh words mutually recriminative rising ever higher, ending, it is thought, in things, or menaces and motions toward things (actual box on the ear, some call it), never to be forgotten or forgiven! And on Sunday, the 1st of July, 1694, Colonel Count Philip Königsmark, colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date he has vanished suddenly underground in an inscrutable manner; never more shall the light of the sun, or any human eye, behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for one hundred and fifty years shall human creature know or guess, with the smallest certainty, what has become of him. . . .

"And shortly after Königsmark's disappearance there is this sad phenomenon visible: A once very radiant princess (with haughty-minded beauty, not wise or fortunate, now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration) getting locked into one of the many solitudes of Lüneburg Heath, to stay there till she die—thirty years as it proved—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the heath—a beautiful



The Cathedral of Lüneburg.

lady, with long black hair, and the glitter of diamonds in it; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn. ‘Duchess of Ahlden’—that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Celle, by marriage Princess of Hanover, would have been Queen of England, too, had matters gone otherwise than they did.” She is buried in the chapel of the royal castle at Celle, close by another royal victim of lust and jealousy. Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III. and Queen of Denmark, spent here the last two years of her life after she had been involved in the fall of the unhappy Struensee.



Dutch Boats near Lüneburg.

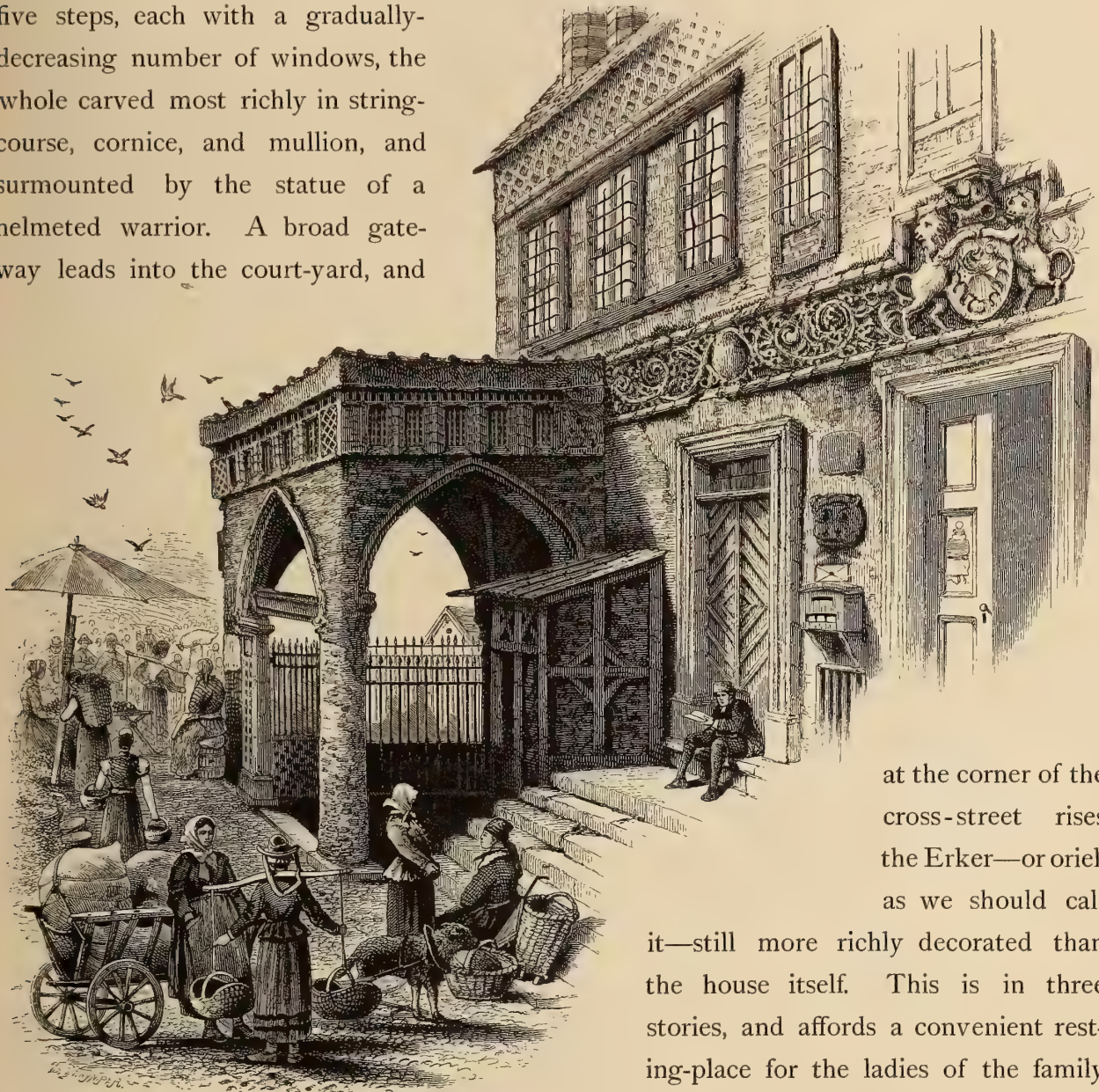
From Celle to Hanover is not a long journey. At Lehrte Station we join the highway from Berlin to Cologne. Hanover bears with it a very different meaning now from what it did a hundred years ago. Then it was an integral part of the English dominions, estranged during the English isolation from the Continent, but with memories of the time of the early Georges, when it was far dearer to them than their acquired kingdom. Strange, indeed, must have been the difference between the life of those little-known dukes and the high position of the head of a great empire.

The town of Hanover is full of strange contrasts. The old town on the right bank of the Leine has all the characteristics of an old German city—narrow streets, high-pitched roofs, the market-place, the centre of municipal life, the church with its lofty spire covered with dark-green copper. The Town-hall, or Rathhaus, an old, irregular building, dates from the fifteenth century; its west flank has been replaced by an imitation of the Doge's Palace at Venice. The church of St. George, called the market-church, is a hundred years older. The flat, bare walls of its



The Rathhaus, Hildesheim.

conspicuous tower terminate in four gables, between which rise the spire and the vane. The pulpit is richly carved, and the windows are full of painted glass. One of the most complete specimens of the dwelling-houses of the seventeenth century is the house of the celebrated philosopher Leibnitz in the Schmiedegasse. After four large stories begins the gable, which rises by five steps, each with a gradually-decreasing number of windows, the whole carved most richly in string-course, cornice, and mullion, and surmounted by the statue of a helmeted warrior. A broad gateway leads into the court-yard, and



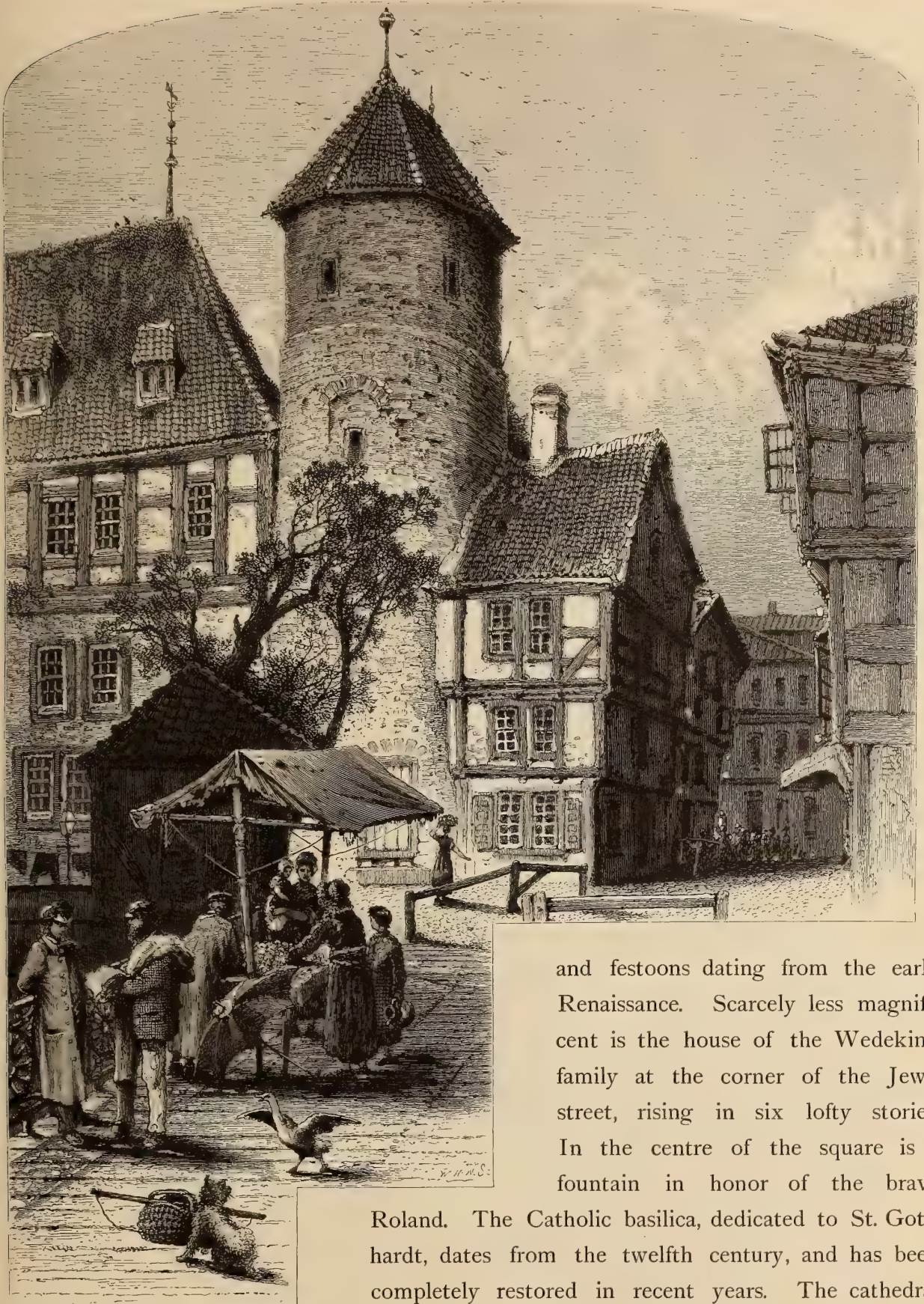
Entrance to the Rathhaus, Hanover.

at the corner of the cross-street rises the Erker—or oriel, as we should call it—still more richly decorated than the house itself. This is in three stories, and affords a convenient resting-place for the ladies of the family from which they may observe the doings of their neighbors. Leibnitz

was once a mighty name in Hanover, and in the world. He made philosophy popular with the powers that be. Perhaps he would have more fame among posterity if he had had less in his lifetime. Under his influence Hanover became a place of gathering for famous wits, and foreshadowed the splendor of Weimar in the succeeding age. Very different from the narrow lanes of the old town are the broad spaces of the Neustadt, on the left bank of the river. Here the market is a broad space, with

trees and a fountain in the centre, and the church is much more modern. In still later times, Hanover has not been able to resist the general movement by which most towns develop to the southwest. The railway-station is the centre of a new and more splendid quarter, full of the latest German, Gothic, and Renaissance—the product of the pupils of the Polytechnic School. The town would of course be incomplete without its residence-castle, the scene of so many vicissitudes. Here are an orangery and a riding-school, an armory and a collection of antiquities; and under the hearthstone of the chimney-place in the old guard-room lie the remains of Königsmark. This hall is now used for great receptions, and is gorgeous beyond expectation. On one side three consoles of massy silver occupy the spaces between the windows, while above them rise three mirrors of enormous height, framed also in silver, and in which the lights from three chandeliers of silver hanging from the ceiling are reflected. Here is the reception on the first of the year, and the snowy silver gleams and glitters in the blaze of a thousand lights. The plate-room in Hanover was the finest in Europe. You went from chamber to chamber, through absolute masses of silver and gold, wrought into a thousand curious shapes and forms. There were ancient plate and modern plate; there were candelabra reaching to the ceilings, and golden basins spreading over the floors; knights in armor tilting with burnished lances under frosted trees, and huge cisterns wherein you might drown a couple of Clarences. Only a walk from the town is Herrenhausen, the favorite residence of the later monarchs. The palace is surrounded with Dutch gardens and canals; a fountain in the middle of the garden springs one hundred and fifty feet into the air, and in very still weather can be forced artificially to nearly double the height. Here, in a small room, is a picture of the lovely Countess Platen, for whom this pleasure-house was originally destined. As we take leave of Hanover we are impressed with its inevitable destiny. Its splendor and individuality are of the past, and year by year it will acquiesce more willingly in its position as that of a provincial German town.

Forty minutes in an express-train brings us to Hildesheim, the seat of an old bishopric of the ninth century, lying picturesquely on the slopes of the Hartz. Few towns are richer in every kind of mediæval monument, and it has had the good-fortune to keep these treasures unimpaired in the wars and revolutions which have desolated the country of which it forms part. Old towers seen from a distance invite the curious traveler, but here, as at Hanover, the market-place of the old town is the central point of interest. Here is the Town-hall, built in the fourteenth century, whose vaults will supply good refreshment to the weary traveler; close by, the Temple House, not, as one might suppose, the home of the Knights of the Sepulchre, but merely a private citizen's house of the same date. Next to this is the most magnificent wooden house of all Germany—a massive building with towers and gables, two oriel windows on the ground-floor, the large portal decorated with candelabra, amorini,



The Old Martinsaal, Hanover.

and festoons dating from the early Renaissance. Scarcely less magnificent is the house of the Wedekind family at the corner of the Jews' street, rising in six lofty stories. In the centre of the square is a fountain in honor of the brave

Roland. The Catholic basilica, dedicated to St. Gotthardt, dates from the twelfth century, and has been completely restored in recent years. The cathedral is a little older, but less unaltered. It is a perfect museum of antiquities. The brazen gates set up

by Bishop Bernward represent the corresponding catastrophes of paradise lost and paradise regained; the pillar of Christ, dating from the same age, recalls in its arrangement the column of Trajan at Rome. Twenty-eight pictures, winding round the column in eight spirals, represent the chief occurrences in the life of Christ; while four kneeling figures in the pedestal show forth in symbolic action the four rivers of paradise. The gilded corona displays the walls and towers of the heavenly Jerusalem. But the culmination of the church's treasures is the rood screen which divides the choir from the nave. It is a masterpiece of the Renaissance, stretching across the whole breadth of the choir, pierced by two openings, and surmounted by a lofty crucifix. The fine-grained sandstone is made to rival

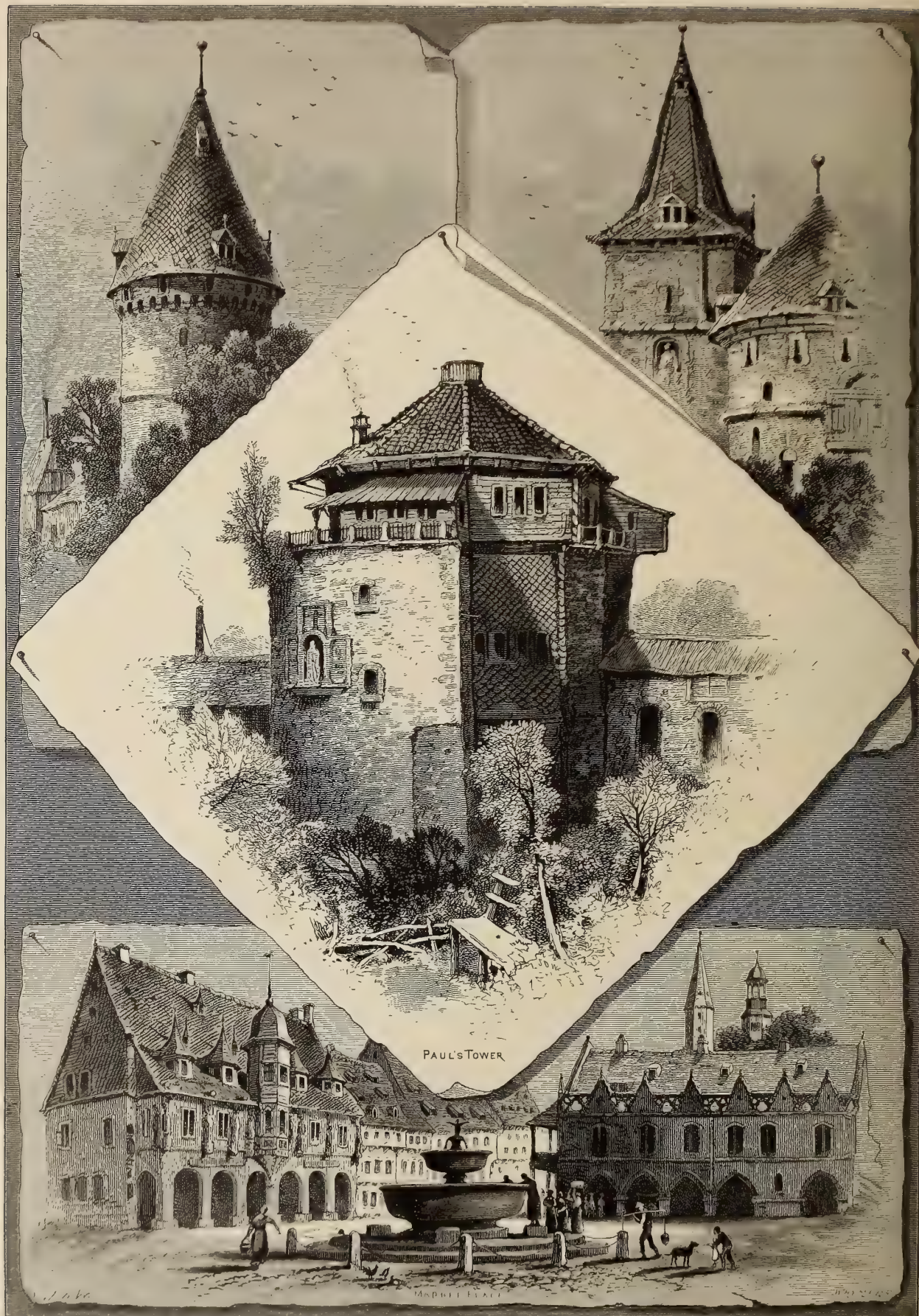


The Old Tower at Hildesheim.

in sharpness and delicacy the metal-work of Peter Vischer at Nuremberg. Before the choir stands a monument of heathen times, the Irmin pillar which once stood on the sacred hill and served as a pedestal to the image of an idol. Brought originally from the Roman settlements on the Rhine, it was destroyed by Charlemagne in his crusade against the Saxon heathen, and is now a prominent ornament of a Christian church. The Andreas Church, the largest in the town, has not much to interest us; but the square in which it stands still contains some old wooden houses of the fifteenth century, which are unsurpassed in picturesqueness. Strangely enough, this town, so rich in antiquities, has been the scene of a still more interesting discovery. About ten years ago, in digging the foundation of the town butts, the soldiers came upon a large silver vase, filled with other vessels of the same metal—a bowl with the young Hercules strangling the snakes, another with the figure of enthroned Rome, a tazza moulded on the model of the Warwick vase, silver jugs carved with the most refined and classic grace, salt-cellars and vegetable-plates delighted the eyes of antiquaries. This unexpected godsend created a wild enthusiasm throughout Germany: learned professors declared that the silver find of Hildesheim, as they called it, was the traveling-equipage of Varus, whose spoils, once dedicated to the pagan deity of the Teutons, now appeared to swell the triumph of the Prussian conquerors. The originals were carried to Berlin. It is certain that they are of Roman workmanship, and of a high degree of artistic merit, but their date still remains a problem.

We press farther on into the recesses of the Hartz, and reach Goslar, one of the oldest towns in Germany, famous for the splendor of its courts and the activity of its commerce. Its history is remarkable. Founded by Henry I., who sought in these mountain solitudes a refuge against the heathen with whom he warred, it owed its wealth to an accident. In the reign of his son, Otho I., the horse of an imperial huntsman named Ramm struck from the ground a lump of silvery ore. The happy discoverer was rewarded, miners were summoned from Franconia, and the mountain received the name of Rammelsberg. Here the third Otho held his court; here was the favorite home of Conrad II., the first emperor of the Salic line; here was born Henry IV., that unhappy man, who, corrupted in his boyhood by designing priests, humiliated the imperial purple when he stood for three days barefoot in the snow of Canossa. After these glories had vanished a new destiny awaited the town. It joined the league of the Hanse towns, and for three hundred years was the envy of its neighbors. Its municipal law became the model for centres of commerce, and the precepts of its merchants laid the foundation of honest dealing in a lawless age.

Few traces of the former magnificence of Goslar remain. It suffered grievously from the Thirty Years' War, and it was twice nearly burned down in the eighteenth century; but it still may be called the Ravenna of Germany. The hotel at which the traveler stays dates from the fifteenth century, and was the meeting-house of the guild



GLIMPSES OF GOSLAR, GERMANY.

of cloth-cutters. In the Town-hall is still preserved the Hall of Homage, where the pictures of sibyls and emperors are ascribed to Wohlgemuth, the master of Dürer; but little of the old cathedral still exists. In the year 1820 it was sold for about one thousand dollars, to be broken up and carted away. A single chapel holds its ground, and the tourist willingly pays his sixpence to see the altar of Kiodo, which really was made by a German metal-worker in the eleventh century, but is supposed to have been the place of habitation of that obscure heathen deity. The Diets of the emperors, the senates of the German world, were held in the palace—one of the few remains of Romanesque domestic architecture. We are too apt to think that all Gothic architecture was for ecclesiastical purposes, and to forget that our ancestors in the middle ages not only worshiped in churches but lived in houses. A two-storied little chapel with simple mouldings and tiny apse was the domestic chapel of the Kaiser, and could easily be reached from the palace. The old walls have disappeared, but one of the towers which formed the outer line of defense is still known as the Zwinger, or “donjon-keep,” although it is converted into a modern beer-shop. But these descriptions appear but faint compared with those which Heine has left us in his inimitable “Reisebilder.” He describes how he went forth from Clausthal, and arrived at Goslar he knew not how. “This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow-vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun, and over all the blue-silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sit at the feet of God, studying sublime harmony in the features of the eternal countenance.” He was much disappointed with Goslar. “It is always the same old story when we examine celebrities too closely! I found a nest of houses drilled in every direction with narrow streets of labyrinthine crookedness, and amid which a miserable stream, probably the Goslar, winds its flat and melancholy way. The pavement of the town is as rugged as Berlin hexameters. Only the antiquities which are imbedded in the frame or mounting of the city—that is to say, its remnants of walls, battlements, and towers—give the place a piquant look. One of these towers, known as the Zwinger, has walls of such extraordinary thickness that entire rooms are excavated therein. The market is small, and in its midst is a fountain, the water from which pours into a great metallic basin. When an alarm of fire is raised they strike strongly on this cup-formed basin, which gives out a very loud vibration. Nothing is known of the origin of this work. Some say that the devil placed it once, during the night, in the spot where it stands. In those days people were as yet fools, and the devil was also a fool, and they gave each other mutual presents.”

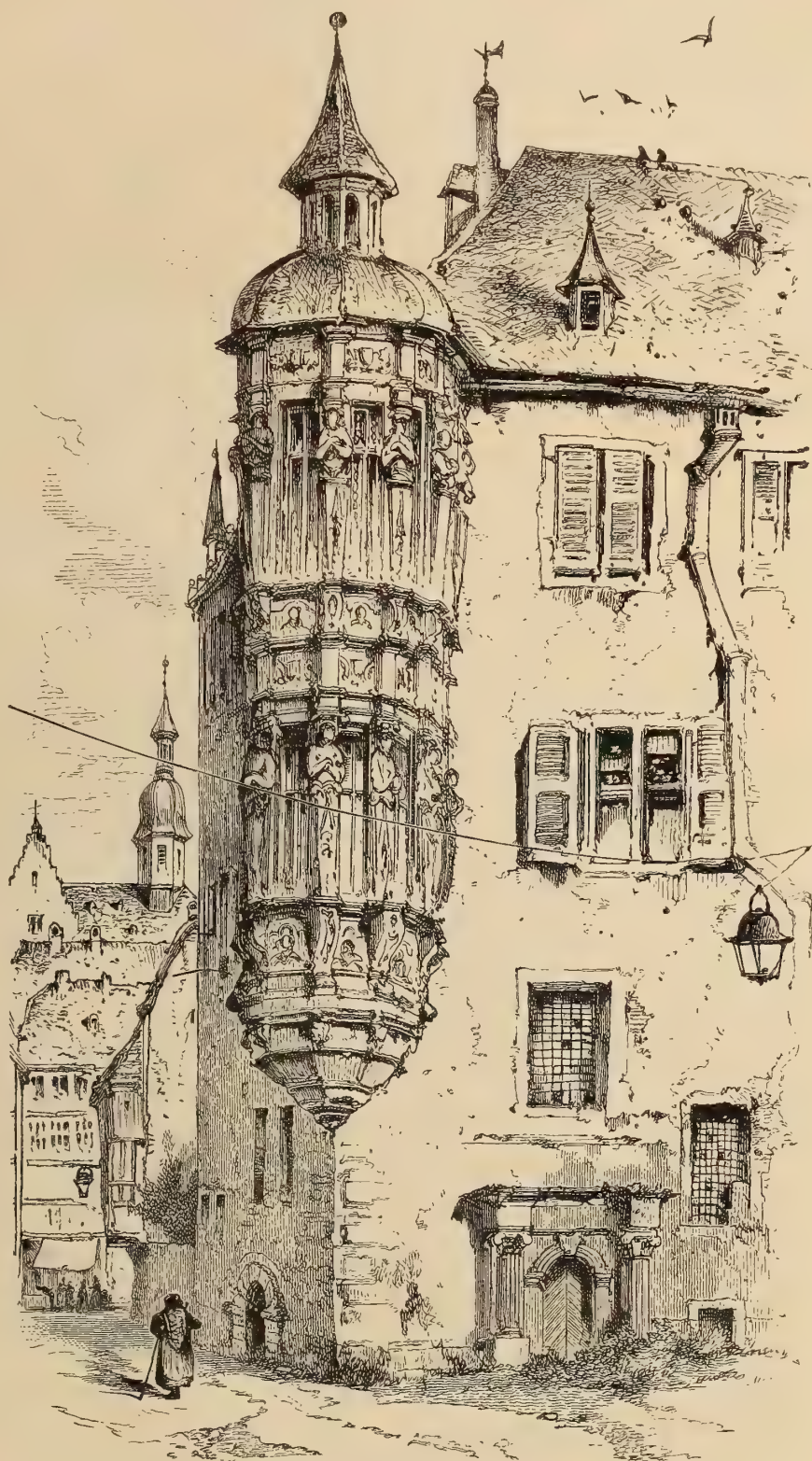
A quaint little old town, rarely visited by tourists, is Halberstadt, which is situated on the plain of the Elbe, near the northeastern base of the Hartz group. Of its ten



THE ZWINGER, GOSLAR, GERMANY.

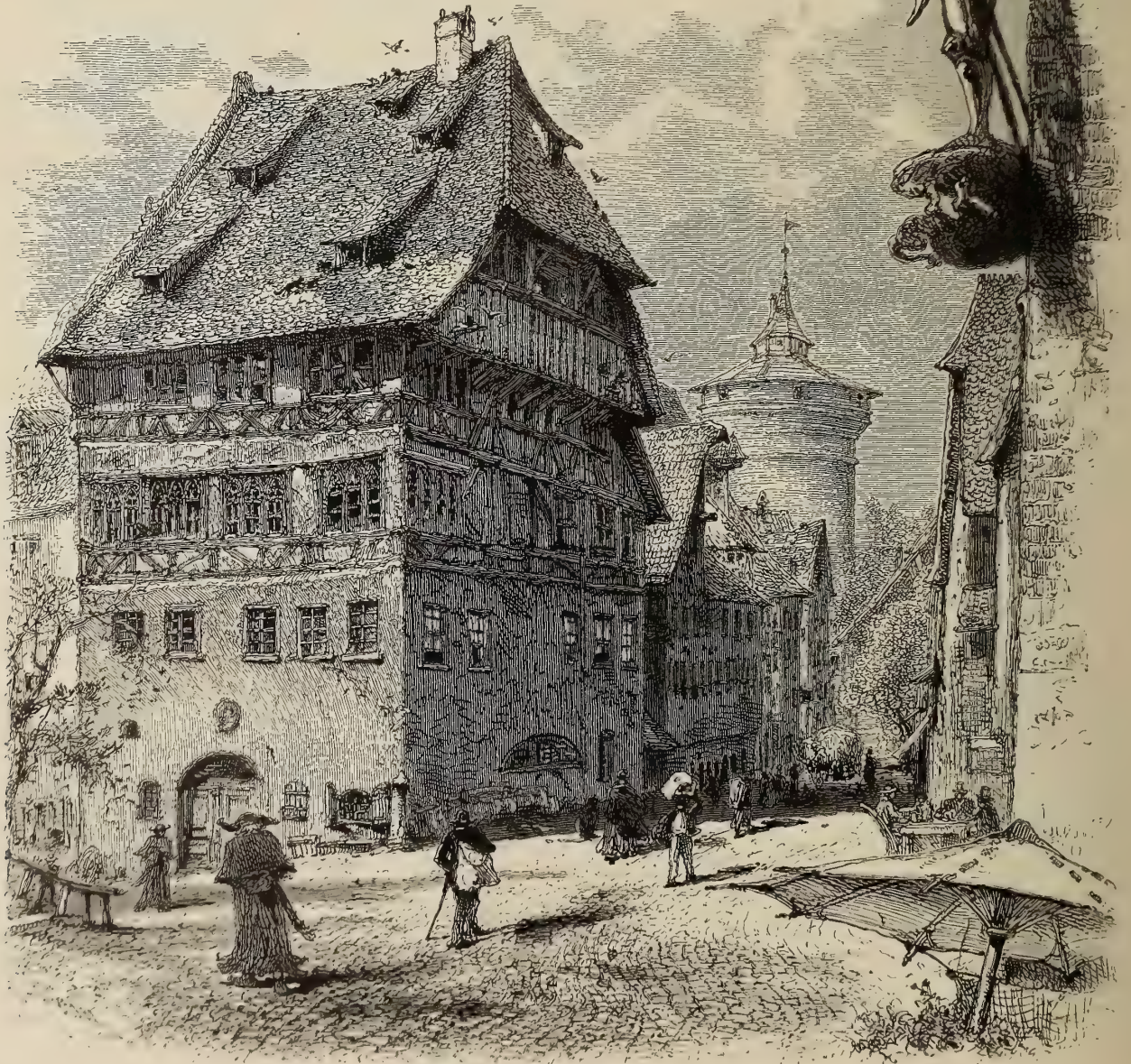
churches, that of Our Lady was built in the eleventh century. The church of St. Stephen, completed in the early part of the fifteenth, is in the severest Gothic style, and possesses many points of interest for the student of architecture. The Rathhaus, or Town-hall, a view of which is given, has some picturesque details, in common with all structures of the same period, but no specially original or imposing character. Its vaulted cellar—a feature of all the mediæval town-halls in German cities—is more interesting than the superstructure, and enjoys a considerable fame among the people, although it has not been celebrated in literature, like that of Bremen.

As Goslar speaks to us of emperors, so Würzburg is eloquent of bishops. The first gleams of civilization date from the arrival of St. Killian from Scotland, from whose blood sprang unnumbered churches. Würzburg is the home of priests; nowhere north of the Alps are the atmosphere and the environment so decidedly ecclesiastical. The town is very lively. The yellow river as it sweeps by is not too large for love, nor small enough for contempt. It is good for boating and



Street in Würzburg.

bathing. All round lie softly-sloping hills covered with carefully-tended vines; towers of churches and other buildings rise in all directions; and on the opposite side of the river, on its steep, precipitous rock, is the fortress of Marienberg, rising like Ehrenbreitstein over Coblenz, or Buda over Pesth. The cathedral is remarkable for its monuments of bishops, varying in age and taste from the sleepful, trusting repose of the earlier pastors, to the awkward and exaggerated attitudes of their late successors. Monuments of prince-bishops, like those of popes, are apt to vary in size and splendor with the number of nephews and the fortune which they leave behind them. On the site of the martyrdom of St. Killian is built

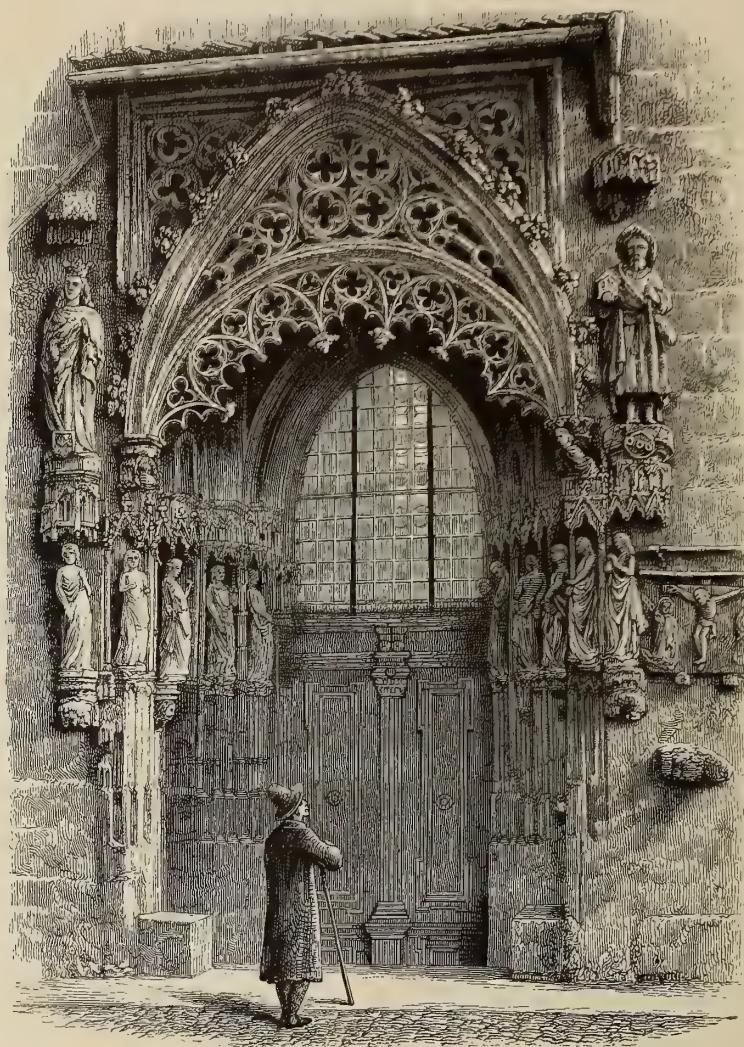


Dürer's House, Nuremberg.

a church of the eleventh century, sadly spoiled by modern restoration. In the vaults of this church lie the bones of the sweet singer, Walther von der Vogelweide. In his will he left a sum of money to the chapter, to provide daily food for the birds which he had loved in his lifetime, and which he trusted after his death would cluster round his tomb. But the avarice of the monks diverted the money to themselves, and nothing remains of the bequest but a sculptured tablet representing the birds in stone. More attractive to many would be the unrivaled gardens which surround the palace, which are well stocked with innumerable flowers, and are open to all comers. Let us cross the ancient bridge, with its two rows of superintending saints, and seek the holy mountain. As we mount by the steep paved road, or rest on the shady platforms, we gaze ever and anon on the figures of Christ's passion, the fourteen chief moments of that last journey on which the minds of Christians have ever since been fixed. The sandstone figures are affected and exaggerated, but they represent to us the piety of generations, and the lovely surroundings hush criticism into silence. At last we attain the goal of our pilgrimage, the chapel of St. Nicholas, where we stop to gaze on one side at the fortress, on the other at the towers and cupolas of the city, and the golden Main, as it hurries through its barriers clothed with corn and wine, to wash the walls of the imperial city of Frankfort, and to mingle with the exulting and abounding Rhine.

Like the stream, we must hurry on to the end of our task. We have passed the stately home of emperor and prince-bishop; as we began in the trading town of Lübeck, so we will end with one famous on land as that on sea. "Nuremberg," says Mr. Ruskin in a well-known passage, "is gathered at the base of a sandstone rock, rising in the midst of a dry but fertile plain. The rock forms a prolonged but curved ridge, of which the concave side at the highest point is precipitous; the other slopes gradually to the plain. Fortified with wall and tower along its whole crest, and crowned with a stately castle, it defends the city—not with its precipitous side, but with its slope. The precipice is turned to the town. It wears an aspect of hostility toward the surrounding fields; the roads lead down into them by gentle descents from the gates. On the south and east the walls are on the level of the plain; within them the city itself stands on two swells of hill, divided by a winding river. The effect of the streets, so delightful to the eyes of the traveler, depends chiefly on one appendage of the roof—namely, its warehouse-window. Every house, almost without exception, has at least one boldly-opening dormer-window, the roof of which sustains a pulley for raising goods, and the under part of this strange overhanging roof is always covered with a rich pattern—not of refined design, but effective. Among these comparatively modern structures are mingled, however, not unfrequently others, turreted at the angles, which are true Gothic of the fifteenth, some of the fourteenth, century, and the principal churches remain nearly as in Dürer's time. Nuremberg possesses

one character peculiar to itself—a self-restrained, contented, quaint domesticity. It would have been vain to expect any first-rate painting, sculpture, or poetry, from the well-regulated community of merchants of small-ware. But it is evident that they were affectionate and trustworthy, that they had playful fancy and honorable pride. There is no exalted grandeur in their city, nor any deep beauty; but an imaginative homeliness mingled with some elements of power, and a few even of grace. In

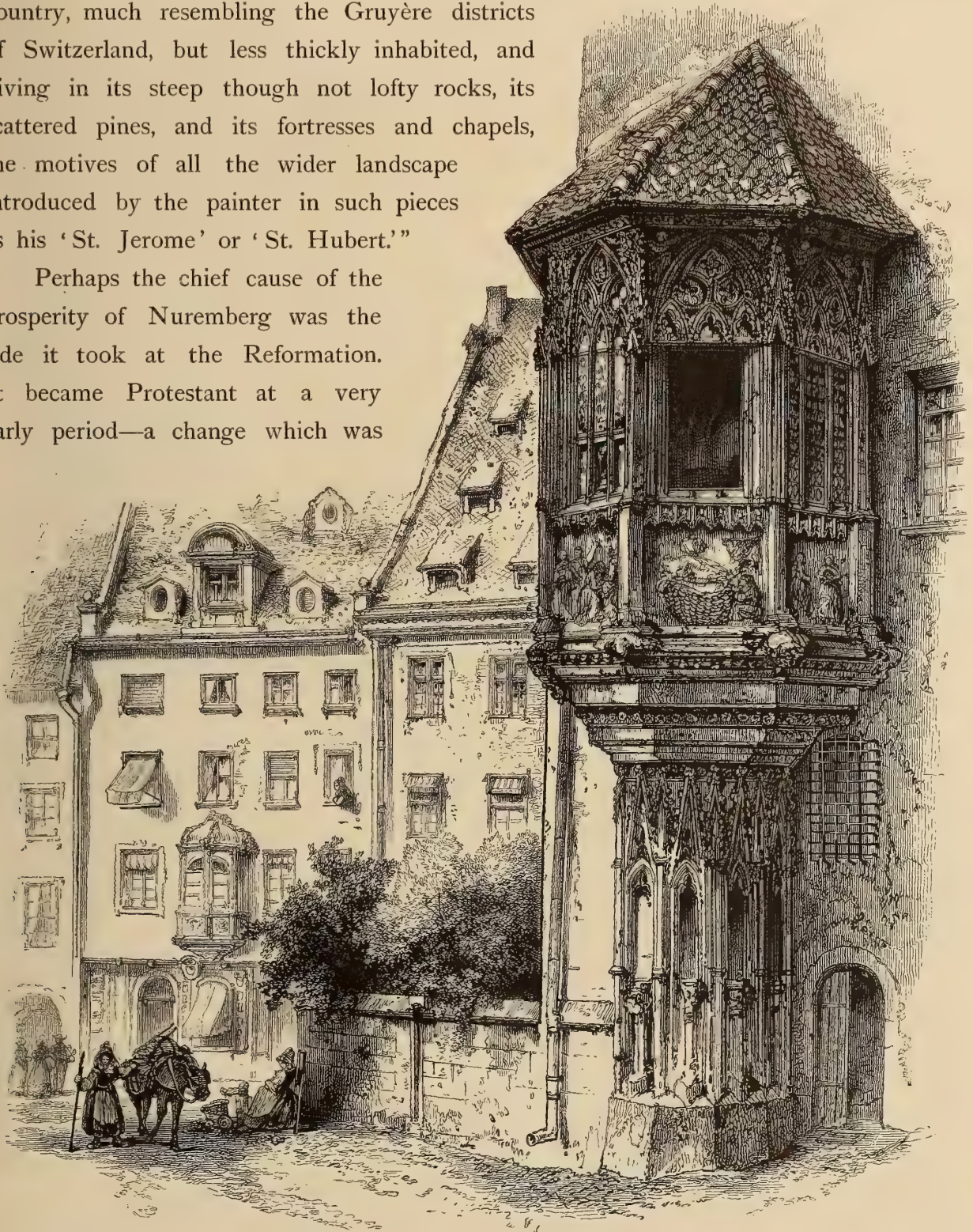


Porch of St. Sebald's, Nuremberg.

Dürer's own engraving, 'The Cannon,' the distance is an actual portrait of part of the landscape seen from the castle-ramparts looking toward the Franconian Switzerland. In this will be seen at a glance the elements of the Nuremberg country as they still exist. Wooden cottages thickly grouped, enormously high in the roofs; the sharp church-spire, small and slightly grotesque, surmounting them; beyond, a richly-cultivated, healthy plain, bounded by woody hills. By a strange coincidence the very plant which constitutes the staple produce of these fields is in almost ludicrous harmony with the grotesque correctness of the architecture around, and one may almost fancy that the

builders of the little knotted spires and turrets of the town, the workers of its dark iron flowers, are in spiritual presence, watching and guiding the produce of the fields, when one finds the foot-paths bordered everywhere by the bony spires and lustrous jetty flowers of the black hollyhock. Lastly, when Dürer penetrated among these hills of Franconia, he would find himself in a pastoral country, much resembling the Gruyère districts of Switzerland, but less thickly inhabited, and giving in its steep though not lofty rocks, its scattered pines, and its fortresses and chapels, the motives of all the wider landscape introduced by the painter in such pieces as his 'St. Jerome' or 'St. Hubert.'"

Perhaps the chief cause of the prosperity of Nuremberg was the side it took at the Reformation. It became Protestant at a very early period—a change which was



Parsonage of St. Sebald, Nuremberg.

accompanied by all the material and spiritual prosperity which has been seen to follow elsewhere. Thus it was protected by Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War, and secured against the attacks of Tilly and Wallenstein. But this change had been long prepared by a succession of artists whom Italy alone can rival or surpass. Michael Wolgemuth, Albrecht Dürer, Adam Krafft, Veit Stoss, Peter Vischer, and in a different line Willibald Pirckheimer and Hans Sachs, have given a distinction to this single town like that which Dante, Giotto, and Galileo,



Street in Nuremberg.

have given to Florence. Among these Dürer was the most universal genius. There is scarcely a branch of art that he did not attempt. In painting, wood-engraving, and copper-engraving, he occupies the foremost rank, and he deeply influenced other artists, whose fame is less signal than his own. In the church of St. Lawrence is the masterpiece of Adam Krafft—a shrine for the reception of the blessed Sacrament. It is of the most florid Gothic, carved in stone, but with such rich luxuriance of design that it is scarcely possible to believe that stone could be carved into such tender forms. Not far from this hangs suspended from the roof the “Annunciation” of Veit Stoss, a Pole, who married at Nuremberg, and made the town his home, and died here at the age of ninety-five. Seldom has wood-carving reached a higher perfection. In the market-place is the Fair Fountain—a creation of the fourteenth century—the masterpiece of Schöngauer. Rising in tiers, it exhibits statues of ancient and modern heroes in strange conjunction. The seven electors of the Holy Roman Empire stand side by side with Cæsar, Alexander, and Hector, while Joshua and David are paired with Godfrey of Bouillon and Charlemagne. Close by this fountain stands the church of St. Sebald, which boasts as its chief ornament the shrine of St. Sebald, the great work of Peter Vischer. In the form of a Gothic chapel, in chaste and restrained style, it shows forth the wonders of the saint’s life, how he filled empty jugs with wine, and restored a blind man to sight. On the niches in the pillars are the wondrous statuettes of the Twelve Apostles—a marvel to all time of imagination and technical skill. The nearest rival to this astonishing erection is the gate of the Baptistery of Florence, by Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo declared worthy to be the gate of paradise. The old Town-hall has been removed, and only a fragment of it is left. Its place is taken by an Italian building, which looks strangely out of place in so German a town. But the great hall can still boast of the triumphal procession of Maximilian, a great work of Dürer. Before we leave Nuremberg, we must mount to the Berg or citadel, founded by Conrad II. and Frederick Barbarossa, the dwelling-place of eighteen emperors, and the seat of the Hohenzollerns, who afterward won the throne of Prussia and the empire of Germany. The street leading to it carries us near memorials of past greatness—old houses where princes and dukes have lodged, and whose chambers still remain unchanged. Descending again, we find upon the downward slope the dwelling-house of the great master, where all is now silent, and the housekeeper tyrannizes and scolds no more. Opposite is another old house, guarded at its corner angle with a leaden figure of a knight, armed and helmeted, equipped with shield and spear, gazing out into the modern world as the incarnation of the middle ages. Our last visit shall be to the graveyard of St. John’s Church, where all who made Nuremberg great and renowned are resting in eternal sleep. The gravestones recline in a gentle slope, and are decorated with iron castings. Carefully kept, but undistinguished from the rest, is the tomb of him who made the teachings of Death so solemn, and yet so lovely, to all future ages.

NAPLES.



Looking toward Naples from Ischia.

THE proverb says, "See Naples and then die." In what sense is this to be understood? The native, doubtless, would say that the world's crowning beauty had been attained, and life henceforth would be but the recollection of better things; the traveler who has suffered from its insalubrity is sometimes more inclined to attach the less complimentary meaning. The proverb, in short, is unjust to the place. It is certainly anything but a sanitarium—at the same time there are towns whose drainage is worse and whose odors are more abominable; while, if understood in the complimentary sense, it raises the traveler's expectation too high, so that the first day at Naples is often one of some disappointment. Still, though it be not the most beautiful spot on earth, the situation is striking, and the scenery of the bay, especially when approached from the sea, is very fine. In some respects, indeed, it is unique. Full in the middle of the bay, sloping upward almost from the water's edge, the volcanic cone of Vesuvius rises to a height of about four thousand feet, backed by the distant summits of the Apennines; to the south these come sweeping round till their lofty spurs are parted from the base of Vesuvius by an interval of only four or five miles of level country, and are then prolonged into a high, broken ridge which forms the southern boundary of the bay, descending abruptly to the water's edge. The line of these mountains is continued by a rocky island, separated from the mainland by a comparatively narrow strait, and no less picturesque in form than the adjoining headlands. This is Capri, a well-known name in the earlier days of the empire.

West of Vesuvius the scenery changes. A group of hills, on the spurs of which part of the town of Naples is situated, extends for some miles along the coast; but their aspect is totally different from those which we have just mentioned, as they



A. L. WOODS DEL.

Capri

consist of long, curving ridges, and low, flat-topped cones. This region, too, ends in a headland, while beyond it two islands rise from the sea, one small and low, the other larger and almost mountainous in outline. All this last group of hills, like Vesuvius, is of volcanic origin. These are the famous Phlegræan Fields; but in comparison with Vesuvius the cones are low and the craters wide, so that, whether



On the Beach at Naples.

they are perfect or ruined, their outline is wholly different from that of the central mountain—as different almost as from the rounded summits and craggy steeps of the limestone-range to the south.

. On the irregular shelving scarp of the southern edge of this volcanic region stands the town of Naples, crowning the ridge, descending the seaward slopes, and covering the intervening flat down to the water's edge; then from the eastern boundary of the town an almost continuous line of villages extends along the curving shore

for about five miles between the base of Vesuvius and the sea. Here are Portici, Resina (better known to students as Herculaneum), and Torre del Greco—names too well known in connection with the eruptions of Vesuvius.

In itself, Naples is not a picturesque town. The castle of St. Elmo, crowning the hill on which the principal part of the town is clustered, and so at once dominating and protecting Naples, is a striking object from every point of view, while the *Castello dell' Ovo*, an old-fashioned fort rising from the sea, and defending the dock-yard, has a rather quaint appearance; but the houses themselves are generally monotonous and uninteresting in outline, being merely oblong blocks of masonry, with nearly flat roofs, and only a few towers or domes rise well above the general level. Here and there, it is true, one sees a roof relieved by a series of flattened domes, which give a slightly Oriental aspect to the place, but as a rule the buildings have as little interest as those of a modern French or English town.

The curving sweep of this part of the coast is no doubt beautiful, but, after all, the great charm of Naples is Vesuvius. Words cannot well express the fascination of that strange, weird mass, its lower slopes a rich carpet of gardens and maize-fields, of copses and vineyards, while high above these rises the gray broken circlet of the cliffs of *Somma*, half clasping the loftier cone of unfruitful volcanic ash, from whose summit a mass of vapor like a great cumulus-cloud drifts slowly down the wind. From beneath the shadow of *Somma's* cliffs and from the lower slopes of the cone dark stains seem to have crept down the flanks of the mountain, and to have spread themselves out amid the verdure like rivers of purple ink. These are the lava-torrents which have more than once brought ruin to the people of Resina and Torre del Greco, as the molten rock poured over their vineyards and orchards, and even invaded the streets of their towns.

Modern as is the aspect of Naples, there are relics enough of classic times in its vicinity, and memories of yet more ancient date lingering about its shores. Here in the remote past, so legends said, was a land of gods, and giants, and sirens; hither came the wandering chief of Ithaca to question the shades of the dead in the dark groves by the brink of *Avernus*; hither, too, came another wanderer from Troy, *Æneas*, of "pious" memory, to visit the sibyl of *Cumæ*, and descend through the same groves to the lower world. The story of his voyage is full of names which still linger on the coast. We read them again—the lines of Ovid, describing the approach of the god of healing to Rome:

"Minerva's cape they leave, and *Capræ's* isle,
Sorrentum, on whose hills the vineyards smile,
 The city, which *Alcides'* spoils adorn,
Naples, for soft delight and pleasure born,
 Fair *Stabiæ*, with *Cumæan* Sibyl's seats,
 And *Baïæ's* tepid baths and green retreats."

"METAMORPHOSES," book xv.

To this coast, while Rome was yet struggling for existence with the other petty states of Italy, came colonists of Greece. Cumæ, to the northwest, was their first settlement. Naples (Neapolis), as well as Parthenope, the older title, is a Greek name; so, too, are Avernus, Procida, Crater ("the bowl"—the ancient name of the bay), and many another. Yon headland on the west bears a name, Capo di Miseno, whose sound will seem familiar to all readers of the "*Æneid*;" and the poet's own ashes were entombed on the headland west of the city, as the well-known lines record:

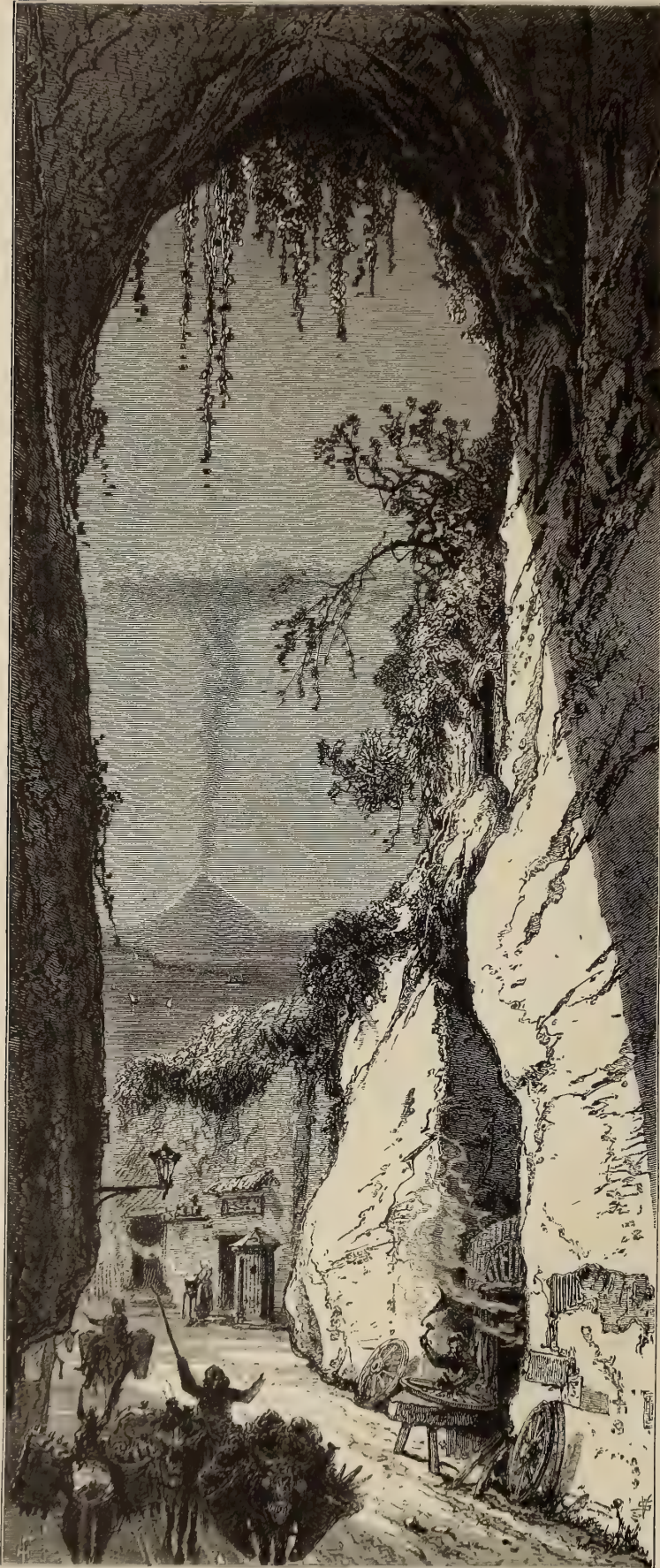
"Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere,
tenet nunc
Parthenope."

The Lucrine Lake calls to mind the epicures of ancient Rome, and neighboring Pozzuoli (Puteoli) awakens very different memories—those of the great apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul.

The main streets of Naples are broad and open, resembling those of any other Italian town; but the side-streets, as will be seen in our sketch, are more distinctly southern in character, being narrow and overshadowed by the lofty houses, which rival those of



A Side-street in Naples.

*The Grotto of Posilipo.*

Edinburgh in height, though the little balconies give them a very different appearance. Here, too, the shops are ruder and in some ways more attractive to the stranger, from the old-fashioned shapes of the pottery, the queer nature of the wares, and the picturesque grouping of the fruits. Were it not for the people, and sometimes for the smells, sauntering about Naples would be a pleasant pastime; but this, at any rate near the shore, is a trial to temper. If you come out on the Chiaja, a crowd of vagabonds bears down on you like flies on a honey-comb; three or four cabmen drive at you, vociferating their loudest; a vender of walking-sticks thrusts his wares into your face; two or three peddlers, with ornaments of coral, lava, or tortoise-shell, encompass you on the other side; a would-be guide or two loudly proffer their services; and all the beggars of the quarter come running up. Thus it is almost hopeless to look at the queer fish and shells and sea-treasures so temptingly displayed on the stalls by the Chiaja, for, in addition to the crowding, there is a fair chance of having one's pocket picked; in fact, for dirt, mendicancy, lying, indecency, and rascality



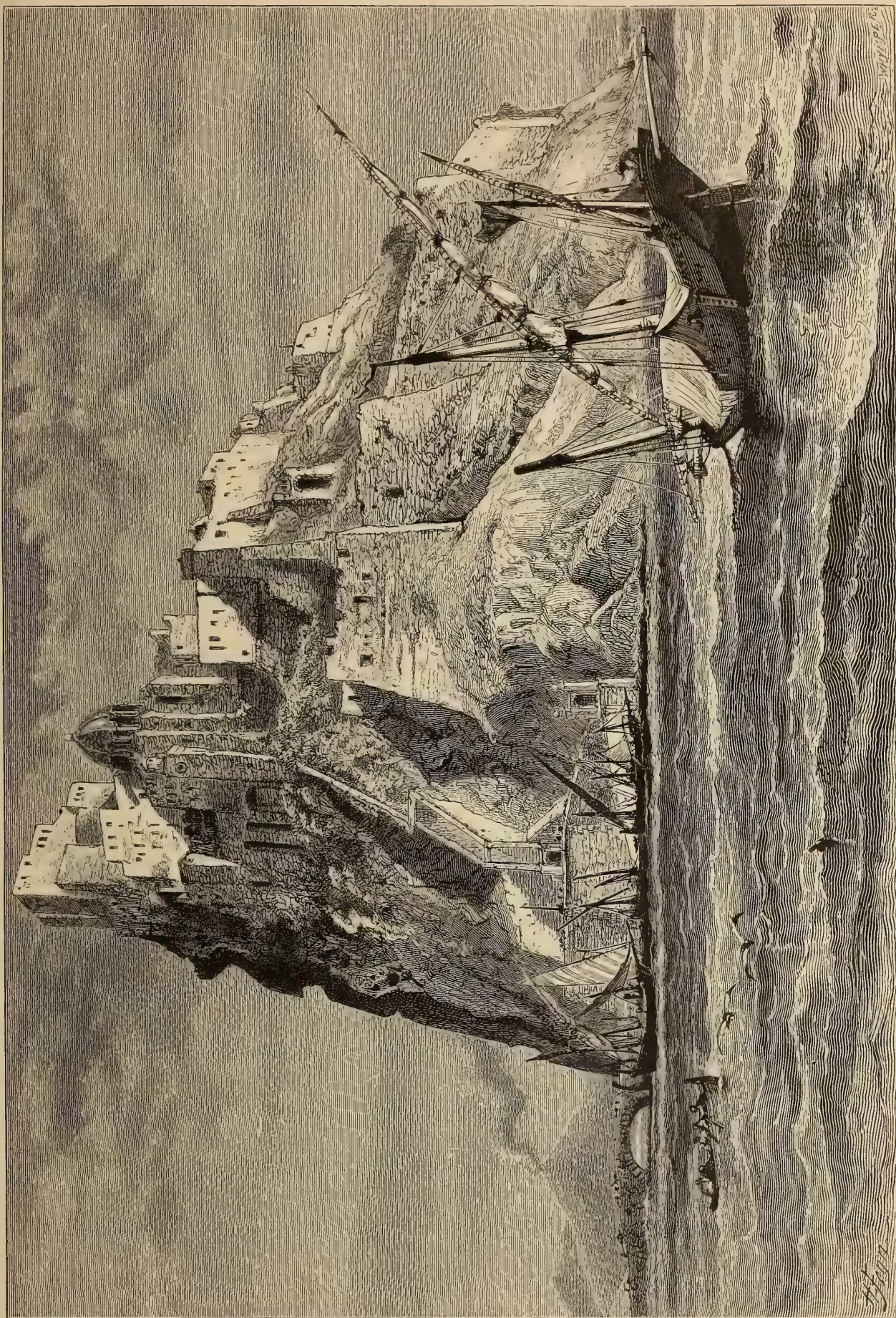
POZZUOLI, NEAR NAPLES.

of all kinds, Naples would give odds to any European city that I have seen, and win easily. Suppose, then, that to get rid of the crowd we hire one of the carriages and drive toward the Phlegræan Fields. It is important, it may be observed, to know the legal fares, for the driver will be sure to ask at least four times his due, and to be provided with a little Italian of an emphatic character wherewith to assert them.

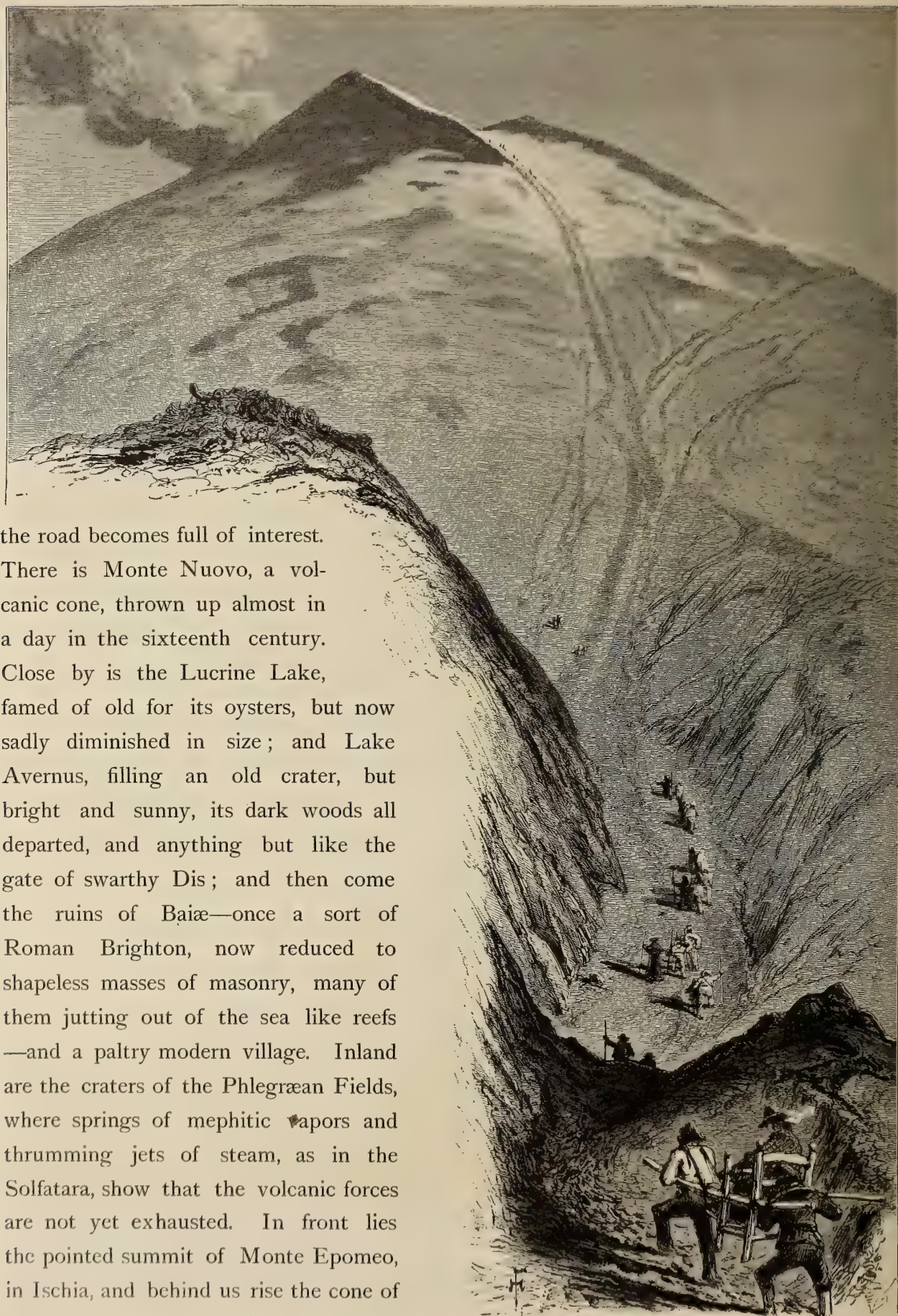
We drive along the broad Chiaja near the sea, passing the Aquarium, one of the best in Europe, and approach the suburb of Mergellina, perhaps the most picturesque part of Naples. Our sketch "On the Beach" is taken hereabouts; it shows Vesuvius and Somma, whitened with snow, rising above the Castel dell' Ovo and the ridge which descends from St. Elmo; while in the foreground are some of the quaint Neapolitan boats, which look like survivals from centuries back; and a group of the *gamins* of the city, with their red nightcaps and scanty, ragged clothes. One is actually pretending to be employed; the others, as usual, are basking in the sun, and playing the equivalent of chuckpenny. They are about the dirtiest, idlest, and most ignorant young scamps to be found anywhere in Europe, unless it be in Spain, where the priests have had their way about as much as in Southern Italy, and with similar consequences.

We leave Naples by the so-called Grotto of Posilipo, a long tunnel, passing through the Mergellina promontory. It has existed certainly from the days of Nero, and probably from those of Augustus, though it has been greatly enlarged since. At the eastern entrance, of which a sketch is given, it is more than eighty feet high. The great delight of the Neapolitan peasantry is to beguile the passage through it with hideous howls. In a vineyard, just above the rock on the right hand of the sketch, is the so-called Tomb of Virgil. A tomb it is, but whether of the poet is another question. The tradition, however, is an old one; and somewhere on this promontory Virgil certainly did live, and was buried.

On emerging from the tunnel a dull, straight road, diversified, however, with pretty distant views, takes us to Pozzuoli. A more picturesque town than this it would be difficult to find. The sketch gives a good idea of the way its tall houses are clustered on the rocky headland, though it cannot render the effect of their varied tints. Dilapidated as Pozzuoli now is, it was one of the principal seaports in the palmy days of the emperors; and those reef-like masses of masonry in the foreground of the sketch are the ruined abutments of its pier, called at present, by a mistaken tradition, the Mole of Caligula. But signs of its former greatness are not lacking. Fragments of Roman ruins abound near the town. At the back is an amphitheatre, and a little to the west the so-called temple of Serapis, classic ground to the geologist. Some fourteen centuries ago the building became a ruin, and since then the three huge marble pillars, which are still standing, have been plunged to a depth of twenty feet below the sea, as is shown by the burrows of mollusks pitting the surface of the stone. It was probably under water about the year 1500, and is said to be now settling down again. After Pozzuoli



THE CASTLE OF ISCHIA.



the road becomes full of interest. There is Monte Nuovo, a volcanic cone, thrown up almost in a day in the sixteenth century. Close by is the Lucrine Lake, famed of old for its oysters, but now sadly diminished in size; and Lake Avernus, filling an old crater, but bright and sunny, its dark woods all departed, and anything but like the gate of swarthy Dis; and then come the ruins of Baïæ—once a sort of Roman Brighton, now reduced to shapeless masses of masonry, many of them jutting out of the sea like reefs—and a paltry modern village. Inland are the craters of the Phlegræan Fields, where springs of mephitic vapors and thrumming jets of steam, as in the Solfatara, show that the volcanic forces are not yet exhausted. In front lies the pointed summit of Monte Epomeo, in Ischia, and behind us rise the cone of Vesuvius and the spurs of the Apennines.

The Cone of Vesuvius.

Epomeo was an active volcano long before Vesuvius awoke from its slumbers, and caused a general exodus of the inhabitants of the island in the year 474 before our era. Since 1302 it has been at rest, when its last effort was to eject a great stream of black lava which has descended to the sea. The island is now a favorite resort in the summer, as the climate is cooler than that of Naples. The views, also, of the bay, both from various parts of the coast and from the lofty summit of Epomeo, are extremely lovely; and the old fort, built by Alfonso



The Crater of Vesuvius.

I. of Aragon, like the Castel dell' Ovo, is a picturesque subject for the sketch-book. To the scientific traveler Vesuvius is perhaps the chief attraction of Naples, nor

is it without a great fascination for every one. Not a few persons, when the mountain itself permits, ascend to the summit of the cone; the rest are content with the easier journey to the Hermitage, a point about half-way up the mountain, accessible by a carriage-road. In as few words as possible we will tell the story of the volcano, for it is a strange one. A little more than eighteen centuries since, the form of the mountain was totally different; its height was probably some hundred yards less than at present, its outline a blunt, truncated cone, having a wide crater at the summit. No eruption in the memory of man had disturbed the peace of the district; scarcely a tradition of such an occurrence appears to have lingered. The floor of the crater was overgrown with brushwood and trees, its walls were festooned with ivy and the wild vine. Once only does it become prominent in history, when the Capuan gladiators sheltered themselves for a while in this natural hill-fort, from which, under command of Spartacus, they escaped to begin the Servile War. In the year 79 of the present era there was a change: earthquakes agitated the neighboring district, and at last the imprisoned fires broke forth. From the crater of Vesuvius a huge dark cloud rose into the air, spreading itself out like a great pine-tree: presently a hail of red-hot scoria came rattling down over the flanks of the mountain; and as night fell the cloud grew larger and darker, and the shower of stones became thicker, heavier, and more widely spread. All night long the darkness for many a mile was rendered blacker still by the thickly-falling scoria, though illuminated at intervals by a lurid gleam from the mountain, and rendered yet more awful by the incessant earthquake-shocks. Morning dawned at last, and later still the air cleared; half the ancient crater-wall had vanished, leaving the fragment which now bears the name of Somma, while beneath its ruins Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, lay buried, and the ground, even at Misenum, was white with the fallen ashes "as if with deep snow." The paroxysmal period thus inaugurated has continued to the present day, though with occasional longer intervals of repose. One of the fiercest outbursts was in 1631, when three huge branching streams of lava flowed from the base of the crater to the sea, threatening to conceal Herculaneum yet more effectually, and almost overwhelming ill-fated Torre del Greco. During these centuries a great cone was built up within the ruins of the ancient crater, and more than once partly destroyed, as happened in the eruption of 1822, the most severe since that last named, except, perhaps, the one in 1769, which has been rendered classic by Sir William Hamilton.

The carriage-road to the Hermitage, while ascending the slopes of Vesuvius, passes completely across a great lava-flow which was discharged during the eruption of 1868. In many respects it is the most remarkable of all. The color is a deep purple or brownish black, something like that of newly-cut peat, and its surface is rather glassy, but all rough with small projections. Its forms are of the strangest: here it resembles a heap of twisted cables, there it is like a lot of huge slugs crawling

one over another; here the surface is wrinkled with curving lines of viscous flow, there wave has spread over wave, and a petrified spray seems to leap up into the air. Great fissures traverse it, and huge blocks have toppled one over another. In short, in appearance it seems intermediate between a monstrous stream of hardened pitch and a glacier of black ice—could such a thing exist. The Hermitage is a little house perched (with the adjoining observatory) on a spur of the mountain, a crest between two shallow glens down which the lava-currents flow as they escape from the Atrio del Cavallo. This is the space between the craggy wall of Somma and the central cone of Vesuvius. For a while the position may be regarded as safe, but, as these glens seem to have become favorite paths for the lava, the buildings may some day or other be overwhelmed.

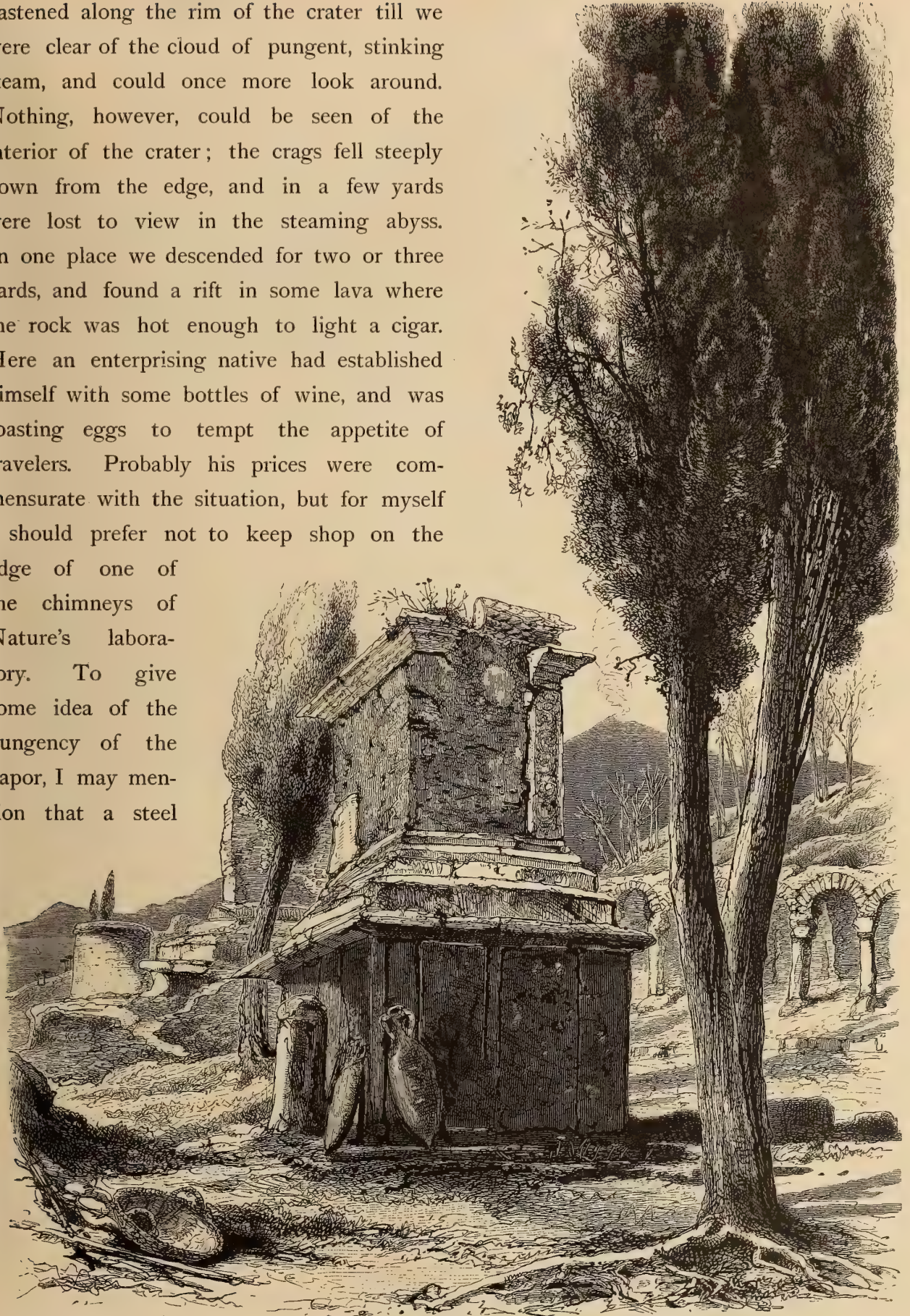
From the Hermitage a rugged path leads over the rough surfaces of lava-streams to the actual base of the cone. This may be described as a steep hill of loose black scoria, something like a gigantic cinder-heap, while here and there a clinkery lava-stream—a mere dribblet—gives a welcome rest to the foot weary with sinking into the loose ash. Our sketch of the cone shows these streams, like dark stains, on its surface, and the furrows ploughed in the loose ashes by the feet of travelers. Horses may be taken to the base of the cone, from which the ascent must be made on foot, or in a *chaise-à-porteur*. Importunate guides loiter here, striving to force their services upon travelers, thrusting sticks into your hand, holding out straps to haul you up, and jabbering lies. They even hunt you some distance up the cone, and can only be driven away by the most emphatic language. The ascent is a little tiresome, but any person of ordinary physical powers does not need the slightest assistance.

We had an exceptional, but certainly not wholly unpleasant, experience when ascending (in the middle of January), for a furious storm caught us when about half-way up the cone. First it rained, then it hailed, then it snowed. There was no shelter, so we had to sit down and wait its pleasure; but the clearing off was a wonderful sight. Gradually the sky, as we supposed, in the horizon, seemed to change into a luminous haze, broken by two or three dark clouds. In a minute or two the former was revealed as the Mediterranean gleaming through the attenuated veil of rain; the latter as the island of Capri and the hills of Sorrento. Then, as the cloud drew off toward the Apennines, Naples and the rich plain were uncovered, glittering in the sun, and fresh with the rain. We pressed on up the cone, and presently a cloud appeared in front, and a strong odor, as if one nostril was over the chimney of some flourishing sulphur-works, and the other over that of equally busy alkali-works, became perceptible. The vapor enveloped us, and respiration became difficult, but the slope fortunately diminished. In another minute we were on the summit, though we could not see many feet in front of us: had the steam allowed this, the water in our eyes would have made vision difficult. Improvising respirators with our handkerchiefs, we



STREET OF THE FORUM, POMPEII.

hastened along the rim of the crater till we were clear of the cloud of pungent, stinking steam, and could once more look around. Nothing, however, could be seen of the interior of the crater; the crags fell steeply down from the edge, and in a few yards were lost to view in the steaming abyss. In one place we descended for two or three yards, and found a rift in some lava where the rock was hot enough to light a cigar. Here an enterprising native had established himself with some bottles of wine, and was roasting eggs to tempt the appetite of travelers. Probably his prices were commensurate with the situation, but for myself I should prefer not to keep shop on the edge of one of the chimneys of Nature's laboratory. To give some idea of the pungency of the vapor, I may mention that a steel



The Street of Tombs, Pompeii.

chain was blackened and the frayed ends of a black ribbon turned brown in a few minutes, while a suit of dark-gray flannel also assumed a perceptibly rusty hue. Coming down the cone is a much less deliberate process than going up. Start off at a run, driving your heels well into the cinders, and a very few minutes will place you at the bottom, in the middle of a small avalanche of scoria.

To learn how the Romans did, not indeed at Rome but at the sea-side, one must visit the Museum of Naples and the ruins of Pompeii. In the former are collected the bulk of the treasures discovered in excavating the latter place, in a profusion almost bewildering to the traveler whose acquaintance with Roman relics has been formed in the museums of his own country. There may be seen the paintings and mosaics which decorated the saloons, the furniture of the chambers, the table services and the kitchen-utensils, the ornaments of the rooms, from valuable statues to the cheapest knick-knacks, articles for the toilet, charms and *bijoux* for the person—even the children's money-boxes and toys. Then, besides these, there is bread from the baker's, corn from the miller's, fruit from the grocer's, and wine from the vintner's—in short, almost everything connected with the every-day life of the time, as complete as there would be of our own were one of our watering-places to be deserted in haste, and buried—shops, lodging-houses, villas—for centuries out of the sight of man.

Still, to complete the impression, we must visit Pompeii. Here we walk, in very truth, through a city of the dead. The streets are worn with the carriage-wheels that ceased to roll over them eighteen centuries since; the houses stand on either side, roofless, but in other respects little injured. There are the shops, with unglazed fronts, just as in the by-streets of Naples at the present day. We can stroll from one to the other, and speculate on the trade of the former tenants. This one sold wine, as the great earthen *amphoræ* still testify; this one, oil; while this was a grocer, that one a butcher, and the other a baker. Here was an inn, there was a public office of some kind or other. We can wander through the temples and law-courts, and see the cells, in the one where the priests were lodged, and in the other where the prisoners were confined. We can walk from villa to villa, and assign the various rooms to their purposes, doubting much that a Roman parlor was a chilly place when a *tramontana* was blowing, and being very certain that a Roman bedroom was generally stuffy. The places of amusement, the theatre and amphitheatre, are open—in short, we can see every stage of Roman life; and a very free-and-easy, not to say considerably immoral, life it was that these Pompeians led under the shadow of the grim old volcano—just like the folks in the “Water Babies,” by the Happy-go-Lucky Mountains—till one fine day it blew up, and there was an end to the dancing and drinking, and such-like pleasures.

But, long before this, an unwelcome guest many a time looked in at the doors, and called another lingerer to take the last journey. Memorials of these visits, too,



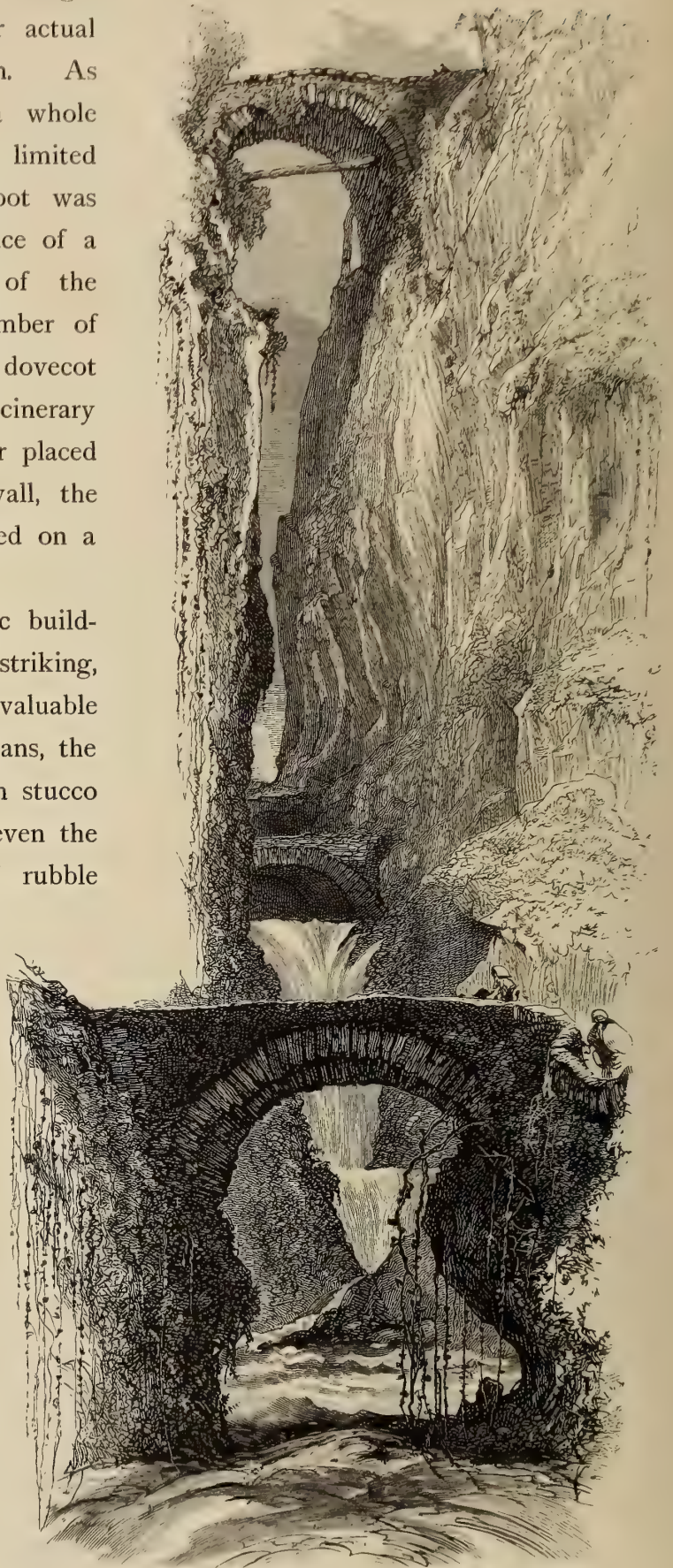
can be seen, for the road which led to Herculaneum was bordered by tombs, which of course shared the fate of the city itself. This, part of which is here sketched, is one of the most picturesque parts of the town, as the monuments group well, and the views over the bay, toward Vesuvius on the one hand and toward the mountains of Sorrento on the other, are very beautiful. In a recess in one of the tombs close to the gate a skeleton was found, said to be that of the sentinel; and near at hand, on opposite sides of the road, are the so-called Villa and Tomb of Diomed, familiar to the readers of the "Last Days of Pompeii." In the vaulted cellar under the former, seventeen bodies were found, chiefly women and children; and one skeleton was conjecturally identified as that of the master of the house.



Sorrento.

The tombs, as usual, vary much in design. In one or two the *columbaria*, or actual burial-places, can still be seen. As cremation was then in vogue, a whole family could be stowed away in a limited space; since an ordinary flower-pot was big enough for the last resting-place of a deceased Roman. The interior of the tomb was fitted up with a number of shallow recesses something like a dovecot (whence the name). In these the cinerary urns, generally in pairs, were either placed as on a shelf or let into the wall, the name of the deceased being recorded on a small marble tablet.

The architecture of the public buildings of Pompeii is not particularly striking, nor are the materials generally of a valuable character. Like the modern Italians, the inhabitants seem to have had faith in stucco and make-believe; the walls, and even the columns, being commonly built of rubble and coated with plaster. The street of the Forum, of which a view is given, will afford a good general idea of those in Pompeii, as there is no great variety. They are generally narrow, being seldom more than four paces across, and are paved with great lava-blocks, which are often worn into deep ruts by the wheels of vehicles. The footways, where they exist, are also narrow and elevated. One would imagine that the ancients did not trouble themselves about keeping their streets clean, for at the



The Gulf, Sorrento.

crossings two or three large blocks (as may be seen in the sketch) are left projecting at least a foot above the pavement, which served as stepping-stones to pedestrians. From the intervals between them, as well as from the dimensions of the streets themselves, we see that ancient vehicles must have been very narrow from wheel to



Salerno.

wheel, and the horses must have scrambled over the blocks. In the foreground of the view are some *amphoræ*—earthenware jars used by the ancients for most of the purposes that we use casks. They do not appear to have bottled their wine after our fashion, but to have preferred something more like what we should call “keeping it in

the wood;" for these jars are far bigger than magnums. In the background is the burning mountain pouring forth a great cumulus cloud of steam (just as I saw it from the streets of Pompeii in January, 1876), with some of the crags of Somma on the right hand.

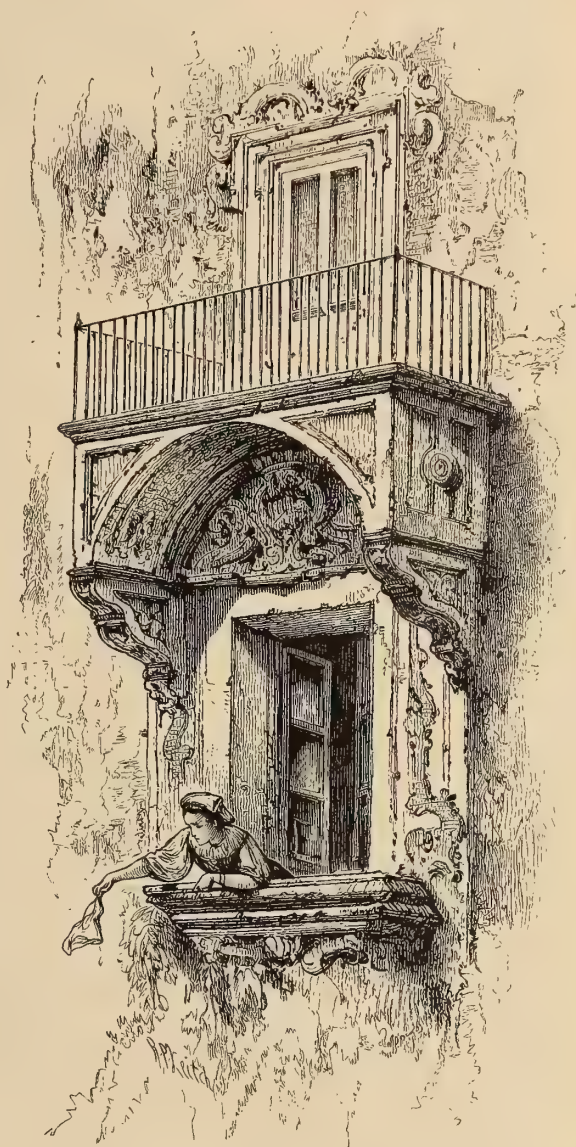
About half the town is at present uncovered, and they are still busily engaged in excavation. The superincumbent mass, consisting wholly of volcanic materials, is some twenty feet thick; it is said that the first shower covered the town to a depth of only about a yard, so that the majority of the inhabitants escaped; still ultimately many lives were lost; the number is estimated at about two thousand. Skeletons are not unfrequently found in the volcanic dust, which has solidified so as to form an exact mould of the original figure. Of late the workers have succeeded in running plaster into these, and thus obtaining casts representing the body perfectly; their accuracy is painful: death seldom seems to have been easy, the arms and legs are generally drawn up, and the fingers often partly clinched, as in agony. A girl, probably about seventeen years old, gracefully shaped and evidently of no servile class, lies on her face with her eyes pressed against her forearm, as if she had fallen down in despair and tried to shut out from her dying eyes the horror of the scene. There is also the body of a dog, bent almost double, as if it had died in violent convulsions. After a sight of these and a walk through the deserted streets of this dead town, one can realize Bulwer Lytton's description of the "last days of Pompeii."

We will now bid adieu to the volcanic region, and visit the southern side of the bay of Naples, where, to my taste, the scenery is far more beautiful. For, as a rule, the volcanic tufas which compose the principal part of the hills west of Vesuvius do not weather into bold forms, and their arid soil often renders vegetation rather sparse and stunted; but beyond Castellamare, where you touch the limestone, all is changed. Of course our first excursion must be to Sorrento. A more beautiful drive it would be hard to find. The road is carried along steep, rocky slopes, sometimes close by the sea-shore, sometimes high above the water, and now and then making a circuit inland to turn some steep ravine. We rattle along (for good horses may be hired at Castellamare, and there is little mercy in a Neapolitan driver) under steep limestone-hills clothed with olives; then we sight Vico Equense, picturesquely grouped on a headland; then we turn up a lovely valley in the limestone-hills, all among the olive-groves, and come back again on the other flank with a new and lovelier view at every step. Next we toil up the long slope to the summit of the Punta di Scutolo, a bold limestone-crag almost overhanging the sea; and then, as we sweep down, the far-famed Piano di Sorrento opens on the view. It is a kind of shelf or valley-plain, sloping gently down from the foot of rugged limestone-mountains till it terminates abruptly above the sea in bold cliffs of brown rock. This is clothed with olive-groves and orange-orchards, above which rise frequent groups of white and pink-tinted houses.

Here and there as we drove along we spied the flowers of yellow-eyed narcissus and purple anemones, though it was the month of January; the orange-trees also were golden with fruit. The views of the crags of Capri and of the peaks of distant Ischia, of lowly Procida, with all the sweep of the bay of Naples and the cone of Vesuvius, are wonderfully beautiful, far superior to anything on the opposite coast. Vesuvius, however, is not seen to such advantage from near Sorrento as from the west; for its cone is backed on each side by the cliffs of Somma, which, as may be seen in the sketch from Castello di Barbarossa, rather spoil its form. The sketch of Sorrento itself gives an excellent idea of the characteristic scenery of this district. In the background is the tall peak of Monte St. Angelo; that headland marked by a little tower is the Punta di Scutolo; and the eye glances along the cliffs which terminate the Piano to the old houses of Sorrento, perched here and there on the crags and approached by devious, winding staircases from the tiny strip of beach, where yet more houses nestle under the shadow of the rocks.

One more expedition still remains—that to the bay of Salerno, lying on the southern side of this mountain-spur. A railway, which ascends to a considerable elevation, takes us across this. The scenery is everywhere pretty, but the view on commencing the descent is one of rare beauty. From among the wild mountain-summits we glance down a glen, on whose sides the houses of Vietri are picturesquely grouped. To the right, the limestone-crags plunge down toward the sea. To the left, the white houses of Salerno are seen gathered along the shore, overlooked by a gray old castle which crowns a projecting ridge; and beyond this the hills go sweeping round southward, varied and graceful in outline, till the Punta della Licosa lies blue in the distance beyond the crescentiform plain of Pæstum, which is spread like a carpet between the slopes and the sea.

Salerno is still a place of some importance. The modern part near the shore is



Window at Salerno.

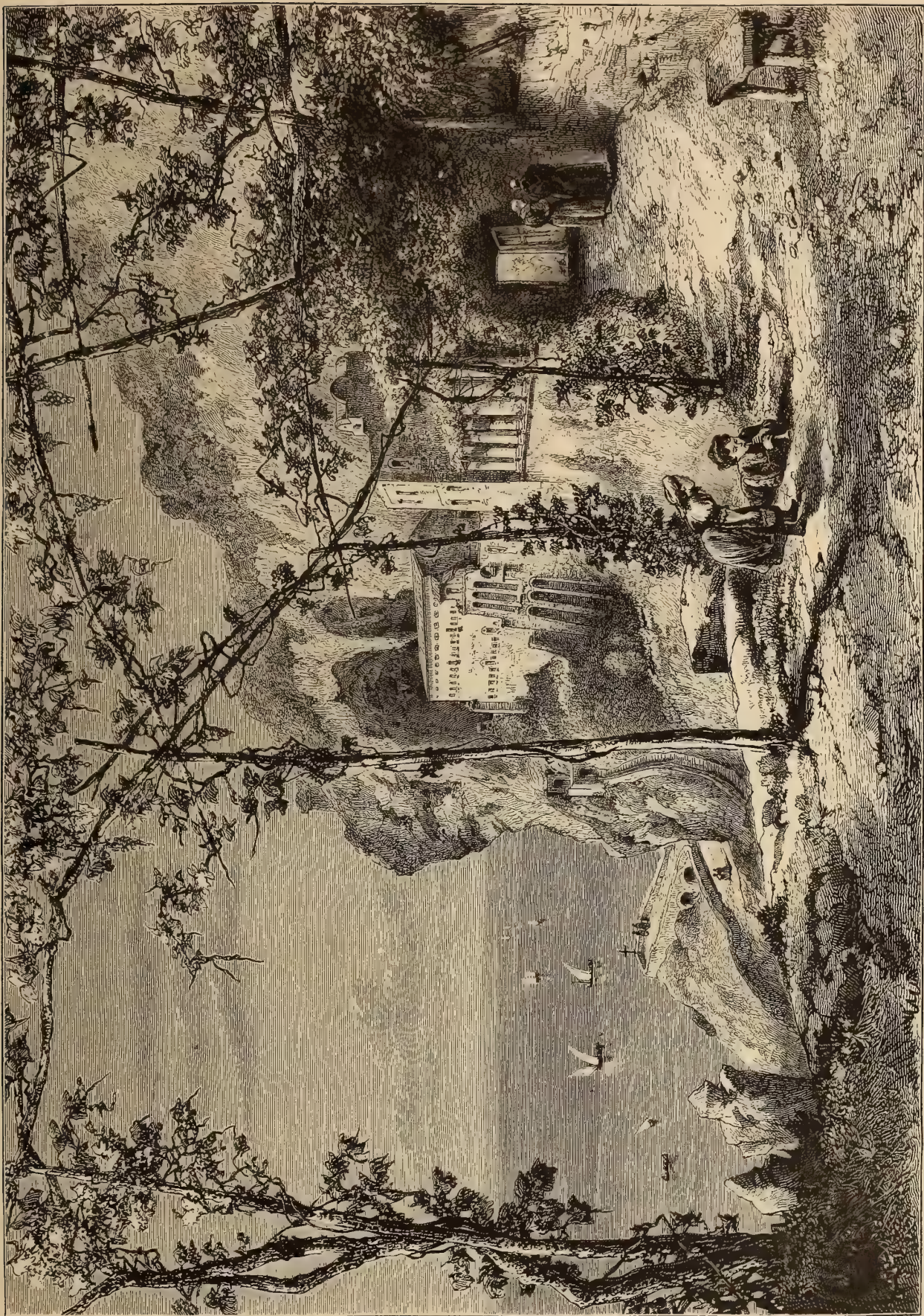
well built, while the irregular streets of the old town on the slopes behind recall many ancient memories. Nine centuries since it belonged to the Lombards, then to the Normans, and in still later times to the house of Anjou. It once enjoyed the reputation of being the chief medical school in Europe. It has several interesting



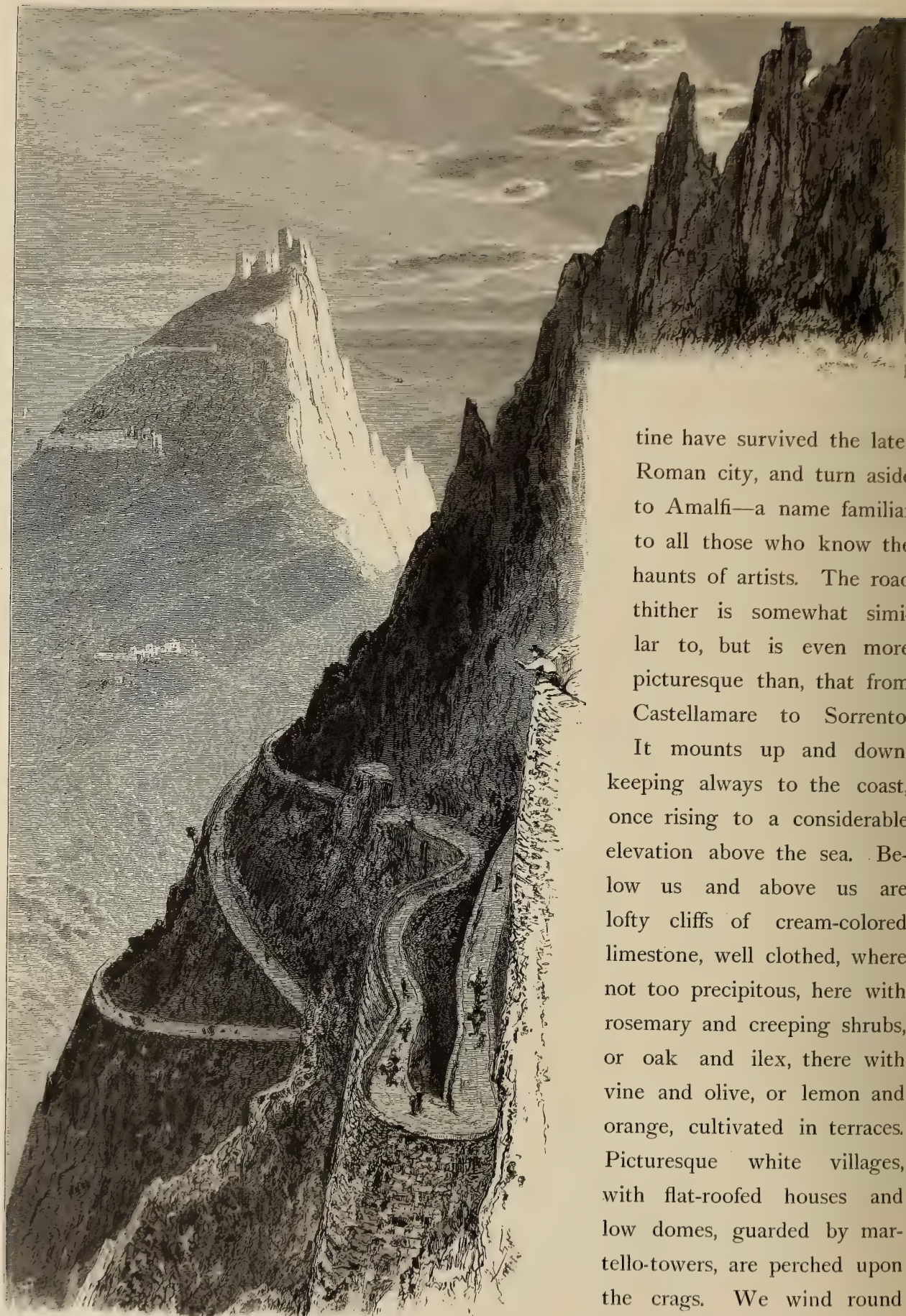
View from the Capuchin Monastery, Amalfi.

relics of antiquity, chief among them the cathedral, which was erected toward the end of the eleventh century. For this the ruins of Pæstum, which lies some eight leagues away to the south, were freely plundered, the old Romans being swept out of their sarcophagi to make room for counts and bishops. It does seem rather incongruous to find some ecclesiastic who departed in the odor of sanctity reposing in a tomb adorned with the triumph of Bacchus or the loves of Venus and Adonis!

We must leave unvisited Pæstum, whose three Greek temples of rude traver-



AMALFI.



On the Road to Anacapri.

tine have survived the later Roman city, and turn aside to Amalfi—a name familiar to all those who know the haunts of artists. The road thither is somewhat similar to, but is even more picturesque than, that from Castellamare to Sorrento.

It mounts up and down, keeping always to the coast, once rising to a considerable elevation above the sea. Below us and above us are lofty cliffs of cream-colored limestone, well clothed, where not too precipitous, here with rosemary and creeping shrubs, or oak and ilex, there with vine and olive, or lemon and orange, cultivated in terraces. Picturesque white villages, with flat-roofed houses and low domes, guarded by martello-towers, are perched upon the crags. We wind round little coves with the green

sea below, or cross narrow, wooded glens piercing deep into the mountains, while far away the great plain of the Sele lies under a shimmering haze, above which rise the graceful outlines of the Lucanian Hills. As we descend from Capo Tumulo, the road becomes yet more beautiful. Where glens open out to the sea, we pass in succession Maiori, Minori, and Atrani, each among its lemon-plantations. These trees are often trained so as to form a sort of alcove, and are slightly protected from the cold of night by a few dead branches thrown upon them. The beautiful contrasts of the pale gold of the lemon and richer tints of the orange, with the deep, glossy green of the leaves, are more easily imagined than described. The first sight of the vineyards of the Rhine, and of the olive-gardens of Provence, dispels cherished illusions; not so that of a grove of orange or lemon trees in Italy.

But, picturesque as are these villages, they are nothing to Amalfi. A deep ravine opens out to the sea, the rocks rise precipitously on either hand, and the town, resting itself first on the little strip of beach, wedges itself in the ravine and climbs the crags. Narrow tracks wind along the face of the cliffs, hewed out of the rock or supported on arches. Terraces are built up by retaining walls to afford a rooting to the vine or the orange. Aloes and prickly pears cling to the rocks, while above all, perched high upon a crag, a "round tower of other days" overlooks the bay. The whole place is an artist's paradise. Up the glen are quaint old mills, and jetting streams, and rough stone-walls green with the pendent tapestry of the maidenhair-fern. In the town are nooks and corners, and bits of old masonry, with a fine cathedral, full of relics from Pæstum, and boasting possession of St. Andrew's body; and by the shore there is sketching enough among the shipping. The chief view, however, is from the site of an old convent, once belonging to the Capuchins, from which you look back over the town toward Capo Tumulo. There is but one drawback in visiting it—the steep lane, or rather alley, by which you commence the ascent is filthy and ill-savored to a degree that is almost incredible.

We take our leave of the bay of Naples at Capri, appropriately called the island of Goats (*capreæ*), for the whole island is a mountain-mass, the summit of which is full two thousand feet above the sea, whence on the eastern side the cliffs rise vertically to a height of three hundred yards. There are only two points where boats can land their passengers. The name first appears in Roman history in the days of Augustus, who selected it as a marine residence, and built a villa. It became, however, more famous in both senses of the word in the days of Tiberius, for he erected no less than twelve villas on the island—one in honor of each of the principal gods—and here passed the last ten years of his life almost uninterruptedly. During a part of this time, as is well known, his favorite Sejanus held the reins of government at Rome, and incited his half-crazed master to some of his worst crimes. When at last the restless suspicions of insanity were directed against Sejanus himself, the "wordy long letter"



which sealed the minister's doom was written from Capri. The ruins of the villa which was inhabited by Tiberius still remain on the eastern promontory of the island, high above the sea. As usual with the remains of Roman palaces, they consist of massive

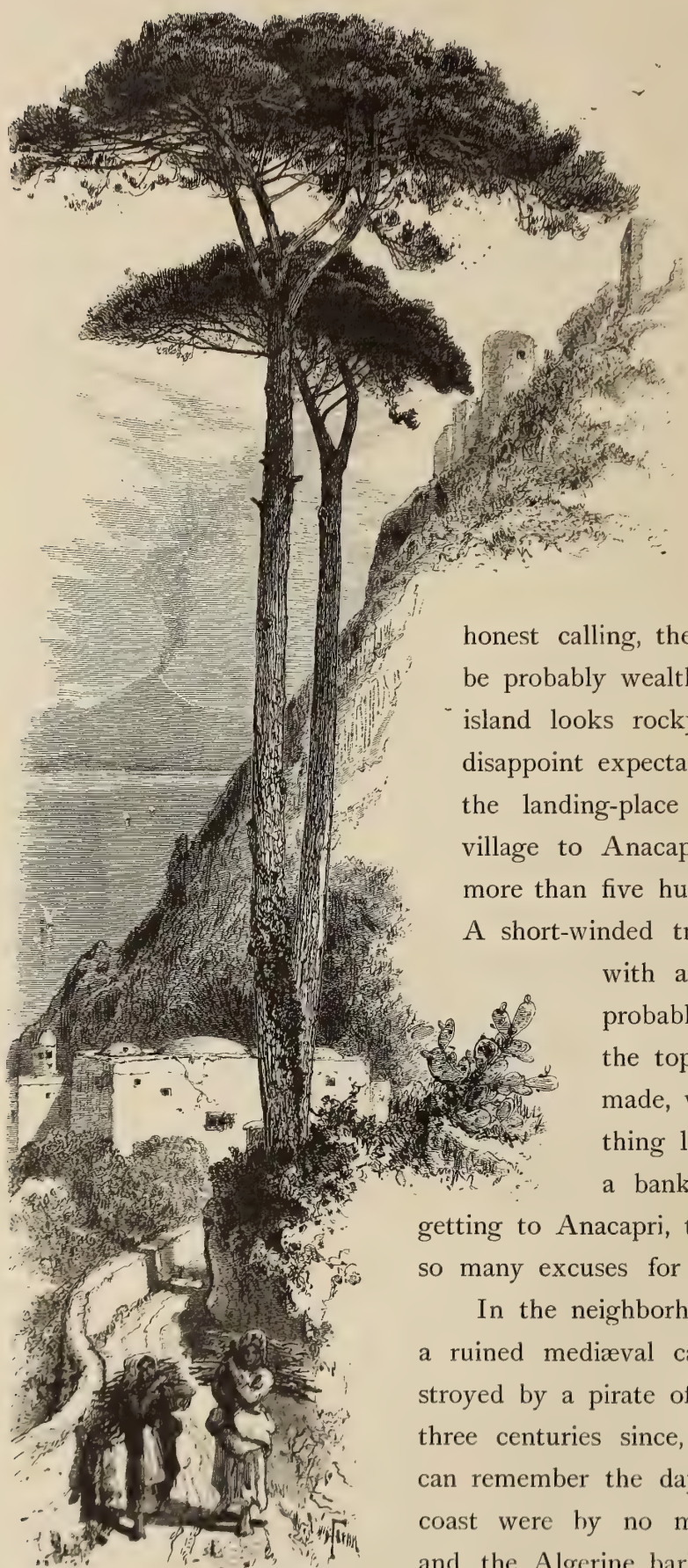
Natural Arch at Capri.

vaulted chambers and corridors, concerning which one's chief sentiment is wonder as to what purpose they could have served. From the brink of a neighboring precipice, according to legends, the tyrant is said to have hurled his victims into the sea. Capri was captured by Sir Sidney Smith in 1803, and strongly fortified; but it was retaken by Murat five years later.



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One can well understand an imperial voluptuary selecting Capri as his dwelling-place. There, in his sea-girt isle, the lofty cliffs seeming to render his seclusion more complete, he was far away—in those days when posts were rare, and telegrams were not—from the cares of state, from the “smoke and din of Rome.” There the edge of the *tramontana* was tempered by the sea, and the frost which coated with ice the fountains of the Palatine forbore to nip the Calabrian coast. There the winter sun diffused a more genial warmth, and not only the holm-oak gave a grateful shade in summer, but

*Castello di Barbarossa.*

the myrtle, with its scented boughs, could almost form a grove, and palms could dispute the preëminence with both the cypress and the stone-pine. The views which we have selected will give some idea of the scenery of this lovely island.

The industries of Capri are fishing (especially for coral), vine-dressing, and begging—the last being pursued with great diligence. Were as much energy expended on some honest calling, the people of Southern Italy would be probably wealthy, and certainly respectable. The island looks rocky from a distance, and does not disappoint expectation on a nearer approach. From the landing-place to Capri is a climb; from that village to Anacapri used to be one steeper still—more than five hundred steps having to be mounted. A short-winded traveler who commenced the ascent with a beggar or two and his temper, probably lost the last before he got to the top. But a good road has now been made, which winds up the steeps something like a loop of ribbon tossed upon a bank. It is a much easier way of getting to Anacapri, though perhaps it does not afford so many excuses for stopping to admire the scenery.

In the neighborhood is the Castello di Barbarossa, a ruined mediæval castle, so called because it was destroyed by a pirate of that name. This event occurred three centuries since, but people are still living who can remember the days when this and the neighboring coast were by no means safe from such marauders; and the Algerine barks now and then made a swoop on a quiet village, and carried off some hapless cap-

tives into slavery. It was not till the year following Waterloo that the Barbary rover ceased to be a terror, and the hornet's nest was finally smoked out, when Lord Exmouth knocked the forts of Algiers to pieces, and opened a door through which France has since walked. The sketch made from the castle will give a good idea of the scenery of Capri, or of the hill-country on the neighboring mainland. The tree so conspicuous in it is Turner's favorite—the stone-pine—one of the most picturesque possible when well grown, but, if not, rather too like a hearth-brush to be welcome to the artist. The bark is ruddy, like the Scotch firs, but the foliage is rather less sombre, being a dark, glossy green. The seeds are edible, like those of the Avolla pine, common in many parts of the Alps, and the cones are sold among the winter fruits of Italy, and may be seen roasting in the embers in the streets of any village.

The limestone-rock weathers here and there into strange forms, some of which have been sketched by the artist; and caves are not uncommon. The most noted is the far-famed Grotta Azurra, or Blue Grotto, on the northwest side of the island. It can only be entered in the calmest weather, for the top of the portal is not much more than a yard above the level of the water. This low and narrow gateway passed, we find ourselves in a fairy-cave. The rocky roof rises to a height of a dozen yards or so above the sea; the daylight is almost excluded, and the chamber is thus illuminated by the light which has been refracted and internally reflected in the clear water. It is thus tinged—as in glacier-caves—with an exquisite blue. Sapphire lights twinkle on the rocky roof, and go glancing down into the liquid depths, clear but seemingly unfathomable. “Throw a stone into the water, and the myriads of tiny bubbles that are created flash out a brilliant glare like blue theatrical fires. Dip an oar, and its blade turns to splendid frosted silver, tinted with blue. Let a man jump in, and instantly he is cased in armor more gorgeous than ever kingly crusader wore.” The poet, William Gibson, sings of it as follows:

“ . . . many an archèd roof is bent
 Over the wave,
 But none like thine, from the firmament
 To the shells that at thy threshold lave.
 What name shall shadow thy rich blue sheen—
 Violet, sapphire, or ultramarine—
 Beautiful cave?

“ Blue,—all blue,—may we not compare it
 With heaven's hue,
 With the pearl-shell, with burning spirit,
 Or with aught that is azure too?
 No! for in ghostly realms alone
 Is the like of thy lustre shown—
 Cave of blue!”

So we bid farewell to the environs of Naples. "The land is fair and goodly, like to heaven," as the German poet says. It is almost a garden of Eden, but the trail of the serpent is visible everywhere. It has great natural advantages, which as yet are very imperfectly developed. It has enjoyed for generations the blessings of the Bourbon rule, and its people are the most degraded in the peninsula—perhaps in Europe. It was indeed an Augean stable and a task of Hercules to which the



Vietri.

northern kingdom succeeded when Garibaldi tumbled the last of the Bourbons from his throne. Still, to judge by what one reads, something has been done. Brigandage is nearly stamped out, begging is becoming a less honorable calling, the drones are beginning to feel the stings of the working-bees, and a good many children are positively receiving the rudiments of education.





